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*Large paper ed. revised The wild
flowers of England; or, Favourite ...*

Robert Tyas





THE
WILD FLOWERS
OF ENGLAND

OR
FAVOURITE FIELD FLOWERS
POPULARLY DESCRIBED

BY THE
REV. ROBERT TYAS, M.A., F.R.B.S.,
QUEEN'S COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE; INCUMBENT OF KINGSLEY, CHESHIRE.

With Twelve Highly Coloured Groups of Flowers,
BY JAMES ANDREWS, F.H.S.

FIRST SERIES.
LARGE PAPER EDITION REVISED.

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P R E F A C E.

OUR design in writing the following pages was to supply entertaining and instructive accounts of such plants, indigenous to Britain, as are most generally known and admired; whose names are familiar as household words with thousands who seldom, if ever, had seen them, in their native wilds, and who scarcely knew them when seen.

Many a one doomed to toil for daily bread within close pent cities, reading the name of some fair floweret of the vale, and seeing how it is associated in the mind of his Author with pleasant thoughts and sweet recollections, has loved the flower. To such we purposed to bring a more intimate acquaintance with these bright and cheerful favourites of still merry England.

In hedgerows and in fields our favourites grow ;
And morn, and noon, and dewy eve, they throw
Their fragrance on light vapours floating by,
Where Nature bids her choicest beauties lie.

And from such places have we culled pictured representations of our subjects ; and so faithful we conceive them to be, that they who have become acquainted with their features through our volume may recognize the originals as they roam through meadow, grove, or woodland, and knowing, look on them as on old friends, aye, and old friends, too, who never change the manner of their greeting. Fragrant flowers shed their sweetness alike for rich and poor, and the richness of their coloured petals varies as the feelings of those who look on them. How fine, how delicate, the sympathy thus silently expressed ; how soothing to the troubled spirit the calm and gentle influence of true Nature !

To render more familiar these scattered treasures ; to portray their characters ; to point out at what seasons we may look for them in their prime, and in what localities we may find them ; and to furnish sure tokens whereby we may really know them when found, was the object of our volume. Poetry derived

from the writings of those well known to fame, when it could be found, was inwoven with the text; and this plan, once adopted, rendered it necessary, where none existed, that some should be written. The necessity of the case compelled the Author very reluctantly to insert compositions of his own, being painfully conscious of their unworthiness to appear in the same pages with those he had selected.

Long before the volume was completed, the Author had the gratification of knowing, from the oral and written testimony of many of the subscribers, that the work had not failed to please; and he rejoiced that his efforts had been so far successful, that many readers perceived new beauties, and acquired new associations, which made their meeting with our favourite Field Flowers more interesting and more joyous; and that they delighted in their rural walks more than before, through his humble labours.

In revising the present edition for the press, many corrections have been made, and some additional matter supplied. There will also be found a few alterations, such as the lapse of time seemed to render necessary.

The enlarged size of the page in this edition gives an increased margin around the groups of flowers, which to the eye of many will, no doubt, improve their appearance.

That the readers of the present volumes may have a large portion of the pleasure he found in writing them, is the sincere desire of

THE AUTHOR.

KINGSLEY PARSONAGE,
March, 1859.

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MR. JAMES ANDREWS, F.H.S.

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THE WILD FLOWERS OF ENGLAND.

THE SNOWDROP.

Galanthus nivalis; *Linn.* Perce-neige; *Fr.* Schneetröpfchen; *Germ.* Wittertje; *Dutch.* Galanto; *Ital.* Hó virág; *Hung.*

“Winter’s gloomy night withdrawn,
Lo! the young romantic hours—
Search the hills, the dale, the lawn,
To behold the Snowdrop white
Start to light,
And shine on Flora’s desert bowers;
Beneath the vernal dawn
The morning star of flowers.”

MONTGOMERY.

WHAT flower can we more appropriately place on our opening page than the Snowdrop? It is almost universally regarded as the first that greets us when chilly Winter is retiring at the approach of genial and life-restoring Spring. We often find it while the earth is yet covered with snow, just hanging its pearly head above the surface of earth’s white mantle, and we feel it to be the token of a change in which all nature rejoices. Thus it has come to be considered the herald or harbinger of Spring, of that glorious season when every created being seems to be endowed with fresh life, when the trees put on their verdant attire, and the birds carol amid their branches, exulting in the genial warmth of the vernal sun; when hill and dale,

plain and woodland, teem with varied riches springing spontaneously from the bosom of the earth.

Botanists now admit the claim of the Snowdrop to be an indigenous flower, though we do not find this stated anywhere without the expression of a doubt; from which we are led to infer, that in former times it was so rarely found in a wild state as to render it dubious whether it was a native plant, or whether by some means it had been transferred from the cultivated garden into the grove or coppice where it happened to be discovered. This question is not, however, of much importance. At the present day it grows abundantly in an uncultivated state in Lancashire, where a bouquet of wild Snowdrops is preferred to one of those grown in the garden, as much as we prize a bunch of field violets to those cultivated in the parterre.

The Snowdrop is a simple flower, and no doubt the favour with which it is regarded arises from the circumstances attending the period of its blooming. In mild seasons it presents itself to our notice as early as January, though more frequently in the beginning of February, when, though snow conceal the ground, "our Lady of February," as the monks of old used to call it, makes her appearance.

"Sous un voile d'argent, la terre ensevelie
Me produit malgré sa fraîcheur ;
La neige conserve ma vie,
Et, me donnant son nom, me donne sa blancheur."

BENSERADE.

How nicely fitted by Almighty Wisdom is every created thing for the circumstances under which it exists! This, "the first pale blossom of the unripened year," is

attached with such delicacy to the flower-stalk on which it hangs drooping, that it yields readily to the lightest breath of Zephyr, and bends freely before the rude blasts of Boreas, without any danger of its being detached. From its pendent position, all superfluous moisture runs down the backs of the petals on to the earth, and the pollen is thus protected both from being blown or washed away ; so that the flower perfects its seeds in security.

Like many of our Spring-flowering plants, the Snow-drop rises from a bulb, which throws out from its base numerous unbranched thread-like roots ; the flower-stalk rises between two strap-shaped, keeled, and blunt leaves, which are enclosed through half their length in a tubular sheath. Near the summit of the flower-stalk is a spathe which originally enveloped the bud. In the Linnæan system it is in the class *Hexandria* and order *Mono-gynia*. In the natural system it is placed among the *Amaryllideæ*. It is found in groves, meadows, and pastures, in various parts of Great Britain and Ireland.

Should those of our readers who have a garden (but not any Snowdrops in it) wish to see this simple flower in their grounds, they must procure the bulbs, and plant them in August, about two inches apart, and the same space below the surface. They will increase rapidly when they have been planted two years, and as soon as they grow too thickly, they must be taken up at Midsummer, and kept in a dry place until the time for planting.

The Snowdrop has ever been a favourite with the poet. The purity of its whiteness has afforded a beautiful image to the Rev. John Keble, who has applied his address "To the Snowdrop" to a sacred purpose :—

"Thou first-born of the year's delight,
Pride of the dewy glade,
In vernal green and virgin white,
Thy vestal robes, array'd ;

'Tis not because thy drooping form
Sinks grateful on its nest,
When chilly shades from gathering storm
Affright thy tender breast ;

Nor from yon river islet wild,
Beneath the willow spray,
Where like the ringlets of a child,
Thou wear'st thy circle gay ;

'Tis not for these I love thee dear,—
Thy shy averted smiles
To fancy bode a joyous year,
One of life's fairy isles.

They twinkle to the wintry moon,
And cheer the ungenial day,
And tell us all will glisten soon
As green and bright as they.

Is there a heart, that loves the Spring,
Their witness can refuse ?
Yet mortals doubt, when angels bring
From heaven their Easter news :

When holy maids and matrons speak
Of Christ's forsaken bed,
And voices, that forbid to seek
The living 'mid the dead ;

And when they say, 'Turn, wandering heart,
Thy Lord is risen indeed,
Let pleasure go, put care apart,
And to His presence speed ;'

We smile in scorn : and yet we know
They early sought the tomb,
Their hearts that now so freshly glow,
Lost in desponding gloom.

They who have sought, nor hope to find,
Wear not so bright a glance :
They who have won their earthly mind,
Less reverently advance.

But where, in gentle spirits, fear
And joy so duly meet,
These sure have seen the angels near,
And kiss'd the Saviour's feet.

Nor let the pastor's thankful eye
Their faltering tale disdain,
As on their lowly couch they lie,
Prisoners of want and pain.

O guide us, when our faithless hearts
From thee would start aloof,
Where patience her sweet skill imparts
Beneath some cottage roof :

Revive our dying fires, to burn
High as her anthems soar,
And of our scholars let us learn
Our own forgotten lore."

From a volume of poetry, original and selected, by John Bleaden, Esq., which has just been published, we quote a pleasing anonymous address to the Snowdrop.

" My flowers have droop'd their gentle head,
Their life is gone, their fairness fled,
And they are numbered with the dead.

They only bloom, that we may see
'Tis not a world where they may be
In all their taintless purity.

They shrink beneath a cloudy sky,
And seem to look around and sigh,
Then droop imploringly to die.

And thus, if Innocence were found
Once more on earth's unholy ground,
She would but gaze in sadness round ;

Then breathe a prayer with uprais'd eye,—
' Look, pitying Heaven, ah ! let me fly,
And take me to my home on high.' "

SNAKE'S-HEAD LILY.

Fritillaria; *Linn.* La Fritillaire méléagre; *Fr.* Das Kiebitzey; *Ger.* Kievitsbloem; *Dutch.* Fritillaria; *Ital.* La fritilaria; *Sp.* A fritilaria; *Port.* Vibæg; *Dan.* Vipaagg; *Swed.*

A weed! yes, such this flower is deemed
Where too numerous it is found;
And yet to others it hath seemed
A pretty plant for cultur'd ground.

MS.

THE common Fritillary, so called from its chequered marks, whence it would appear to have been thought to present some resemblance to the interior of the Roman dice-box (*Fritillus*), is an elegant flower, and is found in great abundance in meadows and pastures in the eastern and southern counties of England, during the month of April; and is said to be so common in Suffolk and Norfolk as to be a troublesome weed. It is also frequently found in the neighbourhood of the Thames and other tidal rivers, preferring apparently those localities which are occasionally overflowed by water. It grew so plentifully in a particular pasture between Mortlake and Kew, that, on that account, a field there is called Snake's-head Meadow.

Being a liliaceous plant, it has been called by some authors the Chequered Daffodil, and from the similarity of its markings to those of the guinea-fowl, it has also been named the Guinea-hen Flower, whence the specific name *Meleagris* (*Μελαγρις*), the Greek term by which Aristotle is believed to have distinguished that bird.

The Snake's-head Lily is of the same Linnæan class

and order as the Snowdrop, and also belongs to the natural order *Amaryllidaceæ*.

It is hardy, bulbous, and has a leafy stem, from the extremity of which the flower hangs pendent. The segments of the flower have a singular cavity at the base, secreting a limpid saccharine fluid, which continues suspended in the form of a drop until the flower loses its freshness.

By cultivation, the Fritillary will expand its stamens into petals, and the flower then becomes double. It increases naturally by offsets, but Miller states that new varieties can be raised only from seed, by which process also the number of plants is augmented more rapidly. The seeds require to be sown as soon as possible when ripe, rather thickly, in shallow boxes, and to be covered with sifted mould, about a quarter of an inch in thickness. The boxes must be placed so as to receive the morning sun only until October, when they may be moved to a south aspect. In winter they need to be covered, to preserve them from severe frost. The plants make their appearance about March, and as summer advances, the boxes may be put where the plants will be sheltered from the meridian sun. In August, plant them out in light earth, and in about three years from the time they were sown flowers will reward your labour and your patience.

The Crown Imperial, which presents itself so gaily in our gardens in April, belongs to this family; it was imported here about three centuries ago, and, being a native of Persia, was for a long time called the Persian Lily.

THE SWEET-SCENTED VIOLET.

Viola. Violet de Mars; *Fr.* Das mährveilchen; *Ger.* Tamme viol;
Dutch. Viola marzia; *Ital.* Violeta; *Sp.* Pachutschaja fialko;
Russ.

“Ah, me! what pleasant thoughts do spring
When ‘Violets!’ I hear;
How sweet the mind’s imagining
Of many a by-gone year!

I’ve plucked them on the grassy bank,
In childhood’s happy prime,
As joyous their sweet breath I drank.—
How quickly passed the time!

In later youth I’ve loved to seek
The little purple flower,
So pretty, neat; so modest, meek.—
How quickly fled the hour!

And still in manhood I delight,
Upon their grassy bed,
To please the sense of smell and sight.—
How sweet the scent they shed!”

PORTFOLIO.

THERE is not a flower indigenous to Britain more universally beloved than the Violet. The rich purple of its petals, and the powerful and agreeable perfume with which they fill the surrounding air, together with the simplicity of the flower itself, its humble retiring growth, and the very early period of the year at which it presents itself to our notice, have combined to render it so well known, and so eagerly sought for. As we pass along some secluded pathway o’er the fields, late in February, if the season be mild, or in the middle of March, if severe, our senses are regaled by their

delicious odour, though themselves unseen. Bernard Barton has embodied this idea in a very pretty sonnet :—

“ Beautiful are you in your lowliness ;
Bright in your hues, delicious in your scent,
Lovely your modest blossoms downward bent,
As shrinking from our gaze, yet prompt to bless
The passer by with fragrance, and express
How gracefully, though mutely, eloquent
Are unobtrusive worth, and meek content,
Rejoicing in their own obscure recess.
Delightful flowerets ! at the voice of Spring
Your buds unfolded to its sunbeams bright,
And though your blossoms soon shall fade from sight,
Above your lonely birth-place birds shall sing,
And from your clust’ring leaves the glow-worm fling
The emerald glory of its earth-born light.”

And not until we have searched diligently among the grass do we find them,—but then, in what abundance they are seen, with a succession of buds rapidly forming to follow those already in bloom ; and we gather them without hesitation, knowing that on the morrow we may come and gather another bunch like that we have taken.

It is almost unnecessary to say that the Violet is commonly found in woods and pastures, on banks and in shady lanes, anywhere in England. There are several other flowers of the same family as this, which is known as the sweet violet (*Viola odorata*) ; it is common to all Europe, and its colour was much prized by the Romans, as we learn from their admiration of cloth dyed at Tarentum, a town of Calabria. Horace, alluding to this feeling, mentions the wool that imitates violets with Tarentine dye—

“ Lana Tarentino violas imitata veneno.”

A nosegay of Violets is one of the most acceptable offerings to the fair sex, who take great delight in arranging them in glasses to decorate the boudoir and the drawing-room. In vain do these little flowers hide their modest heads amid the surrounding herbage, for their fragrance ever betrays them to the youth who desires to present them at the shrine of beauty. Parny, in this character, says—

Vous vous cachez, timide Violette,
Mais c'est en vain, le doigt sait vous trouver
Il vous arrache à l'obscur retraite
Qui recélait vos appas inconnus ;
Et, destinée au boudoir de Cythère,
Vous renaissiez sur un trône de verre,
Ou vous mourez sur le sein de Vénus.

If we except the Rose, no flower has been so frequently the subject of poetry. By its aid many beautiful similes have been formed. Shakspeare, in "A Winter's Tale," puts into the mouth of Perdita these beautiful words :—

"Violets dim,
But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes,
Or Cytherea's breath."

And again, in "Twelfth Night," he compares the gentle strains of plaintive music to their perfume :—

"That strain again ;—it had a dying fall :
O, it came o'er my ear like the sweet south,
That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing and giving odour."

Barry Cornwall awards to the Violet precedence of

the Rose ; and Miss Landon intimates in some very pretty verses her preference for the former :—

“Why better than the lady rose
Love I this little flower ?
Because its fragrant leaves are those
I loved in childhood's hour.

Though many a flower may win my praise,
The Violet has my love ;
I did not pass my childish days
In garden or in grove.

My garden was the window seat,
Upon whose edge was set
A little vase—the fair, the sweet—
It was the Violet.

It was my pleasure and my pride ;—
How I did watch its growth !
For health and bloom what plans I tried,
And often injured both !

I placed it in the summer shower,
I placed it in the sun ;
And ever at the evening hour,
My work seem'd half undone.

The broad leaves spread, the small buds grew,
How slow they seem'd to be !
At last there came a tinge of blue,—
'Twas worth the world to me !

At length the perfume fill'd the room,
Shed from their purple wreath ;
No flower has now so rich a bloom,
Has now so sweet a breath.

I gather'd two or three—they seem'd
Such rich gifts to bestow !
So precious in my sight, I deem'd
That all must think them so.

Ah ! who is there but would be fain
To be a child once more,
If future years could bring again
All that they brought before ?

My heart's world has been long o'erthrown ;
It is no more of flowers ;
Their bloom is pass'd, their breath is flown ;
Yet I recall those hours.

Let nature spread her loveliest,
By Spring or Summer nurst :
Yet still I love the Violet best,
Because I loved it first."

Dr. Deakin, in "Florigraphia Britannica," gives a very elaborate account of the construction of the Violet, exhibiting the "admirable adaptation of its various parts to the fulfilment of the offices assigned to them by the wisdom of the Great Parent of all things."

The white variety is of equal fragrance with the purple, and in some districts grows as abundantly. In the Linnæan system the Violet belongs to the class *Pentandria*, and order *Monogynia*, and in the natural system to the order *Componaceæ*.

As is the case with a great number of wild flowers, the Violet becomes double by cultivation, and this change is accompanied by increased fragrance. This does not, however, make the charms of the cultivated Violet equal to those of the wild flower.

THE PRIMROSE.

Primula; *W.* La primevère; *Fr.* Die schlüsselblume; *Ger.* Sleutelbloem; *Dutch.* Primavera; *Ital.* *Primula veris*; *Sp.* Primavera; *Port.* Bukwiza; *Russ.*

“In dewy glades
The peering Primrose, like sudden gladness,
Gleams on the soul—yet unregarded fades:—
The joy is ours, but all its own the sadness.”

H. COLERIDGE.

As we take our rural rambles, in the earliest days of Spring, we are ever and anon coming within view of the pale Primrose, lying in rich contrast upon its beautifully-formed leaves, which are oblong, egg-shaped, and whose surfaces appear to have been embossed by deeply-cut dies of elegant workmanship. We usually find them growing in clusters, now in the shade of a grove, now on a sloping mossy bank, rising from the road side and overhung by the branches of some lofty tree; and again on the moist margin of a bubbling brook, where they seem to bask in the mild sun-beams, and enjoy their brief existence in the highest degree;—but, wherever it is that we come unexpectedly upon them, we feel a “sudden gladness gleaming on the soul,” at the sight of these cheerful attendants on the path of the infant year; we feel another gush of that “renewed life” which the poet Carrington enjoyed, when he escaped from his almost ceaseless toil to Dartmoor, the wilderness of Devon.

“O welcome Spring! * * * *
Who strays amid thy empire, and feels not
Divine sensations?—feels not life renew’d

At all its thousand fountains? Who can bathe
 His brow in thy young breezes, and not bless
 The new-born impulse which gives wings to thought
 And pulse to action?"

Yes, though we are surrounded by the cheering aspect of hedges and trees showing their swelling buds bursting into beauty, and by birds of every kind carolling forth their joyous song, and we inhale the pure, the balmy breath of the vernal season, a fresh impulse is given to the already intense enjoyment of existence, when we meet with groups of these lovely flowers unfolding their pale-yellow petals to our delighted eyes.

The Primrose is, indeed, one of the chief ornaments of Spring; of that season which pastoral poets in all ages have loved to celebrate in their lays. Nor can we be surprised at this, when we consider that a true poet always admires nature, that he delights to ramble through field and woodland in search of her hidden treasures, where, in shady pastures and inclining banks, in the months of March, of April, and of May, he finds our favourite blooming in abundance.

Shakspeare has made the Primrose a funereal flower. In "Cymbeline" we find Arviragus addressing the supposed dead body of Imogen in these words:—

"With fairest flowers,
 Whilst summer lasts, and I live here, Fidele,
 I'll sweeten thy sad grave. Thou shalt not lack
 The flower that's like thy face, pale primrose; nor the
 Azure harebell, like thy veins; no, nor
 The leaf of eglantine, whom, not to slander,
 Out-sweetened not thy breath."

We must confess, however, that it is not associated in our mind with melancholy thoughts, but with pleasurable sensations, as the sure sign of approaching

Summer, when the whole earth is clothed with richest verdure ; when, glancing round upon the undulations of hill and dale, the eye rests on ripening “kindly fruits,” which, first springing forth spontaneously at the command of the Omnipotent Creator of the universe, continue by his gracious permission to yield their increase for the use of man. We fully sympathize with Carrington, when observing that—

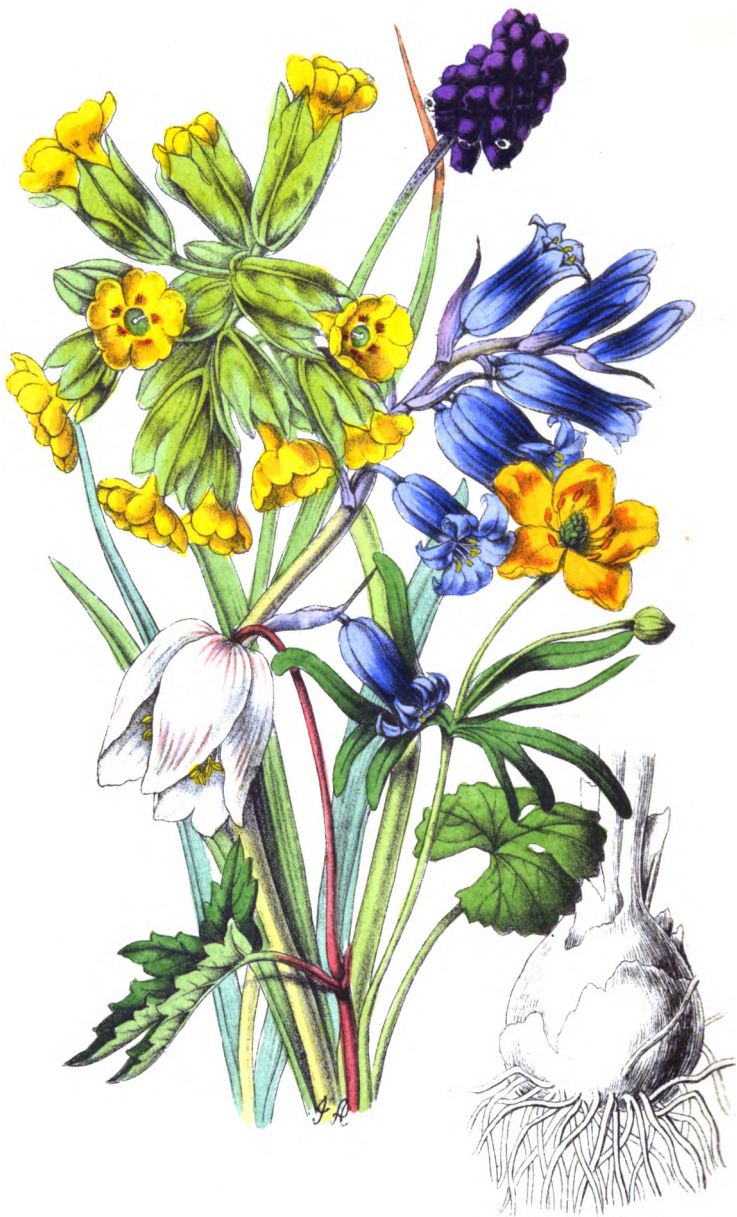
“ Amid the sunny luxury of grass
Are tufts of pale-eyed primroses, entwin’d
With many a bright-hued flower, and shrub that scents
The all-voluptuous air.”

And ’twas but yesterday that we beheld in a shady grove of ancient trees, tufts such as these, mingling their pale hues with the deep rich purple of the sweet-scented violet ; both were there in great abundance, the one pleasing the eye with its sulphur-coloured flower, the other greeting the senses with its fragrance ; and as we looked upon them, we thought of Bidlake’s address :—

“ Pale visitant of balmy Spring,
Joy of the new-born year,
That bid’st young hope new plume his wing,
Soon as thy buds appear :
* * * * *
Coy rustic ! thou art blooming found
Where artless nature’s charms abound,
Sweet neighbour of the chanter rill ;
Well pleased to sip the silvery tide,
Or nodding o’er the fountain’s side,
Self-gazing, look thy fill ;
Or on the dingle’s shadowy steep,
The gaudy furze beneath,
Thy modest beauties sweetly peep,
Thy chaster odours breathe.”

The Primrose belongs and gives its name to the natural order *Primulaceæ* ; and in the Linnæan system is placed in the class *Pentandria*, and order *Mono-gynia*. From each root arise numerous buds, each growing on a single scape, and opening their petals in succession. It is believed to be one of the parents of the Polyanthus. The Primrose itself becomes double, and assumes an infinite variety of form and colour, when removed from a state of nature and cultivated in different kinds of soil. Boys are very fond of carrying the roots home and setting them in their little toy gardens. Clare mentions that he was in the habit of doing so :—

“ In April’s time,
I spoilt the daisy’s earliest prime ;
Robbed every primrose root I met,
And oft-times got the root to set ;
And joyful home each nosegay bore,
And felt as I shall feel no more.”



THE WOOD CROW-FOOT.

Ranunculus auricomus. Goldilock *Ranunculus.*

Fair Goldilocks are blooming here,
Where *Glechoma* strews the ground;
Their yellow cups, so bright and clear,
Receive the dew distilled around.

And here, perchance, at midnight hour,
Fays their frolic revel hold,
And find within the Crow-foot flower
Pearl drops set in leafy gold.

Watery pearls of purest flavour,
Which they quaff to absent friends;
By the elf-queen's kindly favour,
Who their moonlit sport attends.

And as they quaff, they dance to airs,
Sighing through the trembling chords,
Formed, by gentle *Zephyr's* cares,
Of tender twigs the wood affords;

And as they dance, the nightingale,
Warbling forth her plaintive song,
Reminds them of her mournful tale—
Checks the gay and joyous throng.

Too soon they see the grey of dawn,
Rising o'er the eastern hills,
Which bids them, far from grassy lawn,
Fly to caves by bubbling rills.

While *Phœbus* courses through the air,
They on moss-beds peaceful lie;
But when the moon is shining fair,
To the copse with haste they hie.

MS.

IN one of our rambles in the vicinity of Cambridge, we came near a spinet, consisting chiefly of lofty well-grown ash-trees, and not doubting that within its

shade we should meet with some of our favourite flowers, we stepped over the rustic stile, and were soon pursuing our way upon a carpet of nature's weaving, unlike anything we ever saw before. No loom of man's invention ever produced aught so beautiful as this. Upon simple procumbent stems were rich blue labiate flowers, growing in whorls, and almost resting on small kidney-shaped leaves, which were of a reddish purple, having short footstalks. The flower proved to be very beautiful when magnified, but was not of sufficient magnitude to be included in our group; though when seen in such abundance as literally to cover the whole surface of the spinet as far as the eye could reach, the effect was very pleasing. It is commonly found in dry groves, and about hedge banks, and is known as Ground Ivy, and by botanists is called *Glechoma*, being supposed to be identical with a species of thyme, which Theophrastus calls *glecon* (γληχων). It is extremely variable in size, and its flowers differ in colour, and are said to have been found quite white.

It was among this Ground Ivy that we observed the Wood Crow-foot, or Goldilocks, as it is more usually called, its pretty golden cups being elevated considerably above the Ivy, and its stem showing the upper leaves, which are cut to the base into linear segments, that is, they are nearly of one uniform breadth throughout. On examining it, we found the lowest leaves, which are called radical, somewhat kidney-shaped, divided into three lobes, deeply cut and notched. The roots are fibrous, and numerous branched.

The Wood Crow-foot is a native of dry woods and shady places, and may be frequently found in bloom from April to June. It is not so common as the butter-

cup of our meadows and pastures, which it nearly resembles, and with which there is a great chance of its being confounded, as well as with other species to which it is allied. It is, however, free from that acrid taste which all others of its genus possess, and on that account has been called by some Sweet Wood Crow-foot.

There are several other species of Crow-foot, concerning which we shall have occasion to speak more fully elsewhere. We may here, however, mention one other, on account of its rarity, namely, the Alpine White Crow-foot (*Ranunculus Alpestris*), which has been gathered by Mr. George Don by the sides of rills on the Clova mountains, Augusshire, in the month of May. We have no authentic account of its having been found in England, but there can be no doubt that it exists amongst us in situations similar to those in which it is frequently met with. It is often found on the Austrian Alps, where it makes its appearance immediately after the melting of the snow.

We may also refer to the pretty Water Crow-foots, which are very ornamental in the rills and brooklets where they abound. They are frequent in many parts of Europe, and their white flowers are extremely conspicuous by reason of their contrast with the deep green hue of the leaves. On some parts of the banks of the river Avon, it is said they are so abundant as to yield food to cattle, which do not reject them as they do the common buttercup.

In the Linnæan system this flower is placed in the class *Polyandria*, and order *Polygynia*; and in the Natural system in the order *Ranunculaceæ*.

THE HYACINTH.

Hyacinthus. La jacinte; *Fr.* Die Hyacinthe; *Ger.* Hyacinth; *Dutch.* Il giacinto; *Ital.* Jacinto; *Sp.* Jacintho; *Port.* Hyacinth; *Dan.* and *Swed.*

"Shade-loving Hyacinth! thou comest again,
And thy rich odours seem to swell the flow
Of the lark's song, the redbreast's lonely strain;
And the stream's tune—best sung where wild flowers blow,
And ever sweetest where the sweetest grow."

ELLIOTT.

RIGHTLY does Elliott address the Hyacinth as a lover of the shade, for beneath the umbrageous branches of trees, in secluded groves, it always blooms richly, and if it should be planted near the flowing stream of a rivulet, murmuring in the stillness of its retreat, there it grows more vigorously. It was by the side of such a stream that we found the flower whose portrait accompanies our pages, breathing forth its soft fragrance, itself almost hid by the long grass growing around it. It far exceeded in height and strength all others that were more distant from the water, and measured, from the base of the bulb to the tip of the terminal flower-bud, full sixteen inches.

The flowers, which are long bell-shaped, having the outer edge curved back, are attached to the stem (or scape) by short footstalks near its extremity, which terminates in a solitary bud, and is forced into a drooping position by the weight of the cluster of flowers. The scape is round and fleshy, the leaves strap-shaped, slightly channelled, and keeled at the back. It belongs to the Linnæan class *Hexandria* and order *Monogynia*, and to the Natural order *Asphodeleæ*.

This flower was for a long time, and is by some botanists even now, considered to be a species of Squill (*Scilla non-scripta*), and by many writers is called the Harebell, a name, however, which we think more properly belongs to a blue campanulate flower which is commonly found in bloom some months later than the Hyacinth.

The Hyacinth is considered to be the type of British liliaceous plants, and this species has been named *non-scriptus*, from the absence of those marks upon its petals which are said to have been impressed upon the Hyacinth of the ancients, in commemoration of the transformation into a flower of the fabled Hyacinthus, when accidentally killed by Apollo :—

“Apollo, with unwitting hand,
Whilome did slay his dearly loved mate,
Young Hyacinth, the pride of Spartan land ;
But then transformed him to a purple flower.”

There was a festival called Hyacinthia, kept annually by the Greeks in honour of Apollo, in connection with Hyacinthus, who is described as a youth of extraordinary beauty, and who was the younger son of Amyclas, a Spartan king. The festival was held at Amyclæ, a city of Laconia, that one of the six ancient divisions of Peloponnesus which is the south-eastern part of the Morea. It lasted three days, beginning on the longest day of the Spartan month Hecatombeus, at a time of the year when the great heat of the sun caused the tender flowers to droop their heads languidly. Sacrifices were offered in honour of the dead, and the fate of Hyacinthus was lamented on the first and last days, when the people refrained from wearing garlands at their repasts,

and from singing anything in honour of Apollo ; but on the second day there were public amusements and rejoicings ; the city was thronged with strangers, who flocked thither to take part in the festival ; boys played on musical instruments, and celebrated the praises of Apollo in songs, while others, decked in splendid attire, performed horse races in the theatre. Then national songs were sung, and dances were performed to the accompaniment of the flute, and a variety of other entertainments were provided. Herodotus tells us that the due observance of this festival was held to be of such great importance by the Lacedæmonians, that they neglected urgent business of the State in order to attend to it.

The Hyacinth has received its due meed of praise from poets in all time. Those of Greece and Rome have, however, been generally inspired by the charms of the marked (*γαπτρος*) species ; but several who have sung in our own tongue have deigned to celebrate our native kind, and since by the Greeks it was made the emblem of death, we find an American poet introducing it as the symbol of sorrow :—

“ A Hyacinth lifted its purple bell
From the slender leaves around it ;
It curved its cup in a flowing swell,
And a starry circle crowned it ;
The deep blue tincture that robed it, seemed
The gloomiest garb of sorrow,
As if on its eye no brightness beamed,
And it never in clearer moments dreamed,
Of a fair and calm to-morrow.”

PERCIVAL.

The Hyacinth is found blooming towards the end of April, and during May is seen in its full beauty.

Keats, in his poem, "Fancy," styles it Queen of this month.

—— "hark!

'Tis the early April lark,
Or the rooks with busy caw,
Foraging for sticks and straw.
Thou shalt, at one glance, behold
The daisy and the marigold;
White-plumed lilies, and the first
Hedge-grown primrose that hath burst;
Shaded Hyacinth, alway
Sapphire Queen of the mid-May;
And every leaf, and every flower,
Pearl'd with the self-same shower."

The graceful manner in which the petals are curled back has suggested a beautiful simile to several poets. Milton says:—

"Hyacinthine locks
Round his parted forelock manly hung clustering."

And Hunt gathers from this appearance an indication that curly locks added much to Hyacinthus' personal beauty:—

"Hyacinth handsome with his clustering locks."

Casimir, an Eastern poet, invokes the Hyacinth to come forth as the child of Spring:—

"Child of the Spring, thou charming flower,
No longer in confinement lie;
Arise to light, thy form discover,
Rival the azure of the sky.

The rains are gone, the storms are o'er;
Winter retires to make thee way;
Come then, thou sweetly blooming flower,
Come, lovely stranger, come away.

The sun is dress'd in beaming smiles,
To give thy beauties to the day ;
Young Zephyrs wait, with gentlest gales,
To fan thy bosom as they play."

There is another flower, said to be not unfrequently found along the borders of cultivated fields in a wild state, but thought to be a doubtful native, called the Grape Hyacinth, probably on account of the close resemblance of the cluster of flowers at the extremity of the scape to a purple grape in form. We have searched for it in various localities, but have only once seen it in a *habitat* which might justify the inference that it was an indigenous plant. It is also called the Starch Grape Hyacinth, from its sweet fragrance, which many persons fancy to be like that of wet starch. It is now quite naturalized, and those who are partial to a bouquet of native flowers are very desirous to include it. It is frequently cultivated in gardens, and is a very pretty ornamental Spring flower. Several species of this plant have been imported from the Levant, the South of Europe, and from Italy.

THE COWSLIP.

Primula veris ; *Linn.*

"Where the bee sucks, there lurk I ;
In a Cowslip's bell I lie :
There I couch when owls do cry."

SHAKESPEARE.

THE Cowslip is one of those flowers which every native of our island must at one time or other have seen. Those who were born in the country, or even in provincial towns of moderate size, can doubtless call to their remembrance many pleasant hours spent in the fields, plucking Cowslips, in the golden age of childhood. We have now distinct views, in our mind's eye, of many a delightful scene in which we took our part, in years gone by, when afternoon holidays fled away too fast, as we gathered Cowslips and primroses, together with daisies and buttercups, in luxuriant meadows by the banks of the silver Trent. How those hours flew away, to be sure ! We had no care or anxiety, other than to enjoy to the full the time present ; and we did enjoy it, and we drank in with the sweet breath of heaven, perfumed by the mingled odours of earth's fairest flowers, feelings and affections, ideas and associations, which have been treasured up in the storehouse of our memory, from whence, when far away from such scenes, we have drawn sweet recollections of past events, which have tinged many of later years with the bright hues of a golden summer's eve.

Mrs. Howitt has written such pretty verses, wherein she describes many circumstances of childhood which

were brought to her remembrance on seeing Cowslips,
that we shall quote them here :—

“Nay, tell me not of Austral flowers,
Or purple bells from Persia's bowers,
The Cowslip of this land of ours
Is dearer far to me!
This flower in other years I knew!
I know the field wherein it grew,
With violets white and violets blue,
Beneath the garden tree!

I never see these flowers but they
Send back my memory, far away,
To years long passed, and many a day
Else perished long ago!
They bring my childhood's years again—
Our garden-fence, I see it plain,
With ficaries* like a golden rain
Shower'd on the earth below.

A happy child, I leap, I run,
And memories come back, one by one,
Like swallows in the summer sun,
To their old haunts of joy!
A happy child, once more I stand,
With my kind sister, hand in hand,
And hear those tones, so sweet, so bland,
That never brought annoy!

I hear again my mother's wheel,
Her hand upon my head I feel;
Her kiss, which every grief could heal,
Is on my cheek even now:
I see the dial overhead;
I see the porch o'er which was led
The pyracantha,† green and red,
And jessamine's slender bough.

* The Lesser Celandine.

† The Evergreen Thorn.

I see the garden-thicket's shade,
 Where all the summer long we play'd,
 And gardens set, and houses made—
 Our early work and late ;
 Our little gardens, side by side,
 Each border'd round with London pride,
 Some six feet long, and three feet wide,
 To us a large estate !

The apple and the damson trees ;
 The cottage shelter for our bees ;
 I see them—and beyond all these,
 A something dearer still ;
 I see an eye serenely blue,
 A cheek of girlhood's freshest hue,
 A buoyant heart, a spirit true,
 Alike in good and ill.

Sweet sister, thou wert all to me,
 And I, sufficient friend for thee :
 Where was a happier twain than we,
 Who had no mate beside ?
 Like wayside flowers in merry May,
 Our pleasures round about us lay :—
 A joyful morning had our day,
 Whate'er our eve betide ! ”

- The leaves of the Cowslip, which are seated upon the ground, are egg-shaped, much contracted below the middle, toothed, and wrinkled. A solitary stalk springs from the centre of the leaves, and bears the flowers in an umbel at its summit. It is in some parts called the Paigle, and is almost as common as the primrose. It is found in perfection about the end of April and in the early part of May, in meadows and pastures, and on the borders of cultivated fields. We found our specimen on the first day of the month, and may say, in the words of an anonymous writer—

“ Unfolding to the breeze of May,
The Cowslip greets the vernal ray :
The topaz and the ruby gem
Her blossoms’ simple diadem ;
And as the dew-drops gently fall,
They tip with pearls her coronal.”

There are few people, we presume, who have not tasted the elegant wine which, from being impregnated with the agreeable fragrance of our flower, is called Cowslip wine. In some parts of England, the wives and daughters of the peasantry collect Cowslips in large quantities, and carry them into the neighbouring towns for sale ; there they are pretty sure to meet with some industrious housewife skilled in the art of manufacturing home-made wines. Cowslip wine is a frugal beverage ; and, to those who have not acquired a taste for the more generous, though oft adulterated, wines of foreign countries, it is exceedingly palatable. Shakspeare, in “ A Midsummer Night’s Dream,” supposes the fragrance of the Cowslip to reside in the freckles within the mouth of the tube.

“ The Cowslips tall her pensioners be ;
In these gold coats, spots you see ;
Those be rubies, fairy flowers,
In those freckles live their savours,
I must go seek some dew-drops here,
And hang a pearl in every Cowslip’s ear.”

The Cowslip belongs to the Linnæan class *Pentandria*, and order *Monogynia* ; and to the Natural order *Primulaceæ*.

THE WOOD ANEMONE.

Anemone; *Linn.* L'anémone; *Fr.* Die Anemone; *Ger.* Anemone;
Dutch, Ital., Span, Port. Ollina gusa; *Jap.* Wjetreniza; *Rus.*

"Anemones, weeping flowers,
 Dyed in Winter's snow and rain,
 Constant to their early time,
 White the leaf-strewn ground again,
 And make each wood a garden then."

CLARE.

THIS flower is one of the earliest to adorn our woods and groves with its cheerful aspect, presenting itself to us in the month of April, beyond which time it is not often met with in bloom. We see it every year in great abundance, growing on the banks of running streams, in company with thousands of primroses and violets, and the smaller celandine; and we have met with it in a grove with the grape hyacinth and others.

The Wood Anemone can only be seen in perfection when the atmosphere is dry, for, in proportion as that becomes humid, the petals close themselves. Thus these flowers form a natural barometer. They are also affected by the alternation of day and night, for, as the latter approaches, we observe them—

"shrinking from the chilly night,
 Droop and shut up;"

and again, as the sun rises, if we have risen too, we may see them—

"with fair morning's touch
 Rise on their stems, all open and upright."

This peculiar faculty of closing at night and opening in the morning appears to be inherent in the plants themselves, and not simply the effect of change from light to darkness, and the reverse, though it is found by experiment that extraordinary changes of this kind will produce a degree of irregularity in the habit. We have a poet who tells us, that—

“The flower, enamoured of the Sun,
At his departure hangs her head and weeps,
And shrouds her sweetness up, and keeps
Sad vigils, like a cloistered nun,
Till his reviving ray appears,
Waking her beauty as he dries her tears.”

The Wood Anemone grows abundantly in a wood near St. Albans. Here it was where the amiable writers of “*Bouquet des Souvenirs*” were accustomed to walk in search of it and of others, its companions, in the period of its flowering. They thus address it :—

“Beautiful Anemone!
Say, do the fairies streak
The blushes on thy cheek
When moonlight sleeps upon thee?
Beautiful Anemone!
Do not they pile the gold
Which thy pure vases hold,
Heaping their favours on thee?
Beautiful Anemone!
Then round thy lovely bell
Surely they breathe a spell
To draw all hearts unto thee.
Beautiful Anemone!
Thou fairy-gifted flower,
We own thy magic power,
And fondly linger near thee!”

There are few persons, we think, who do not experience a feeling of deep solemnity on their first entrance

into a wood. We are at once impressed with a sense of the comparative brevity of human life when we look upon the magnificent trees around us, some of which have been increasing in size and beauty from time immemorial, and others which will continue to flourish for centuries to come, in which time generation after generation of our race shall have been gathered to their fathers. It were well for us if we could more frequently retire to such a solitude, to meditate upon the works of creation there spread before our eyes, and thence to look up to Him Whose word brought them into being, and Whose power perpetuates their kind; and cold indeed must be the heart of that man who would not thus be led to regard himself, to perceive his own insignificance in the creation, and to be conscious of his weakness and worthlessness, while at the same time he feels unbounded gratitude that man is endowed with faculties which render him capable of deriving pleasure from the contemplation of these His works, which are so wonderful, and that he has been appointed by their Maker to be lord over every living thing. With Mrs. Hemans, we trust that all our readers can feel, as we do, that

“There is a power, a presence in the woods,
A viewless Being, that with life and love
Informs the reverential solitude;
The rich air knows it, and the mossy sod—
Thou, Thou art there, my God!

And if with awe we tread
The minster-floor beneath the storied pane,
And 'midst the mouldering banners of the dead;
Shall the green voiceful wood seem less Thy fane,
Which Thou alone hast built, where arch and roof
Are of Thy living woof.

The silence and the sound,
In the lone places, breathe alike of Thee ;
The temple twilight of the gloom profound,
The dew-cup of the frail Anemone."

Of the many localities in which we have observed the Wood Anemone, there is not one where they are so numerous as around Godalming, in Surrey. The many hills of that beautiful country are clothed with hazel copses, their united extent being about one thousand acres. The hazels, on one-tenth part of this space, are cut down yearly, and in the succeeding Spring the surface, thus made comparatively bare, is sprinkled with myriads of flowers, the greatest number of the same magnitude being, we are inclined to think, the pretty Anemone of the woods. Reader! if you admire the Anemone, and should be at any time near Godalming in March and April, go and see it there.

This plant is a perennial, with fibrous roots. Leaves spring up at intervals, and the branches terminate in the form of a single flower-stalk. These stalks bear an involucre, formed of three leaves. The radical leaves are divided into deep lanceolate pointed segments, which are three-divided, and the lobes toothed. The flower is erect, and consists of six smooth oblong sepals. It is of the Linnæan class *Polyandria*, order *Polygynia*; and in the Natural system is of the order *Ranunculaceæ*.



MEADOW LYCHNIS.

Lychnis; *L.* *Lychnide*; *Fr.* *Die lychnis*; *Ger.* *Lychnis*; *Dutch.* *Licnide*; *Ital.* *Cruces de Jerusalem*; *Sp.* *Cruz de Malta*; *Port.* *Tatarskajo muilo*; *Russ.*

How gaily ragged Robin stands
 'Mid cotton grass and rushes;
 Pleased he thrives in marshy lands,
 Nor envies gaudy bushes;

Gaudy bushes would conceal him
 From the sunbeam's cheering heat,
 Which he loves to feel so near him,
 Standing in the moistened peat.

MS.

THIS gay plant, which we frequently meet with towards the end of May, and in the month of June, stands out very prominently from among the common rushes, cotton grass, and mare's tail, which are almost always found together about the same season, in the localities which it delights in. There, too, we find the brooklime (*Veronica Beccabunga*), a small, but pretty blue flower, which by contrast seems to heighten the gaiety of the *Lychnis*, a name given to this plant, it is supposed, on account of the stem of some of the species having been used as lamp wicks; or in allusion, it is also said, to the cottony leaves of other kinds which are applied to that use.

The stem attains the height of about a foot and a half, and at its extremity the pink flowers grow in a loose panicle, and from the circumstance of the petals being cut into four rough linear spreading segments, the plant has been called Ragged Robin; the leaves, which are opposite, are also linear, and lance-shaped.

D

The flowers are inodorous, and of a delicate rose colour. The plant is perennial, and the ornamental character of the flowers long ago induced cottagers to transplant it into their gardens, where it is a common favourite, and if planted in a rich soil and in a moist situation, the flowers frequently become double.

The specific name, *Flos-cuculi*, that is, Cuckoo-flower, was given to this plant, in common with many others blooming at the same time, because at the season of its flowering the cuckoo is first heard to repeat its monotonous, though welcome cry—though singular and curious cry—so peculiar, so clear, that when we hear it we listen to hear it repeated, and when the bird ceases for awhile, we fancy that it still sounds in our ears.

“ O blithe New-comer ! I have heard,
I hear thee and rejoice.
O Cuckoo ! shall I call thee Bird,
Or but a wandering Voice ?

While I am lying on the grass,
Thy two-fold shout I hear,
From hill to hill it seems to pass,
At once far off, and near.

Though babbling only to the vale,
Of sunshine and of flowers,
Thou bringest unto me a tale
Of visionary hours.

Thrice welcome darling of the Spring !
Even yet thou art to me
No bird, but an invisible thing,
A voice, a mystery ;

The same, whom in my schoolboy days
I listened to ; that Cry
Which made me look a thousand ways
In bush, and tree, and sky.

To seek thee did I often rove
Through woods and in the green ;
And thou wert still a hope, a love ;
Still longed for, never seen.

And I can listen to thee yet ;
Can lie upon the plain
And listen, till I do beget
That golden time again.

O blessed Bird! the earth we pace
Again appears to be
An unsubstantial, faery place ;
That is fit home for Thee! "

WORDSWORTH.

There is one species of *Lychnis* remarkable on account of its dioecious and different coloured flowers. It is called *L. dioica*, and because some plants bear white flowers and others red, authors have, in some instances, made them distinct species. This distinction has been made, apparently, in consequence of its being observed that the red flowers have their petals with deeper, narrower, and more spreading lobes, and the capsules rounder, with the valves recurved ; the white flowers have less spreading lobes, the capsules are ovate connate, and the valves erect teeth. These distinctions are, however, by no means constant, and do not seem to justify the separation of the two into distinct species.

In the Linnæan system the Meadow *Lychnis* is placed in the class *Decandria*, and order *Pentagynia* ; and in the Natural system in the order *Caryophylleæ*.

SPEEDWELL.

Veronica; *L.* Véronique; *Fr.* Der ehrenpreiss; *Ger.* Eerenprys;
Dutch. Veronica; *It., Sp., and Port.* Weronika; *Russ.* Ærenpriss;
Dan.

CLOTHED in rich cerulean blue, we observe the Germander Speedwell blooming abundantly in various localities, beneath hedges, among ground ivy and nettles; in pastures, among daisies and buckbean; by the side of flowing rivulets, contrasting itself with the golden crowfoot; and in moist, boggy places, with brooklime and cotton grass. In such places do we see it, almost daily, in the months of May and June; and one evening long ago we admired it more than usual, as we strolled along the bank of a pretty brook where it was growing in masses among the thick grass, together with buttercups and the great white ox-eye (*Chrysanthemum Leucanthemum*). To be sure it was a lovely evening, the moon was nearly at the full, and the heavens around her were cloudless; the air was still, and all the feathered tribe had ceased from song except the nightingale, whose full and plaintive note fell in all its richness upon the ear, recalling to our mind those elegant lines of Virgil, which express a thought so beautiful in language which has never been surpassed:—

“Qualis populea mœrens Philomela sub umbra
 Amissos queritur fœtus; quos durus arator
 Observans nido implumes detraxit: ut illa
 Flet noctem, ramoque sedens miserabile carmen
 Integrat, et mœstis lata loca questibus implet.” *

We have never seen this passage worthily translated,

* Georg. lib. iv. l. 511.

but as we cannot insert them without some lines in our own tongue, which shall convey their meaning, though it may be with but a faint notion of their beauty, we give the following :—

So mourning 'neath the trembling poplar's shade,
The nightingale bemoans her absent young,
Which some hard-hearted rustic, noting well,
Drew from their nest, unplumed : now she, distressed,
Weeps through the night, and, perching on a branch,
Repeats her mournful song ; and with sad plaints
Fills up the grove extended far and wide.

How appropriately has the poet chosen the poplar tree ; the gentle murmur produced by the ever trembling motion of its leaves being a fit accompaniment to the chanting of a mournful note.

The Germander Speedwell, which is included in our group, has an undivided stem, with egg-shaped leaves, placed opposite and nearly without footstalks ; the flowers, which are numerous, have footstalks about half an inch long, and are ranged singly along the stem ; the petals are of a beautiful blue, streaked with darker veins, sometimes purple, lilac, or whitish, the base being downy ; and the whole plant more or less hairy. The petals close and envelope the stamens and pistils, in cloudy or rainy weather. This singular property, which Linnæus called the sleep of plants, is observable in many other flowers, which throw open their petals under the sun's influence, and close them when his rays are withdrawn.

This species of Speedwell becomes a very ornamental flower for the border, when planted in a rich soil, and in a shaded, cool situation, where it continues to flourish and bloom considerably beyond its usual time of

flowering. Under these circumstances it becomes an annual, and if treated as such, it is equal in attraction to many of the choicest exotics.

The common Speedwell (*V. officinalis*) is frequent in pastures, on hedge banks, in woods, and on heaths, and is found in flower from May to August. Its stem is from three to twelve inches long, the flowers growing in clusters at the extremity of each branch. They are blue when expanded, but the buds are of a pale flesh colour. On the moors near Sheffield the flowers are found flesh-coloured, but in every other respect, in all material points, the plant is similar to that with blue flowers, in company with which it grows in that locality. The properties of this species are astringent, but medicinally it is of no value, though formerly it was considered useful as a pectoral against coughs and asthmatic affections.

Brooklime (*V. Beccabunga*) has a procumbent or floating stem, and is found in abundance by the moist banks of streams and in bogs; it begins to flower in May, and blooms in perfection in the two following months. The leaves are ovate, opposite and nearly sessile, and from their bases the flower-stalks spring, and are covered by a cluster of small pretty blue flowers. Its singular specific name is a Latinized form of its German name, *Bachbunge*; *bach* meaning a rivulet: in Yorkshire and in Norfolk, a *beck* = *Bæc*, in Anglo-Saxon.

In the Linnæan system the Speedwell is included in the class *Diandria* and order *Monogynia*; and in the Natural system it belongs to the order *Scrophularineæ*.

BUTTERCUPS.

Ranunculus; *Bauh.* Renoncule; *Fr.* Die ranunkel; *Ger.* Ranonkel;
Dutch. Ranuncolo; *Ital.* Ranunculo; *Sp.* Rainunculo; *Port.*
 Lutik; *Russ.* Ranunkel; *Dan.* and *Swed.*

"Ye field flowers! the gardens eclipse you, 'tis true,
 Yet, wildings of nature, I dote upon you,
 For ye waft me to summers of old,
 When the earth teem'd around me with fairy delight,
 And when daisies and buttercups gladden'd my sight,
 Like treasures of silver and gold."

CAMPBELL.

BUTTERCUPS are nearly as common as daisies, we might almost say, as great favourites, for they are sought after with about the same eagerness by children, and retain the same hold upon the mind of man. They are, too, frequently linked together in poetry; and they combine well with the daisy to add cheerfulness to the meadow. The following lines, by an anonymous writer, would seem to convey the notion that on some minds the Buttercup is more permanently impressed than other flowers of its season:—

"Again, I feel my heart is dancing
 With wildly throbbing keen delight,
 At this bright scene of king-eups dancing
 Beneath the clear sun's golden light.

Again I pluck the little flower,
 The first my childhood ever knew,
 And think upon the place and hour
 Where and when that first one grew;

And as I gaze upon its cup
 Shining with burnish'd gold,
 The faithful memory calls up
 How many a friend beloved of old!"

The Bulbous Crowfoot (*Ranunculus bulbosus*) has its leaves growing together in threes (*ternate*), or cut into three twice over (*bi-ternate*), the leaflets three cleft, divided into three and cut, the radical ones on long slender footstalks (*petioles*), dilated at the base, the upper without footstalks (*sessile*); the stem is erect and the root is a knob; the footstalks of the flowers (*peduncles*) are furrowed; the flower cup (*calyx*) turned back; the petals are roundish, wedge-shaped, with a short claw and broad honey-bearing (*nectariferous*) scales. This species is frequent, flowering in May and June, and is perhaps the most common of our *Ranunculuses*.

Dr. Deakin, in "Florigraphia Britannica," says that this kind "is as pungent in its taste and as stimulating in its properties as *R. acris*, and seems to be refused by most cattle. It is, however, no doubt, a very useful, stimulating plant, when mixed with others, and as it is less deleterious in its properties when dried and made into hay, it becomes a useful and valuable component amongst other plants wanting this stimulating property. It has been used for the same purposes as *R. acris*, but like it, it is now out of use medicinally." The doctor adds to this the beautiful lines of Clare, in which he mentions the Buttercup, which he seems to have transferred from the "Sentiment of Flowers," where they were first quoted in connection with the Buttercup, as the emblem of Ingratitude.

The Upright Meadow Crowfoot (*R. acris*) has its leaves thrice divided, the radical ones lobed and cut, the footstalks long and channeled, the upper with linear segments; the stem is erect, from one to two feet high, branched and leafy, round, hollow, and more

or less covered with slender hairs. The flowers, portrayed in our group, are of a bright golden yellow, the footstalks round and hairy. There is a scale at the base of the petal which distinguishes it from the Wood Crowfoot (*R. auricomus*), and its spreading calyx distinguishes it from the preceding species (*R. bulbosus*), with which it is almost equally common, blooming during the months of June and July. The specific name (*acris*) was given to this plant on account of its corroding properties, for, when bruised and applied to the skin, it produces inflammation, blisters, and ulceration, and was at one time used for these purposes in diseases, when counter-irritation was considered desirable; but as it frequently caused sores, which were not healed without great difficulty, its use has been abandoned. This acrid property is generally so great that neither cows nor horses will touch them, however bare the pasture may be of other herbage. If, therefore, as has been asserted, the name of Buttercup, or Butterflower, was given to these plants from a supposition that the flowers imparted their colour to butter, it is clear that it was a mere fancy, and that it was indulged in without any inquiry into the fact whether the Buttercup was, or was not, taken as food by kine.

Of the other species of Crowfoot which grow in similar situations with the two preceding, and therefore the more likely to be confounded with them, we may mention the Pale Hairy Crowfoot (*R. hirsutus*) which may be distinguished from *R. acris* by the absence of the spreading calyx, and from *R. bulbosus* by its fibrous root. It is not at all unfrequent in meadows and waste ground, more particularly in moist places, or such as are liable to be occasionally over-

flowed. In low tracts near London it is abundant. The whole plant, which varies from a few inches to two feet in height, is hairy, and bears many flowers. It is an annual, and blooms from June to October.

The Creeping Crowfoot (*R. repens*) is also common in moist meadows and pastures, where it is the most troublesome weed of its genus, its creeping scions destroying the grass as they extend. This habit and the spreading calyx distinguish it from *R. bulbosus*; its furrowed peduncles distinguish it from *R. acris*, which has rounded peduncles, and its tuberous base renders it distinct from *R. hirsutus*. It is a very variable plant; the radical leaves are mostly marked with a black or dark brown spot in the middle. Its stem attains to about the height of twelve inches, and is branched. The flowers are very numerous, and sometimes are found double. Occasionally the seeds are not perfected, no uncommon occurrence in plants which propagate themselves by other means. It is in flower from June to September.

These four species, as they have a similar *habitat*, may easily be mistaken one for the other; we would therefore recommend our readers to gather a specimen of each with the root, and compare them carefully, after which they will readily distinguish them at sight. They all belong to the Linnæan class *Polyandria*, and order *Polygynia*; and to the Natural order *Ranunculaceæ*.

THE WILD (DOG) ROSE.

Rosa; *Tou.* Le rosier; *Fr.* Die rose; *Ger.* Roozeboom; *Dutch.* Rosajo; *Ital.* Rosal; *Sp.* Roseira; *Port.* Kim anh tu; *Coch.* Rosa; *Russ.* Roza; *Pol.*

"Ah! see the virgin rose, how sweetly she
 Doth first peep forth with bashful modesty,
 That fairer seems the less ye see her way!
 Lo! see soon after, how more bold and free
 Her bared bosom she doth broad display;
 Lo! see soon after how she fades and falls away."

SPENSER.

THE hawthorn hedges which bound the greater number of our enclosed fields, present a very agreeable and refreshing appearance, when the tender leaf-buds are just emerging from their sheaths; the eye rests upon them with increased satisfaction when clothed in their vernal garb of pale green; but when their branches are studded with close-set flowers of snowy whiteness, here and there tipped with crimson, in the merry month of May, they contribute at once to the pleasure of sight and to regale the senses with a delicious fragrance. Sometimes, indeed, in village lanes, where the hedges are lofty, this fragrance, being emitted from so dense a mass of flowers, is oppressive, as we have often felt that to be with which the air is charged when it has just passed over a field of clover in full bloom; yet there are few objects that delight us more than the hawthorn in flower. But no sooner has the May-flower ceased to breathe out its sweetness, than we find the wild Rose scattered here and there, at intervals, in almost every hedge-row. Beautiful, indeed, are the highly cultivated

Roses, which adorn the conservatory and garden of the rich noble or the wealthy commoner, but far more valuable to happy England is the wild Rose, which delights the eye of the rustic ploughboy, and with which the pretty village maiden decks her hair, fearless of its rivalling the bloom upon her cheek :—

“the sweet wild Rose,
 Starring each bush in lanes and glades,
 Smiles in each lovelier tint that glows
 On the cheeks of England's peerless maids.
 Some, with a deeper, fuller hue,
 Like lass o'er the foamy milk-pails chanting ;
 Lighter are some, and gemm'd with dew,
 Like ladies whose lovers all are true,
 And nought on earth have wanting,
 But their eyes on beauteous scenes are bent,
 That own them their chief ornament.”

MARY HOWITT.

Pluck one from that shrub as you pass by. Its divided calyx is thrown back and the flower is unfolding its five pretty petals, which are nearly white at the base, and as your eye passes onwards to the outer edge of its broad heart-shaped form, the white blends with a deepening pink—pink, did we say?—no, that is not pink, it is *rose-colour*, for it is unique, and the artist is yet unborn who shall produce a tint so rich and so delicate as that with which nature has graced the Rose. How beautiful, too, are its ovate leaflets, which are opposite with a terminal one, all acutely serrated ; and the stem is furnished with uniform hooked prickles.

Volumes have been written about the Rose ; poets, sacred and profane, have sung its praises, and it has ever been more highly esteemed than any other flower, not only on account of its beauty, but also of its utility.

Its rich perfume has been used from the earliest times to mix with unctuous preparations. Pliny tells us that oils thus perfumed were used to anoint the body with, after bathing, at the time of the Trojan war ; and we are told, in the twenty-third Iliad of Homer, that—

“Jove’s daughter, Venus, took the guard of noble Hector’s corse,
And kept the dogs off, night and day applying sovereign force
Of rosy balms, that to the dogs were horrible in taste.”

CHAPMAN.

The Rose was also a favourite flower in the ancient custom of decorating tombs, as we learn from Anacreon—

“And after death its odours shed
A pleasing fragrance o’er the dead.”

BROOME.

And, in the epitaph of Anacreon, by Cælius Calpurnius, the poet’s love of the Rose is commemorated :—

“Here let the ivy kiss the poet’s tomb,
Here let the Rose he loved with laurels bloom
In bonds that ne’er shall sever.”

MOORE.

In Persia and Turkey the perfume of the Rose has always been held in high estimation, and in England we value it ; though in the form of an oil or scent it is not, perhaps, generally preferred to the scent obtained from some other flowers. Its petals are gathered in this country, and imported from abroad, for the purpose of extracting their fragrance ; and rose water enters very largely into medical preparations.

The flower entwined in our group is the most common of the species of our native wild Rose (*Rosa canina*), and is found profusely scattered throughout our island, in all sorts of soil, in nearly every variety of situation,

and consequently varying very much in its appearance, and in the paleness or intensity of its proper colour. To this species, too, we are indebted for being enabled to grow in our gardens the endless varieties of exotic species which we possess. The straight upright stems are taken from their *habitat*, removed to the garden, denuded of their branches and shoots, and single buds of other species and their varieties are removed from their own branches, with a portion of the bark and newest wood, and let in below the bark of the stock of the common Rose, and by this means many different varieties of the Rose are often seen blooming from one stock. In order to render the operation successful, the bud should be so inserted, that the sap of the bud and the stock may have free communication with each other.

The delicate tint of the wild Rose has afforded a beautiful simile to many writers: Beaumont and Fletcher have put into the mouth of one of their *dramatis personæ* these words:—

“Of all flowers,

Methinks a Rose is best * * * * *

It is the very emblem of a maid ;

For when the west wind courts her gently,

How modestly she blows, and paints the sun

With her chaste blushes ! When the north comes near her,

Rude and impatient, then, like chastity,

She locks her beauties in her bud again,

And leaves him to base briars.”

Roses are connected with some of our fondest associations, and woven with recollections of persons and events, both joyous and gloomy. The Countess of Blessington has illustrated this connection in the following beautiful poetical dialogue:—

HELEN.

Sister, behold those brightly-tinted Roses,
How fresh the blush upon their silken leaves,
With the clear dewdrop, glancing in the sun
As bright as diamond, with its ray intense,
Shining the most when most 'tis shone upon.
Does it not glad thy heart to look on them?
Are they not glorious ministers of heaven,
Shedding their sweetness on the summer earth,
To tell us of His love, Who sent them here?

HARRIET.

Yes, mine own sister; they, in truth, are fair,
But, ah! so fleetly do their brief hues pass,
That even when their bloom the richest glows,
I, looking forward to its swift decay,
Feel a strange sadness as I gaze on them,
And thoughts of death come o'er me.

HELEN.

—— Is't not strange,
That we, who draw our lives from the same source,
Whose hearts are warmed by the same purple stream,
Who love each other,—(do we not, dear sister?)

HARRIET.

Most fondly, truly—

HELEN.

— Well, then, is't not strange
That what awakens only joy in me,
Should fill thy soul with images of gloom?

HARRIET.

No, not of gloom,—'tis but a gentle quiet,—
Because I feel, that, like to all that's fair,
Soon may these bright flowers droop, and fade, and die.
'Twas thus with her—our lost, our sainted Anne—
Blooming and bright as Roses in their prime,
And, like them, fragile too.—A few brief days—
A spring of joy—a summer of decay—
And autumn found her not!—Dost thou remember?

HELEN.

O my sweet sister! can'st thou ask me this,
When I most think of her in loving thee,
Who art so like her in her gentleness?

HARRIET.

I doubted not thy sad remembering love—
I meant but to recall her last brief hour,
Which every dying rose——

HELEN.

Brings back to thee ;

While I ——

HARRIET.

Nay, weep not thus, my precious one!

HELEN.

Ay, well—how well!—do I remember still
The wondrous beauty of her hectic blush ;
The unearthly lustre of her sparkling eyes ;
Her pallid brows, by death's cold finger traced ;
And the long glance of tender, speechless love
Fix'd on our faces, even unto the last,
When her dear voice already was in heaven!

HARRIET.

When summer brings the roses back to us,
And their rich fragrance loads the golden air,
Like incense offered up from earth to heaven,
And birds are all abroad—I think of her
Who walked the earth—a thing of light and hope,
Loving all nature—feeling it was bliss
To live among bright, odour-breathing flowers,
And listen to the music of the woods—
I think of her within the narrow grave,
To whom, nor sunshine, nor the breath of flowers,
Nor song of birds, can ever come again.

The Rose is of the class *Icosandria*, and order *Polygynia* in the Linnæan system, and belongs to the order *Rosaceæ* in the Natural system.



THE CUCKOO FLOWER.

Cardamine; *L.* Le cresson; *Fr.* Die gauchblume; *Ger.* Schuimblad;
Dutch. Cardamindo; *Ital.* Cardamina; *Sp.* Lugobüi Kres; *Russ.*
Rzezucha polna; *Pol.*

“When daisies pied, and violets blue,
And lady’s smocks all silver white,
And cuckoo-buds of yellow hue,
Do paint the meadows with delight.”

SHAKESPEARE.

THE flower which we have here chosen to name the Cuckoo-flower is one of the earliest of those numerous plants which, blooming at the season of the cuckoo’s arrival amongst us, have received that distinction, in something like the same manner in which they may be called Spring-flowers. It is also commonly known as Lady’s Smock, because, says Sir James Smith, where it grows profusely, it presents the appearance, at a little distance, of a quantity of linen laid out to bleach; it is more properly common Bitter-cress. Its flowering tops have been recommended in medicine, and at one time it enjoyed a high reputation for its medicinal properties, but its efficacy is very doubtful, and it is now entirely excluded from the list of *materia medica*.

The Cuckoo-flower makes its appearance in April, and is in its most perfect state about the middle of May. In works on scientific botany this species is stated to be an inhabitant of moist meadows; but it does not confine itself to such situations, for we have noticed it growing abundantly on the banks of streams, and frequently with the lower part of the stem submerged, and sometimes the flower alone visible above

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the surface of the water, in the middle of a brook. The flower is almost white, inclining to a pale bluish colour. Shakspeare's term, "silver white," is very appropriate, as it is seen rearing its head above the clear and shining streamlet. The flower is well known, is a great favourite among children, and produces a cheerful effect at the beginning of the floral season.

Seldom indeed is this flower made mention of in the productions of the bard, so that we are obliged to be content with an anonymous sonnet, addressed to it on its first appearance :—

Bright flower ! how gladly do we welcome thee !
Attendant on the early steps of Spring,
Who in her train doth ever kindly bring
Thousands of blooming guests ; around we see
The primrose and the pale anemone,
In every wild wood or shady grove ;
And the golden celandine, as we rove
Through verdant meadows, or upon the lea,
With many other gifts from Flora's hand,
Whose perfect skill is seen in simplest flower
That blooms in wilds unknown or lady's bower,
Deck hill and dale of this our native land.
We welcome thee, O ! cheerful Cuckoo-flower !
As on the streamlet's brink we see thee stand.

MS.

The Cuckoo-flower is frequently cultivated, when it becomes double, and varies in colour from white to delicate purple ; and, as the flowers do not in that condition produce seed, the leaflets throw out roots when they come in contact with the soil, and thus the plant is propagated ; "a most beautiful instance," observes Dr. Deakin," "of the provision made for the perpetuity of particular species ; for when by luxurious

feeding the flowers of this plant become double, from the expansion of its parts of fructification into petals, they consequently become barren, so that, if other means were not substituted, there would be no further increase of the plant."

There are other species of the Cuckoo-flower, but we shall only notice the large-flowered bitter cress (*Cardamine amara*), which is not so often found as the former kind, but is far from being uncommon. It is very seldom observed in the open meadow, except in moist situations, but limits itself to brooks and ditches. It has a general resemblance to *C. pratensis*, but is readily distinguished from it by the yellowish tinge of its petals, and by the broad deeply-toothed leaflets of the upper leaves, while the upper leaves of *C. pratensis* are somewhat feather-shaped, and similar to those of *Hottonia palustris*, or Featherfoil, which flowers in like situations in July.

The generic name of this flower is compounded of two Greek words, which signify to strengthen the heart, in allusion to the supposed strengthening qualities which the genus is said to possess.

The Cuckoo-flower (*Cardamine pratensis*) is placed in the class *Tetradynamia* and order *Siliquosa* in the Linnæan system, and in the order *Cruciferae* in the Natural system.

THE FORGET-ME-NOT.

Myosotis ; *L.* Gremillet ou Scorpionne ; *Fr.* Vergiss mein nicht ;
Ger. Kruidig muizenoor ; *Dutch.* Orecchio de topo ; *Ital.* Miosota ;
Sp. Myosota ; *Port.* Dukowka ; *Russ.* Forgjæt mig ej ; *Dan.*

“ That name, it speaks in accents dear
 Of love, and hope, and joy, and fear ;
 It softly tells an absent friend
 That links of love should never rend,
 Its whispers waft on swelling breeze,
 O'er hill, and dale, by land and seas,
 Forget-me-not !

Gem of the rill ! we love to greet
 Thy blossoms smiling at our feet.
 We fancy to thy flow'ret given
 A semblance of the azure heaven ;
 And deem thine eye of gold to be
 The star that gleams so brilliantly.”

BOUQUET DES SOUVENIRS.

THE romantic story with which the Forget-me-not is connected has made it known to thousands who, perhaps, would never otherwise have become acquainted with its existence. Independent, however, of the fame thus attached to it, when once seen and noticed, its own beauty would gain for it a place in the memory. The bright blue of the flowers, and their rich golden centres, render them individually an object to be admired ; and as they gradually unfold themselves at the curled extremity of the stem, where they are ranged in two rows, and alternately, on footstalks, their appearance is truly beautiful ; but when the plants in bloom are so numerous as to form a sort of fringe on the

margin of a rivulet, as we have seen them, words cannot convey an adequate idea of the effect. They are, in truth, very ornamental to our streams and ditches, and cannot fail to win the favour of every rambler who strolls where is seen,

“By rivulet, or spring, or wet road-side,
That blue and bright-ey'd flow'ret of the brook,
Hope's gentle gem, the sweet 'Forget-me-not.'”

The incident already referred to as having rendered this flower so well known, and which we are told gave rise to its present name, is said to have occurred on the banks of the Danube. Two betrothed lovers were strolling along, on a pleasant summer's evening in the delightful month of June, engaged in agreeable and affectionate conversation, when they observed the pretty flower of the water scorpion grass apparently floating on the water. The bride elect looked upon the flower with admiration, and, supposing it to be detached, regarded it as being carried to destruction; her lover, regretting its fate, and wishing to preserve it, was induced to jump into the river; but as he seized the flower, he sunk beneath the stream: making a final effort, he threw the flower on the bank, repeating, as he was sinking for the last time, the words “*Vergiss mich nicht.*” Since this event, the Germans have called the flower *Vergissmeinnicht*, and we, translating the word, Forget-me-not.

The circumstance whence this flower derived its name, and the name itself, have made it a favourite with German poets. Goëthe, in his “Lay of the Imprisoned Knight,” represents it to be the choice flower

of the lady whose praises are rehearsed. We insert Lord F. Leveson Gower's translation of these lines :—

“Ah! well I know the loveliest flower,
The fairest of the fair,
Of all that deck my lady's bower,
Or bind her floating hair.

Not on the mountain's shelving side,
Nor in the cultivated ground,
Nor in the garden's painted pride,
The flower I seek is found.

Where time on sorrow's page of gloom
Has fixed his envious lot,
Or swept the record from the tomb,
It says, Forget-me-not.

And this is still the loveliest flower,
The fairest of the fair,
Of all that deck my lady's bower,
Or bind her floating hair.”

The Forget-me-not grows on the banks of the Avon, and an English writer has compared its rich colour to the eye of his beloved :—

“To flourish in my favourite bower,
To blossom round my cot,
I cultivate the little flower
They call Forget-me-not.

It springs where Avon gently flows,
In wild simplicity,
And 'neath my cottage window grows,
Sacred to love and thee.

This pretty little flow'ret's dye,
Of soft cerulean blue,
Appears as if from Ellen's eye
It had received its hue.

Though oceans now betwixt us roar,
Though distant be our lot,
Ellen! though we should meet no more,
Sweet maid, Forget-me-not!"

We have also observed the Forget-me-not here and there blooming on the reedy margin of the shallow Dearne, as it winds along its tortuous course through the broad vale which bears its name, in Yorkshire; but nowhere have we seen it so abundant and in such luxuriance as on the classic banks of the Cam and the Granta, along with the yellow water-lily (*Nuphar Lutea*) and the yellow Iris (*Iris pseud-acorus*); and in the moist ditches of the fields lying adjacent to them, in Cambridgeshire.

The generic name, *Myosotis*, is compounded of two Greek words, signifying mouse-ear, to which its leaves are thought to bear a close resemblance. It flowers profusely during the months of June, July, and August, and the lower part of the stem, which is from one to two feet high, is generally below the surface of the water. The whole plant is covered with soft, white, depressed hairs. The Germander Speedwell is frequently mistaken for it, but a comparison of the two will immediately show the difference, and the distinctions once noticed are not likely to be forgotten.

The Forget-me-not, which was formerly known as Mouse-ear Scorpion-grass (*Myosotis palustris*), belongs to the Linnæan class *Pentandria* and order *Monogynia*, and is included in the Natural system in the order *Boragineæ*.

THE COLUMBINE.

Aquilegia ; *L.* Anoolie ; *Fr.* Der ackeley ; *Ger.* Akeley ; *Dutch.* *Acquilegia* ; *Ital.* Pajarilla ; *Sp.* Odamaki ; *Jap.* Kolokoltschiki ; *Russ.* Orlik ; *Pol.*

In pink or purple hues arrayed,
Ofttimes indeed in white,
We see within the woodland glade,
The Columbine delight.

Some three feet high, with stem erect,
The plant unaided grows ;
And at the summit, now deflect,
The strange formed flower blows.—MS.

THE Columbine, so remarkable for the peculiar form of its flowers, is very generally met with in open spaces in woods and pastures, and frequently in hedges bordering on plantations, in the months of May and June. The flower which our artist has so ably depicted we spied just peeping timidly out of a hawthorn hedge, and, on examination, found the plant completely hid by it. It was a well-grown plant, the stem being between two and three feet in length ; the root is tuberous, the leaves of the stem are twice divided into three, smooth, with leaflets deeply cut into three lobes, and unequally crenated ; the radical leaves grow on long, round footstalks. Upon this plant were several beautiful flowers, growing in a panicle, on downy footstalks.

In the same neighbourhood we found another specimen, the flowers of which were more exposed than those of the above. They were of a deep purple tinge, and we fancied that the colour was changed from pale

flesh-colour to purple, by the free action of light. Scientific botanists consider purple to be the natural colour of the flower in a wild state, and that it only varies from that to pink and white when in cultivation. From our own experience, we judge that they are occasionally met with of various colours, as wild flowers.

The structure of the flower is extremely curious, and will well repay a careful and close examination. It is almost universally a favourite in country gardens, where it sometimes becomes double. The common English name, Columbine, says Skinner, was given to the plant because the flowers appear to represent the form or figure of the head and neck of doves (*columbarum*). Its generic name, *Aquilegia*, has had two origins assigned to it; the one, because its nectaries have a resemblance to the claws of the eagle (*Aquila*); the other, because its leaves, when not fully expanded, collect a large quantity of rain-water, and are thus natural conduit-masters (*Aquilegia*).

It seems to have been introduced into the garden at a very early period, and known to our earliest poets, for Chaucer, in "The Marchantes Tale," says—

"Come forth now with thin eyen Columbine."

And Spenser mentions two coloured varieties of the flower—

"Bring hither the pincke and purple Cullambine."

The Columbine (*Aquilegia vulgaris*) is in the Linnaean class *Polyandria*, and order *Pentagynia*, and in the Natural system in the order *Ranunculaceæ*.

THE DAISY.

Bellis; *L.* La paquerette; *Fr.* Maslieben; *Ger.* Madelieven; *Dutch.* Margheritina; *Ital.* Maya; *Sp.* Bonina; *Port.* Barchatnaja zwietoschka; *Russ.*

“ — in the spring and play-time of the year,
That calls the unwonted villager abroad
With all her little ones, a sportive train,
To gather king cups in the yellow mead,
And prink their hair with Daisies.”

COWPER.

THE pretty Daisy is so common in fields and meadows, that some of our readers may think it unnecessary that we should include it in our collection; but if there be any field flower which has a pre-eminent claim to the epithet “favourite,” surely this is it. For full six months and more, during each succeeding year, does the Daisy appear in thousands, spangling the verdant air with its white star-like flowers, each floret of its delicate ray being tipped with the hue of the rose. How delighted are children, when permitted to play in meadows thus adorned, and there to gather their favourite Spring flowers, none of which they admire more than the Daisy! With joy beaming in their faces, they snap, with their tiny hands, the brittle stem of the Daisy, they pluck the buttercup and the celandine, and stow them away in their pinafores, to be carried home, there to be re-assorted and formed into nosegays. Delighted with their present occupation, they look forward, anticipating, to an additional pleasure to their home-joys, in marshalling their booty in bunches, with which perhaps they are able to com-

bine a few cowslip-bells. But how soon is the attention of the child diverted from its present object ! See you that troop of children, laden with their frail spoil, already fading or bruised by the pressure unconsciously produced in the very effort to retain possession,—see you, how, exhausted by excitement, running, stooping, laughing, they retrace their steps homeward : the younger, too weary to carry their burden, gradually drop the flowers one by one ; others, with a little strength and spirit remaining, spy the pretty blue speedwell, as they pass by hedgerows, and, attracted by this new prize, cast away part of their previous spoil, to make room for a stock of these ; more imitate their example, until, led away by a succession of new and irresistible attractions, so profusely laid in their way in this beautiful world of ours, so new, so unknown to them, when they arrive at home they have scarcely a tenth of their original booty, and of that they are become almost heedless from mere exhaustion : evening has now closed upon them, and they retire to rest, to dream of beauteous fields bespangled with flowers ; of the green trees, and the white and crimson May-flower that decks the hedges ; of the sweet songs of the birds, so different and yet not inharmonious, carolled forth as they perch on branches or soar in mid-air ; and fancy themselves glad participators in all the joys which these objects afford to intelligent beings.

And not less pleasing is the Daisy to “children of a larger growth ;” as the child advances to boyhood, and from boyhood to manhood, he still loves the Daisy ; it reminds him of former seasons, and he looks upon it as upon an old friend, and as an evident token of the never-changing goodness of the bountiful Creator of

the world, Who causes the flower of the field to flourish, the grass to spring up for the cattle, the rich corn and trees to bring forth and ripen fruit, after their kind, for the use of man ; and thus that simple flower, which was once productive of transient pleasure to the child, has now become the cause of serious yet agreeable and profitable reflection to the man.

The construction of the Daisy is worthy of close observation. The flower is compound ; that is, it is composed of several little yellow florets seated on a common receptacle, as we might place so many small cups upon one tray ; for if we examine the yellow hemisphere in the centre of the flower, we shall find that there are one hundred and fifty little florets, or thereabouts ; those in the middle being tube-shaped, and containing the anthers, whilst the others, which are nearer to the circumference of the disc, are of a flat shape, and have a stigma attached to each. The petals which radiate from this circle serve to secure the anthers and stigmata from the effects of wind and rain, until the pollen is discharged from the anthers upon the stigmata, so that seed may be germinated for a succession of plants ; and when this purpose is answered, the Daisy ceases to exhibit that property of closing its petals as night approaches, and keeps them unfolded until they are decayed.

The composite nature of the flowers has procured for the Daisy (*Bellis perennis*) a place in the class *Syngenesia*, and order *Superflua*, in the Linnæan system ; and in the order *Compositæ*, in the Natural system.

The leaves are simple, and almost invariably radical ; sometimes, however, one or two may be found proceeding from the lower part of the flower stalk. The

crimson tinge at the tip of the outer petals varies in intensity, as the situation in which they grow is more or less exposed, being nearly altogether absent in shady places.

As might be supposed, the Daisy has often been named by the poet, wherever it is indigenous. The French call it *Paquerette*, because it blooms most beautifully with them about the time of Easter (*Pâque*); and the children, as amongst us, seat themselves in a circle, and as they strip off each a petal from the single Daisy, repeat in succession, "*Il m'aime-un peu ;—passionnément—pas du tout ;*" and so on to the last, each anxious about the words which shall be repeated with the last petal which is detached.

"La blanche et simple Paquerette
Que ton cœur consulte sur tout,
Dit : ton amant, tendre fillette,
T'aime, un peu, beaucoup, point du tout."

Our own Chaucer, who is esteemed the Father of English Poetry, speaks of it in such terms of praise, as to assure us that it was regarded with as much favour in the fourteenth century as now. In his Prologue to "*The Legende of Goode Women*," we read—

"When that the month of Maie
Is comin, and I heare the foules sing,
And that the flouris ginnen for to spring,
Farwell my boke and my devocion.
Now have I than eke this condicion,
That above all the flouris in the mede,
Than love I moste these flouris white and rede,
Soche that men callin Daisies in our toun ;
To them I have so great affectioun ;
As I saied erst, whan comin is the Maie,
That in my bedde there dawith me no day

That I n'am up, and walking in the mede,
 To sene this floure ayenst the sunnè sprede,
 Whan it upriseth erly by the morowe :
 That blissful sight softinith all my sorrowe :
 So glad am I, whan that I have presence
 Of it, to doin it all revèrence,
 As she that is of all flouris the floure,
 Fulfillid of all vertue and honoure,
 And evir ilike faire and freshe of hewe ;
 As wel in winter as in summer newe ;
 This love I core, and shall until I die ;
 All sweare I not, of this I woll not lie.
 There loved no wight nothin in this life,
 And whan that it is eve I renne blithe,
 As soone as evir the sunne ginneth west,
 To sene this floure, how it wool go to rest,
 For fear of night, so hateth she darknesse.
 Her chere is plainly spred in the brightnesse
 Of the sunne, for there it woll uncloze."

Montgomery (James), who has repeatedly expressed
 in poetry his admiration of the Daisy, in the following
 beautiful verses points out its superiority to many
 others which add beauty to our island, in its producing
 a succession of flowers nearly all the year round.

"There is a flower, a little flower,
 With silver crest and golden eye,
 That welcomes every changing hour,
 And weathers every sky.

The prouder beauties of the field
 In gay but quick succession shine ;
 Race after race their honours yield,
 They flourish and decline.

But this small flower, to nature dear,
 While moon and stars their courses run,
 Wreaths the whole circle of the year,
 Companion of the sun.

It smiles upon the lap of May ;
To sultry August spreads its charms ;
Lights pale October on his way,
And twines December's arms.

The purple heath, and golden broom,
On moory mountains catch the gale ;
O'er lawns the lily sheds perfume,
The violet in the vale ;

But this bold flow'ret climbs the hill,
Hides in the forest, haunts the glen,
Plays round the margin of the rill,
Peeps round the fox's den.

Within the garden's cultured round
It shares the sweet carnation's bed,
And blooms on consecrated ground,
In honour of the dead.

The lambkin crops its crimson gem,
The wild bee murmurs on its breast,
The blue fly bends its pensile stem,
That decks the skylark's nest.

'Tis Flora's page ; in every place,
In every season, fresh and fair,
It opens with perennial grace,
And blossoms everywhere.

On waste and woodland, rock and plain,
Its humble buds unheeded rise ;
The rose has but a summer reign,
The Daisy never dies."

Burns was a great admirer of the Daisy. His pursuits led him among the beauties of the mountain and the dale, and his poetical imagination rendered him thoroughly capable of appreciating these charms. While following the plough he was inspired with

some beautiful lines, in which he laments the destruction he was causing to the Daisy on the mountain.

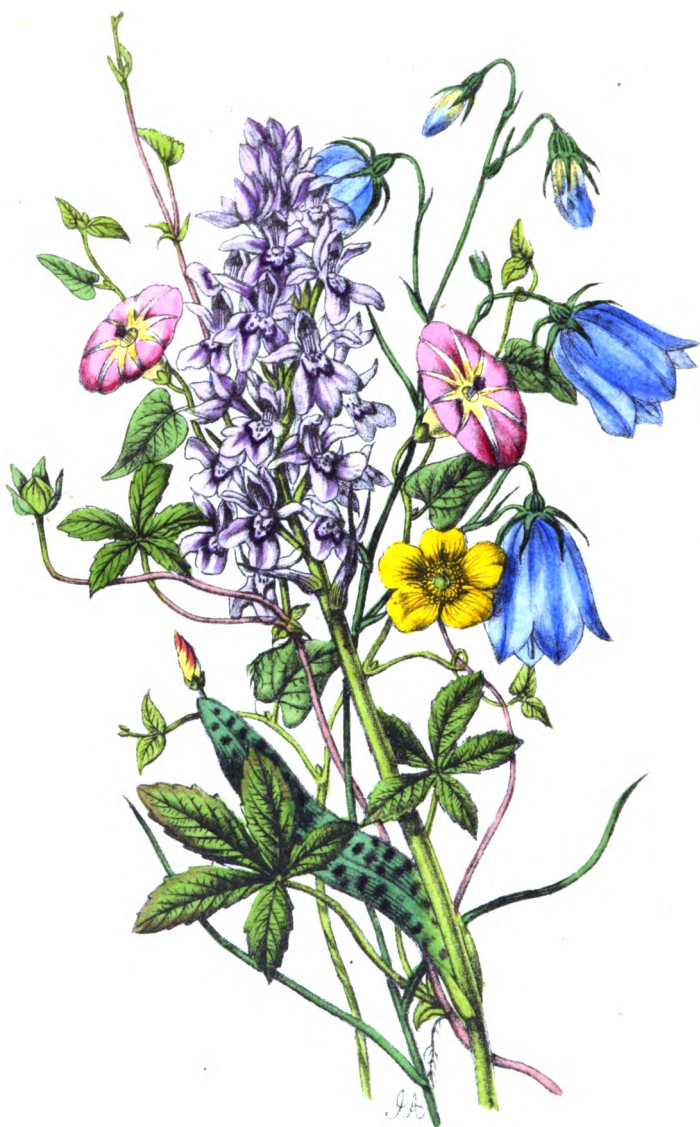
“ Small, modest, crimson-tipped flower,
Thou’st met me in an evil hour,
For I must crush among the stoure,
 Thy slender stem ;
To spare thee now is past my power,
 Thou bonny gem.

Alas ! ’tis not thy neighbour sweet,
The bonny lark, companion meet,
Bending thee ’mong the dewy wheat,
 With speckled breast ;
When upwards springing, blithe to greet
 The purpling east.

Cold blew the bitter-biting north
Upon thy humble birth,
Yet cheerfully thou ventur’st forth
 Amid the storm,
Scarce rear’d above the parent-earth
 Thy tender form.

The flaunting flowers our gardens yield
High-sheltering woods and walks must shield ;
But thou between the random field
 Of clod or stone,
Adorn’st the rugged stubble field,
 Unseen, alone.

There in thy scanty mantle clad,
Thy snowy bosom sunward spread,
Thou lift’st thy unassuming head
 In humble guise ;
But now the share upturns thy bed,
 And low thou lies ! ”



CINQUEFOIL.

Potentilla; *L.* Quintefeuille; *Fr.* Das fünffingerkraut; *Ger.* Vyfvingerkruid; *Dutch.* Cinquefoglio; *Ital.* Cinco en rama; *Sp.* Schabnik; *Russ.*

How gracefully the *Potentilla* throws
 Its trailing branches down the rude bank side,
 Until they kiss the wavelet, as it flows
 O'er pebbles polished by the crystal tide;
 Nor there alone it grows, but far and wide
 Its quinate leaves and golden blossoms lay,
 And deck the borders of each rural way.

How beautiful its slender stem, imbued
 With rich fresh tinge of purple blush and green,
 At intervals with fine-cut leaves indued,
 And bright-hued flowers rising them between;
 No plant more elegant hath ever been
 Within our native sea-girt island found,
 'Mong those by which its hills and dales are crowned.

Yet softly creeps it o'er the humid earth,
 Nor vainly seeks to win the vulgar gaze,
 By climbing from the spot which gave it birth,
 Entwining straight-up-growing stems, to raise
 Its lovely form along the well-trod ways;
 But where it hath a verdant carpet wrought,
 By downcast eyes its beauties must be sought.—*MS.*

At a very early period in the spring, the observant rambler, intent upon whatever new flower or plant may arrest his eye, soon finds the beautiful leaves of the Cinquefoil. If inexperienced, and unacquainted with its foliage, he will, perhaps, fancy that he is looking upon the wild strawberry plant, which it very much resembles. The leaflets of both are round, wedge-shaped, and have their edges cut like and as

neatly as the teeth of a saw, whence they are termed serrated; but those of the strawberry are ternate, while those of the Cinquefoil are quinate, that is, the leaf of the former is composed of three leaflets, that of the latter of five, whence its common English name. Thus we may distinguish them. Their resemblance, however, does not end here; they are both furnished with trailing jointed stems, both throw out leaves and flower-stalks at the joints, and have a tendency to emit roots from the same parts, and from which they do strike out roots when brought into close contact with the soil. The flower-stalk of the strawberry is jointed, hairy, with a leaf at intervals, and produces many flowers; but that of the Cinquefoil is naked, with a solitary but elegantly formed and beautiful yellow flower at its extremity.

We, indeed, think the Cinquefoil altogether one of the most elegant of our wild flowers. In the early spring its pale green foliage, each leaf growing on a solitary footstalk, clothes with verdure the margin of every brook; the bank of every hedgerow we pass by in the roads and lanes; the untrodden edge of every public footpath; and, as the year advances, we observe its slender trailing stem, of a reddish purple tinge, creeping along the ground, or hanging down to the stream's brink, until the month of June arrives, and then here and there we find a bright yellow flower, with broadly heart-shaped petals, opening its delicate bloom beneath the influence of the summer's sun; and as if it told to others of its race how cheering were the beams which tempted it to unfold, how sweet the gentle breath of zephyrs which played around its form, hundreds are soon seen to gem the green expanse its

own leaves have prepared, as if to set off, by contrast, the richness of its golden hue. Hundreds, aye, thousands, of this lovely flower spread forth their beauties for our enjoyment ; and though seated lowly on the ground, while more ambitious flowers exhibit their showy splendour on lofty stems, the Cinquefoil will ever receive the warmest admiration of the true lover of nature.

There are several British species of Cinquefoil, but the species which we so much admire is the common creeping Cinquefoil (*Potentilla reptans*). It is necessary to mention this distinctly, because, in a scientific work on the flowering plants of England, another species, Silver-weed (*Potentilla anserina*), is described as "the most elegant, and at the same time one of the most common, of the British *Potentillas*." The flower is very much like that of our special favourite ; indeed, scarcely to be distinguished from it ; and its creeping runners, which throw out numerous spreading leaves of a silvery green, from three to six inches long, with many lanceolate leaflets, acutely serrated, of variable dimensions, give it some pretensions to elegance : but in this respect, in our humble opinion, it will not bear comparison with the common creeping Cinquefoil. Silver-weed is very common on road sides, and begins to flower in June ; it bears the name also of Wild Tansy, and from the avidity with which geese feed upon its leaves, it has been called Goose-grass.

The leaves of the Cinquefoil are very variable in size, which depends upon the comparative humidity of the soil in which it grows. They formerly held a prominent place in the pharmacopœia of herb-doctors,

and in some country districts an infusion of them is drank as tea, for the purpose of reducing heat or feverishness. From their supposed *powerful* medical properties, the whole genus received the name *Potentilla*.

The flowering season of the Cinquefoil is from June to August, inclusive; but no plant varies more than this in its blooming. We have frequently observed a bank covered with it, gaily ornamented with an abundance of flowers sprinkled over it; and at no great distance we have come upon another, where the plant was equally plentiful, but with only a solitary blossom or two to be found upon the whole.

With respect to the remaining British species, it is sufficient to say that the form of the flowers is nearly the same; four of them have white petals, all the rest yellow.

The Cinquefoil (*Potentilla reptans*) falls into the Linnæan class *Icosandria*, and order *Polygynia*, and into the Natural order *Rosaceæ*.

THE SPOTTED ORCHIS.

Orchis; *L.* Orquis; *Fr.* Die Orchis; *Ger.* Standelkruid; *Dutch.* Orchide; *Ital.* Orchis; *Sp.*

What mood was Nature in when plants like these
 Were bid their imitative forms display?
 Some, a hideous monkey-shape portray,
 Others with spotted lizards fancy please,
 And frogs are seen to tremble in the breeze;
 Here butterflies are resting on the spray,
 There, some, in yellow man-like form, array
 Their flowers grotesque; anon the humble bee
 Seems sipping honey from the purple flower,
 And skilful spider* seated silently,
 As lurking for his prey, in webby bower;
 Then the various coloured fly we see,
 The victim of the spider's treachery;
 And last with spotted lip our pretty flower.—*MS.*

Of all the productions of nature which form part of the extensive kingdom of Flora, none are more remarkable than the orchidaceous plants. Not only are the habits of many of them altogether different from those of other plants, but the singular beauty of numbers of the tribe, the grotesque forms which their flowers assume, resembling in some cases animals, but more commonly presenting the appearance of various insects, render the order one of the most interesting, as well as most wonderful. In the colder climates, as in our own, they are found in woods, meadows, and pastures; and in the tropics their roots adhere to the branches of the loftiest forest trees. The tribe generally is of very little utility.

* Guillimi, in his quaint way, says that "the spider is free of the Weavers' Company."

Of indigenous species, the Spotted Orchis bears decidedly the prettiest flower. The solid stem grows from twelve to eighteen inches high, and is furnished with lanceolate leaves, keeled, and marked more or less strongly with purple spots on both sides. The flowers are borne at the extremity of the stem in a spike, if not sessile, nearly so; the lower flowers unfold themselves first, and some of these are generally faded before the whole spike has bloomed; the lower petal, or that which hangs downward, is the most conspicuous part of the flower; it is termed the lip, and varies from pale lilac to a delicate pink, and is powdered with minute purple spots. They possess very little fragrance, that of the pink being the strongest, and faintly reminding one of the rich scent of the pink hyacinth. They are very beautiful when in full bloom, and our specimen was selected from a number which we gathered in a small plantation of oaks, near the village of Madingley, in Cambridgeshire, in the month of June. The soil was light and moist, of a dark colour, and the plants seemed to be remarkably healthy. We found a few also of the small Butterfly Orchis (*Habenaria bifolia*) in the same place, but these were nearly out of flower.

This flower is not by any means uncommon. It loves moist places and the shade of woods, and in such localities may, probably, be found in almost every part of England. We have always met with it wherever we have been at the period of its blooming.

The Spotted Orchis (*Orchis maculata*) belongs to the Linnæan class *Gynandria*, and order *Monandria*, and to the extensive Natural order *Orchideæ*.

THE SMALL BINDWEED.

Convolvulus; *L.* *Leliseron*; *Fr.* *Die winde*; *Ger.* *Winde*; *Dutch.* *Il vilucchio*; *Ital.* *La correguela*; *Sp.* *O liserão*; *Port.* *Snerli*; *Dan.*

Frail flower! how beautiful thou art, as now
I see thee gaily spread thy petals wide!
While through the sky the lordly sun doth ride,
In glittering car of light and heat, whence flow
Beams, giving life to all the plants which grow
Upon this lovely earth; so long, I ween,
Thy paly tints by every eye are seen
Which roams o'er lofty hills or valleys low:
But, as the sun retires in seas of gold,
Though yet thy twining stem, where'er it grows,
Hanging in rich festoons, no languor shows,
Thy fragile cup its beauties doth enfold,
To shun the damp and coldness of the night,
Until awakened by the orb of light.—*MS.*

THE Small Bindweed is one of the most elegant, and at the same time one of the commonest, flowers indigenous to this country; too common, indeed, for the agriculturist, who finds that his attempts to eradicate the very long, creeping, underground stems, with which it is furnished, are utterly vain. In gravelly soils especially, it spreads its perennial root through the pervious strata in all directions; it is very rapid in its growth, and throws numerous shoots from all parts, so that it is next to impossible to limit it within any bounds. In the months of July and August, as we pass through the cornfields, we observe it elegantly twining round stem after stem, at every step we take, displaying its delicate and graceful flower to our gaze; in meadows and pastures we find it trailing upon the

grass in every direction, unfolding its pale flowers to the caresses of the sunbeams, and adorning the verdant carpet on which they lie ; they deck the banks of the road-side ditches, beneath every hedge, with rich festoons, being rendered more attractive by the varied hues of the flowers on different plants : on some we see them nearly white ; on others white, with streaks, more or less broad, of delicate pink ; and again, on others, altogether pink, with longitudinal stripes of a deeper shade.

We know of no plant more universally admired for elegance, for though we ourselves think it inferior in this characteristic to the creeping cinquefoil, yet it is more commonly known than that ; the flowers are gayer and more prominent, and the habit of the plant is such, that it clings to and entwines around any other with an erect stem, which happens to be near it, even though it be a nettle ; and thus elevating itself, displays its pretty blossoms some three or four feet above the ground, and catches the eye of many persons who unwittingly pass by the humble and drooping form of the *Potentilla*.

In addition to its delicate form and beautiful colour, the Small Bindweed possesses the desirable property of emitting an agreeable fragrance, when the atmosphere is dry, which is very much like that of the almond. It is endowed also with the faculty of closing its petals on the near approach of rain, and it always closes under the influence of the frequently scanty increase of humidity present in the atmosphere on the withdrawal of the sun's rarefying heat. This habit is generally regarded as a provision of nature for protecting the delicate pollen from the destructive effect of moisture ;

The leaves of the Small Bindweed are placed alternately upon the stem ; they are somewhat arrow-shaped, with acute lobes, are very variable in size, and grow on slender channelled footstalks. The flowers spring from the axil of the leaves, and are most commonly solitary on a footstalk about as long as the leaf. The capsules rarely arrive at maturity, the plant being chiefly propagated by the spreading of the underground stems.

The climbing habit of this plant, and its abundance in cornfields, where it clothes the straw-stems with its green leaves and gay flowers, connect it with important reflections which arise in the mind when we survey the fields covered with corn, gleaming with a golden hue as it waves beneath the breeze. A few short months ago, these fields presented to our view only the dark and naked earth ; but as time flowed on in its ceaseless course, the green blade gladdened our eyes with its rich promise, the fertilizing rain descended from the clouds, and the sun shed his genial warmth upon the bosom of the earth, so that the blade grew and put forth its bloom, the flowers fructified and the life-sustaining grains were formed, and then the sun with his summer beams ripened them, and now we, with thankfulness to Him Who made the universe, and Who gives "us rain from heaven and fruitful seasons, filling our hearts with food and gladness," behold these fruits gathered in, with a conscious sense that it is of His free gift alone that His creatures possess both food and raiment. How vain were all the efforts of mankind to rear corn, the staple of our food, to grow the grateful flax, or breed the fleece-bestowing flock, without His blessing on their labours !

The beauties of our flower have not often been celebrated by poets : we have culled the following lines from the "Bouquet des Souvenirs," suggested by the reaped fields :—

The fields so lately clothed are bare,
The reaper's arm hath toiled there ;
Loud shouts "throughout the welkin ring,"
As glad the last rich load they bring ;
Homeward the sunburnt labourers come,
With joyous cry of "Harvest Home!"

Trace we the path?—It first was trod
When late the plough upturned the sod ;
Then swerving footsteps needs must stray,
Making an ever winding way,
And, failing in a line direct,
Beauty unconsciously effect.—

See here, although the field is bare,
Fringing the path or scattered near,
A few neglected ears we find,
Round which *Convolvulus* hath twined ;
Though scorned by all the world besides,
Still fond and true she with them bides.

The Small Bindweed (*Convolvulus arvensis*) is of the Linnæan class *Pentandria*, and order *Monogynia*, and of the Natural order *Convolvulaceæ*.

There are two other indigenous species, of which the Great Bindweed (*C. Sepium*) is nearly as common as the preceding, but its place of growth is altogether different. It is very elegant and graceful in its habit, twining about the branches of trees in hedges, from which its large white flowers stand out very conspicuously, at the same season as the Small Bindweed. The flowers are said to be sometimes of a rose colour,

but we have not met with any. Agnes Strickland has penned a few lines which apply very appropriately to these two flowers :—

How fair her pendent wreath
O'er brush and brake is twining ;
While meekly there beneath,
Midst fern and blossomed heath,
Her lovelier sister's shining,
Tinged with such gentle hues as streak
A slumbering infant's glowing cheek.

The other is the Sea Bindweed (*C. Soldanella*), which is pretty common on our sandy sea-shores. The flowers, which bloom from June to August, are very short-lived, but the plant bears a continual succession of them throughout their season of flowering.

THE HAREBELL.

Campanula; *L.* La Campanule; *Fr.* Die glockenblume; *Ger.* Klokjes; *Dutch.* Campanella; *Ital.* Campanula; *Sp.* Kolokoltshik; *Russ.*

Mark you the delicate bells of that flower,
 Pendent so freely on sensitive threads;
 You'd fancy they're used to tell forth the hour,
 When fairies may quit their moss-covered beds.

Hark you!—'tis midnight—now list to the peals
 Which zephyrs chime forth from purple-hued bells;
 And, see you! the moon with pale beams reveals
 Revels of fairies in grassy green dells.

How richly they sound, so fine is the woof
 Of which nature forms the pretty Harebell;
 The music they send forth, rings through the roof,
 Which arches the grot where fairies do dwell.

List! they have ceased!—the revels are over,
 Hie we to the glade to pluck the blue bell,
 Beauties so rich we soon shall discover,
 And gather the flower we've ever loved well.—MS.

How well fitted are all the productions of nature to call forth our admiration! If one lacks aught of beauty, it abounds in utility; if it seems to be deficient in utility, it is clothed with beauty! This is especially true of wild flowers. Many plants, whose roots or leaves possess some useful medicinal properties, once of great value, but now superseded by other agents, procured by the researches of science, have no visible beauty to command our regard; while many others, which the farmer regards as weeds, and would gladly banish from his fields for ever, and which ap-

parently possess no intrinsic worth, demand and receive our utmost admiration. Some, on account of the elegance of the plant generally ; others, from the beauty, the singularity, or the rich colour of their flowers ; and others even for their rarity. We are delighted with the snowdrop, because it flowers in a dreary season ; we rejoice to see the violet and the primrose, both as being beautiful in themselves, and as the earliest flowers of the advancing year ; we admire the trailing branches, the very elegantly-formed leaves, and the pretty yellow flower of the cinquefoil ; and the climbing, twining stem of the bindweed, garnished with its pale pink flowers ; and yet, when we come to look upon the pretty Harebell, often springing up from a bank covered with potentilla, we have plenty of the feeling of admiration left to feast our eyes upon its delicate beauty. It has pretty little root leaves, nearly round, and heart-shaped at the base, whence it is named the round-leaved Bell-flower ; but the leaves on the lower part of the stem are lanceolate, and those of the upper part linear. The stem, which is perfectly upright and very slender, is about a foot or eighteen inches long, and at its extremity the flowers grow in a terminal panicle, hanging pendent by very slight thread-like footstalks. It is impossible to convey in words an accurate idea of the elegant shape of the flowers ; and the richness of the azure with which they are dyed is indescribable. Our artist has drawn the flower with great correctness, and imitated its colour with remarkable success, but no art can communicate an adequate notion of the delicacy of the tint, the grace of the entire plant, the lightness of the flower, and the elegance of its form. The living plant must be seen,

in order that it may be thoroughly apprehended and appreciated.

We had written thus far, when we turned to Dr. Deakin's *Florigraphia Britannica*, to see what he had to say about the Harebell, and his remarks happen to be so much in unison with our own observations, and a conceit seems to have entered his imagination when writing about it, so similar to that which we have endeavoured to embody in the lines at the beginning of this article, that we shall quote them here :—

“No one who has made the collecting of plants either a part of his amusement or study, will turn over the collection of his herbarium, without almost every specimen reminding him of the circumstances under which it was gathered—nay, even the spot where, perhaps, the

‘Strangers’, whose steps have reached this solitude
Know that this lonely spot was dear to one
Devoted with no unrequited zeal
To nature ;’—

and who can have gathered the beautiful Harebell, gracefully bending on its slender stem, ringing its chimes to the song of the zephyrs, and saluting them as they pass over the dreary moors, or perhaps along the shady glen, or bounding on the green-clad mead, without having the place of its abode impressed upon the memory? It is so delicate in the colour of its flowers, so elegant in its form, so slender and graceful in its structure, as to be the favourite theme of many a worthy poet's song.”

The Harebell blooms in greatest beauty in July and August, but we have met with it occasionally as late

as the middle of October in full flower. An anonymous writer of some pretty verses has also noticed it blooming in autumn, and thus addresses it :—

But most I love thine azure braid,
When softer flowers are all decayed,
And thou appearest,
Stealing beneath the hedgerow shade,
Like joys that linger as they fade,
Whose last are dearest.

Thou art the flower of memory ;
The pensive soul recalls in thee
The year's past pleasures ;
And led by kindred thought will flee,
Till back to careless infancy
The path she measures.

Beneath autumnal breezes bleak,
So faintly fair, so sadly meek,
I've seen thee bending ;
Pale as the pale blue veins that streak
Consumption's thin transparent cheek,
With death-hues blending."

This flower is said to be the true Harebell of Scotland. In the "Lady of the Lake," Sir Walter Scott describes Ellen as plucking one of them :—

For me she stooped, and looking round,
Plucked a blue Harebell from the ground ;
For me, whose memory scarce conveys
An image of more splendid days,
This little flower, that loves the lea,
May well my simple emblem be.

The Harebell (*Campanula rotundifolia*) is in the Linnæan class *Pentandria*, and order *Monogynia*, and in the Natural order *Campanulaceæ*.

There are several indigenous species of the *Campanula*,

of which, however, we shall only notice one more here, and that is a doubtful one, namely, the Ivy-leaved Bell-flower (*C. hederacea*), which is found in abundance in several counties during the months of June, July, and August. Miss Twamley (now Mrs. Edwards), in the "Romance of Nature," alludes to the graceful and elegant structure of the plant, when

Over the font's damp, mossy stones they grew
Luxuriantly.
These little bells of faint and tender blue,
Which gracefully
Bent their small heads in every breeze which strayed,
From lawny sunshine to the woodland's shade.

Dr. Deakin says that he has "seen it spread its delicate and tender form over ornamental mossy rock work, and damp banks, in most elegant tufts of greater beauty than he remembered to have seen any plant, having the same habit."



TYAS'S WILD FLOWERS. NO. 6.

CREEPING LOOSESTRIFE.

Lysimachia ; *L.* Lisimaque ; *Fr.* Dergelbe weiderich ; *Ger.* Weiderick ; *Dutch.* Lisimachia ; *Ital.* Lisimaquia ; *Sp.* *Lysimachia* ; *Port.* Werbuinik ; *Russ.*

In shady woods how many flowers grow,
Hid from the eyes of unobservant men,
Who live and toil, and haply never know
How many treasures lie within their ken.

Go to you thicket ; press through prickly weeds
Tall as yourself ; press through nettles, briars,
Or aught which your exploring steps impedes ;
Heed not scratches, stings, though patience-triers.

Proceed, and now a rich reward you take ;
There blooms the mullein with its yellow flower,
And the tall willow-herb, of crimson flake,
Which grows no fairer by the garden bower.

The yellow vetchling rolls its spiral threads,
As close with other plants it intertwines ;
The bramble its pale pinky blossom spreads ;
And the red fruit of spotted arum shines.

You'll find, perchance, a winter torrent's bed,
Of peaty earth, thickly with moss o'ergrown,
Scarce damp, dried up, by heavy rains unfed,
Plants rooted there, by water's absence shown.

Lo ! in that shady spot are flowers of gold ;
Are they the yellow pimpernel of woods ?
Ah ! no ; it is the plant well known of old
As Creeping Loosestrife, loving banks of floods.—*MS.*

It was about the middle of August when we sallied forth for a country ramble, without designing to go in any particular direction, when our steps were led, first

by one incident and then another, to the skirts of a small wood of considerable age, and as it occurred to us that we might perhaps find within its shade the pretty yellow pimpernel, or Wood Loosestrife, we resolved to make the search. We soon made our way through a gap in the hedge, and at once found ourselves among a close mass of nettles and thistles, about six feet high, with a variety of other overgrown weeds and brambles, none of them the most agreeable things to come in close contact with ; but the object we were in pursuit of was of sufficient importance to induce us to press onward, and by treading down the stems of these giant weeds, right and left, we contrived to progress slowly ; and we found it expedient to do so, for the place was intersected with small ditches, which of course were hidden from our view by the excess of vegetation. Here we discovered a few flowers, but as the sun was retiring behind the western hills, and twilight was at hand, we began to perceive that the exhalations from the immense mass of vegetation by which we were surrounded were particularly offensive, being prevented from rising by the superincumbent stratum of the atmosphere, now becoming charged with moisture in consequence of its diminished temperature, and thus by its increased weight pressing downwards to the earth ; immediately, therefore, we determined to hasten our steps, confining ourselves to the one purpose we had in entering the wood, and to search diligently for the yellow pimpernel. At length we came to a sort of ravine, the bed of which appeared to be a broad shallow ditch, which was now almost dry. Proceeding along this, we observed here and there a few yellow flowers, which were scarcely visible on account of the fading light ; on plucking one

or two of these, we at first thought, with pleasure, that we had found the object of our search, but on closer examination we perceived that it was not the Wood Loosestrife, properly so called, but the Creeping Loosestrife, which is not considered quite so common as the former.—

“ What’s in a name? That which we call a rose,
By any other name would smell as sweet ;
So Romeo would, were he not Romeo called : ”

so says Shakspeare, and who dare dispute his dictum ? Now, the Creeping Loosestrife is as pretty a flower as that of the yellow wood pimpernel ; indeed, place the flowers alone side by side, and scarcely would a botanist discern the difference ; yet the latter name is so much more euphonical than the former, that in the same degree we seem to like the flower more.

The Creeping Loosestrife, the flower inwoven in our group, inhabits wet shady pastures and banks, where it soon spreads, so as to cover the ground with a thick mat, formed of its prostrate stems and branches, both which are furnished with closely set roundish and somewhat heart-shaped leaves. The whole plant is smooth and shining, of a pale green ; the stem is slender and angular, and upon it the leaves are placed opposite. The flowers, which are rather larger than those of the yellow pimpernel, are of a pale yellow, and rise singly on a footstalk from the axils of the leaves. The corolla consists of five acute egg-shaped petals, united at the base, where they scarcely form a tube.

The Creeping Loosestrife, or Moneywort (*Lysimachia nummularia*), belongs to the Linnæan class

Pentandria, and order *Monogynia*; and to the Natural order *Primulaceæ*.

The yellow pimpernel, or Wood Loosestrife (*L. nemorum*), very closely resembles the above, and it will be sufficient for the purpose of distinguishing between them to say, that the leaves of this plant are egg-shaped, tapering to an acute angle at the extremity. Like the former, its flowers present a very gay appearance, and together with its smooth and shining leaves, render it a very desirable plant for moist and shady sides of plantations in pleasure grounds. The former prefers a greater amount of moisture, and may be planted with great advantage on the wet banks of ponds, streams, and artificial lakes.

THE FIELD LARKSPUR.

Delphinium; *Tou.* La dauphinelle; *Fr.* Der rittersporn; *Ger.* Ridderspoor; *Dutch.* Speronella; *Ital.* Espuela de caballero; *Sp.* Esporeira; *Port.* Kawalerskoi spor; *Russ.* Ostrozka; *Pol.*

As late a summer's evening stroll I took,
 Exploring every flowering bank and nook,
 I wandered where the reapers just had cleared
 A field of ripened wheat, in which appeared
 A friend, who was its owner; so I went,
 And through the stubble rambled; fully bent
 On gleaning, not the scattered ears of corn,
 But wild flowers by the sickle left unshorn.
 Long time I walked about in vain pursuit;—
 Twilight was near, and all the birds were mute,
 The gleaners home had gone, with well filled arms,
 The clouds were slowly hiding nature's charms,
 And I from the field my steps were bending,
 With eyes still to their fixed object 'tending,
 When lo! among the stubble I espied
 A pretty flower, with petals purple-dyed;
 I gathered one—'twas the Larkspur—and more
 Were there; how strange I saw them not before!
 I plucked a handful, of various hue,
 Of red, pale pink, of white, and purple-blue.
 How straight its slender downy stem! how light
 The spreading calyx of the flower! how bright
 The varied tints! how delicate the leaves!
 How soft the woof whatever nature weaves!—*MS.*

THE Field Larkspur, which differs in no respect from the annual which is commonly cultivated in the flower border, is by no means to be generally met with in a wild state throughout the kingdom. In such soil as it prefers, it is found in great abundance, as in the sandy and chalky fields of the counties of Kent, Suffolk, and

Cambridge ; and also at Thorp Arch, near Leeds, Yorkshire. Its flowers are very beautiful as well as singular ; they grow in a loose panicle at the extremity of a long erect stem, which is occasionally branched, round, and sometimes downy. The sessile leaves are set alternately, both on the stem and branches, divided into three, with many narrow linear subdivisions. The flowers, which are few in number, are furnished with footstalks. The calyx is coloured, and has the appearance of five spreading petals, the upper leaf of which is produced at its base in the form of a spur, whence the plant derives its name. The colour of the calyx varies as the petals of the flower, which are all united into an irregular cleft hood, which imparts a very curious appearance to the whole. When cultivated in a rich loamy soil, the stamens become expanded into petals, which form numerous flowered close spike-like racemes, of great beauty.

The generic name of the plant, *Delphinium*, is a Latinized form of the Greek word *Δελφινιον*, a dolphin, given to the flower because its unexpanded buds have been compared to that fish. The French call it also *Eperon de Chevalier*, Knight's-spur, which is the same as its Italian name, *Sperone di Cavaliere*.

The Field Larkspur (*Delphinium consolida*) is placed in the Linnæan class *Polyandria* and order *Digynia*, and in the Natural order *Ranunculaceæ*.

THE WILD HONEYSUCKLE.

Lonicera. Chevrefeuille; *Fr.* Das geisblatt; *Ger.* Kamperfolie; *Dut.* Madreselva; *Ital.* and *Sp.* Madresylva; *Port.*

Dearnefield! whence is it that I love to stroll
Along thy verdant fields, or willowed stream,
Whose flowing murmurs sweetest music seem?
Whence do I love to climb the rising knoll,
Where I may view thy limpid waters roll,
And thy fair landscape spread before mine eyes?
Whence seem the odours, which around me rise,
From rose and luscious woodbine, and the whole
Troop of blooming flowers—whence seem they to shed
A richer fragrance on my charmed sense?—
Is it that here long time my fathers led
Their simple lives, tilling the grateful soil,
That, with rich fruits, repaid their active toil?
Is this the cause of my delight intense?

Loved Dearnefield! often have my wishes pressed,
When far away, to tread thy well known vale,
To breathe the richness of the gentle gale
Which floateth lightly o'er thy velvet breast,
Perfumed by blossoms in its course caressed.
Oft hath my fancy brought to view the rose,
Which in thy rustic lanes profusely blows;
And the Wild Honeysuckle, gaily drest
In blending hues of yellow and of red,
Which there, in rich abundance, throws its stems
In beautiful festoons, while its flowers shed
Their fragrant sweets upon the evening air.
No blooming shrub's more plentiful or fair,
Than Woodbine wild among thy floral gems.—MS.

WHEN strolling through a part of the country which is new to us, we are led by the habit of association to seek with eager eyes for such flowers as we remember

to have seen growing in great plenty in other districts with which we are familiar. We felt this eagerness in particular as to the Wild Honeysuckle, which being so very commonly found throughout the island, we were surprised and considerably disappointed, when for a long time we searched for it in vain in the neighbourhood of our residence. We saw it wreathing with its flowered branches the latticed windows of cottages, adorning the trim arbours of suburban villas, and drank in its fragrance with the breath of evening ; but nowhere could we see

A filbert hedge with wild briar overtwined,
And clumps of Woodbine, taking the soft wind
Upon their summer thrones ;

KEATS.

nor even a solitary shrub in all the hawthorn hedges, although the wild rose was plentiful enough, and occasionally the sweet breath of the eglantine, or sweet briar, betrayed to us its presence. At length, however, as we were taking a more extended ramble, for the purpose of exploring a thicket, where we expected to find some of Flora's treasures, we spied a single clump of the Woodbine blooming in full beauty :

How rich the prize, how gay the flower !
Sweeter than all which bloom in bower
We deemed this Woodbine wild ;
We sought it long, and sought in vain,
Now, finding it, we felt again
The joy, which, as a child,
Had filled our breast with glad delight,
(So pleased the sense of smell, and sight !)
When flowers wild we found :
We plucked the beauty from its throne—
The beauty there we'd found alone
Of all the country round.—MS.

Our delight at this discovery was now enhanced by our previous disappointment, and hastening up the bank, we were soon in possession of the finest flowers upon the shrub, prizing them the more, as being the only Wild Woodbines we had met with that summer.

The Woodbine is an universal favourite, and decorates the hedges in almost every part of England. It is as much admired for the peculiar and agreeable fragrance which it scatters—perceived more sensibly in an evening after rain—as for the beauty of its flowers, and the gracefulness of its twining branches, which, twisting themselves around the branches of other bushes, and often round the naked stems of lofty trees, adorns them with elegant festoons.

The texture of the stem of the Honeysuckle is woody. The stem twists itself from left to right, and throws out in opposite directions numerous branches and leaves. The leaves are long egg-shaped. The flowers grow in terminal whorls. Each flower is between one and two inches in length, but very irregular. The corolla is a long tube, gradually dilating towards the extremity, one side of which swells and curls backwards, the outer edge being cut in four lobes. The external colour of the corolla on the upper side varies from a darkish red, with a yellow shade, to a pale straw colour. After flowering, the fruit appears at the end of the branch, in the form of a small cluster of round, bright red berries, which are nauseous and bitter.

The Honeysuckle, in its cultivated state, seems to be especially the property of the peasant; wherever it is seen to cluster round the window of a whitewashed cottage, and thickly thatched roof, it seems to shed an

appearance of happy quiet and contentment, and to speak of innocence and affection. The Countess of Blessington has expressed in poetry the thoughts which such a scene excited in her mind :—

See the Honeysuckle twine
Round this casement :—'tis a shrine
Where the heart doth incense give,
And the pure affections live
In the mother's gentle breast
By her smiling infant press'd.

Blessed shrine ! dear, blissful home !
Source whence happiness doth come !
Round the cheerful hearth we meet
All things beauteous—all things sweet—
Every solace of man's life,
Mother,—daughter,—sister,—wife !

England, Isle of free and brave,
Circled by the Atlantic wave !
Though we seek the fairest land
That the south wind ever fann'd,
Yet we cannot hope to see
Homes so holy as in thee.

As the tortoise turns its head
Towards its native ocean-bed,
Howsoever far it be
From its own beloved sea,
Thus, dear Albion, evermore
Do we turn, to seek thy shore !

Ebenezer Elliott, whose muse loves to dwell on political or social wrongs, fancied or real, and who appears most disposed to record the darker shades of human character, has associated the pure Woodbines of June with the broken vows of rustic lovers. We quote the lines here, for the purpose of showing how easy it is

to associate whatever is beautiful and calculated to add to our enjoyment, with the vices and frailties of human nature, and so make them minister to feelings of discontent and misanthropy.

Broom glow'd in the valley,
For William and Sally,
The rose with the rill was in tune ;
Love fluttering their bosoms
As breezes the blossoms,
They strayed through the Woodbines of June.

Oft, oft he caressed her,
And to his heart pressed her,
The Rose with the Woodbine was twined ;
Her cheek on his bosom,
Like dew on the blossom,
Enchanting the tale-telling wind.

Poor Sally was bonny,
But Mary had money,
Ay, money, and beauty beside ;
And wilt thou, sweet Mary,
Thou fond and unwary,
Deprive the wise fool of his bride ?

Yes, bee-haunted valley !
Poor heart-broken Sally
No more, with her William, will stray—
“He marries another !
I'm dying !—O mother !
Take, take that sweet Woodbine away !”

The Wild Honeysuckle (*Lonicera caprifolium*) belongs to the Linnæan class *Pentandria*, and order *Monogynia*, and to the Natural order *Caprifoliæ*.

THE SCARLET PIMPERNEL.

Anagallis; *L.* Le mouron; *Fr.* Das gauchhiel; *Ger.* Het guichelheil;
Dutch. Anagailide; *Ital.* Anagalide; *Sp.* Murriao; *Port.* Kur-
 àtschja nogà trawà; *Russ.*

My daily walk is o'er the hills,
 And through the broad and wealthy vale,
 Refreshed and fed by flowing rills;
 Whence oft at night, when moonbeams pale
 Are dancing on the rippling wave,
 Homeward I bend my weary feet,
 To gain the rest my labours crave,—
 And toil-earned rest is ever sweet.

I tend the flock, and guard the herds,
 With active limbs and searching eye,
 Cheered by the music of the birds,
 Which perch on trees, or soar on high;
 Nor do I fail to look around
 For favourite wild flowers, blooming fair,
 Which grace the hedgerows or the ground,
 And shed their perfumes on the air.

The primrose pale and cowslip sweet,
 The hawthorn bloom with crimson hue,
 And roses wild, my senses greet
 With fragrant breath, which life renew;
 And if I would the weather know,
 Ere on some pleasure trip I go,
 My scarlet Weather-glass will show
 Whether it will be fair or no.

The blue-eyed Pimpernel will tell,
 By closed lids of rain, and showers;
 A fine bright day is known full well
 When open wide it spreads its flowers.
 Some flowers put on more gay attire,
 And this in usefulness excel;
 But I, a shepherd, most admire
 The blue-eyed Scarlet Pimpernel.—MS.

AMONG our indigenous plants, no one who has paid any regard to them at all can have failed to notice the rarity of any flowers approaching to scarlet; it is, indeed, asserted, that besides the scarlet poppy, so common on road sides and in cornfields, we have only one native flower of that colour, and that is the Scarlet Pimpernel. This little flower, which often escapes notice, being so diminutive, is exceedingly rich in its colour, which has a somewhat yellow tinge, and the base of the petals are deep blue or purple, which uniting, form a rich spot in the centre, called the eye.

The Scarlet Pimpernel has a very small fibrous root dividing into branches, and a square smooth stem covered with minute purple spots. Its leaves are opposite, and occasionally sessile, acutely egg-shaped, having their principal ribs from the base; they are smooth, and of a bright green colour. The flowers grow on footstalks rising from the axils of the leaves; they are wheel shaped, with a very short tube, and have five petals. The margin of the petals is crenate (notched), with short glandular hairs, which are most plentiful upon the buds, or upon the just expanding flower.

The beautiful flowers of the Scarlet Pimpernel are remarkably sensitive. If the atmosphere be dry, it usually unfolds its petals about eight minutes past seven o'clock in the morning, and so long as the air continues dry, and the sun shines, it will remain expanded until the afternoon; but if moisture be present in the atmosphere, and rain clouds make their appearance, its corolla closes immediately. Thus it is truly a rustic barometer, and has acquired the common name of the Shepherd's Weather-glass. By this provision of

nature, the Pimpernel is enabled to perfect its seeds and perpetuate its kind ; and though it is so lowly in its habit, that men do not interest themselves about it, yet it is of great service in the economy of the universe. Its seeds furnish food for insects, whose existence is doubtless essential to the welfare of creation, notwithstanding that we are ignorant of their duties, and of the value of their labours. Some of the smaller species of the feathered tribe prefer its seeds when they can procure them, and as the flower is generally most common on ploughed lands and cultivated fields, we may assume that a large portion of the seeds which the husbandman commits to the soil is saved from the ravages of birds, by their preference for those of the Pimpernel, as well as for those of other wild plants.

The Pimpernel begins to bloom early in June, and continues a succession of its bright scarlet flowers until the end of September. It has at various times been thought to possess valuable medicinal properties, but as it has entirely lost its reputation for them, it is not necessary to detail the diseases for which it was supposed to be a remedy.

There is a blue flowered Pimpernel (*A. cœrulea*), which is not so common as the scarlet flower. Some botanists regard the two as distinct species, but the Rev. J. S. Henslow, Professor of Botany in the University of Cambridge, proves by cultivation from seed that they are merely varieties of the same species ; that is, he proves it to his own satisfaction, as well as to the satisfaction of many other intelligent botanists. It is said to grow abundantly in Switzerland, and to have been found near Mitcham, in Surrey, and also at Histon, in Cambridgeshire. A friend (the Rev. James

Goodday, M.A.) has noticed it growing about Terling, in Essex ; and since these lines were first written, we have been favoured by him with seeds gathered in that locality. We sowed them in our garden, and had the gratification of seeing the flower bloom in our own possession. The eye of the blue flower is scarlet.

The Pimpernel, from being called the Shepherd's Weather-glass, has called forth several pretty pieces of poetry, among which, Miss Twamley's "The Country Maid and the Pimpernel-flower" is not the least pleasing :—

"I'll go and peep at the Pimpernel,
And see if she think the clouds look well ;
For, if the sun shine,
And 'tis like to be fine,
I shall go to the fair,
For my sweetheart is there :—
So, Pimpernel, what bode the clouds and the sky ?
If fair weather, no maiden so merry as I."

The Pimpernel-flower had folded up
Her little gold star in her coral cup ;
And unto the maid
Thus her warning said :
"Though the sun smile down,
There's a gathering frown
O'er the checkered blue of the clouded sky ;
So tarry at home, for a storm is nigh."

The maid first looked sad, and then looked cross,
Gave her foot a fling, and her head a toss ;
"Say you so, indeed,
You mean little weed ?
You're shut up for spite,
For the blue sky is bright ;
To more credulous people your warnings tell,
I'll away to the fair—good day, Pimpernel."

"Stay at home," quoth the flower!—"In sooth, not I,
 I'll don my straw hat with a silken tie;
 O'er my neck so fair
 I'll a kerchief wear,
 White, checkered with pink;
 And then—let me think,
 I'll consider my gown—for I'd fain look well:"
 So saying, she stepped o'er the Pimpernel.

Now the wise little flower, wrapped safe from harm,
 Sat fearlessly waiting the coming storm;
 Just peeping between
 Her snug cloak of green,
 Lay folded up tight
 Her red robe so bright;
 Though brodered with purple, and starred with gold,
 No eye might its bravery then behold.

The fair maiden straight donned her best array,
 And forth to the festival hied away:
 But scarce had she gone,
 Ere the storm came on,
 And, 'mid thunder and rain,
 She cried, oft and again,
 "Oh! would I had minded yon boding flower,
 And were safe at home from the pelting shower."

Now, maidens, the tale that I tell would say,
 Don't don fine clothes on a doubtful day;
 Nor ask advice, when, like many more,
 Your resolve was taken some time before.

The Common Pimpernel (*Anagallis arvensis*) belongs to the Linnæan class *Pentandria*, and order *Monogynia*, and to the Natural order *Primulaceæ*.



TYAS'S WILD FLOWERS. N^o 7

THE MUSK MALLOW.

Malva; *L.* La mauve; *Fr.* Die malve; *Ger.* Maluwe; *Dutch.*
Malva; *Ital.* and *Sp.*

Nor will the breast where fancy glows,
Deem every flower a weed, that blows
Amid the desert plain.

SHENSTONE.

ONE of the commonest, and certainly not the least beautiful of our wild flowers, is the Field Mallow (*Malva sylvestris*), which, from the beginning of May until a late period of the autumn, is seen on the borders of roads and fields in almost every part of Britain. We greatly admire its blossoms, which are of a delicate reddish purple, though occasionally varying to a white, or even to a bluish tinge, with a few darker streaks of colour running from the base to the outer edge of the petals. Its flowers are not more beautiful than fragile, for they fade and wither very quickly after they are severed from the plant on which they grow; and it is seldom that we can restore them by artificial means to any degree of freshness.

The stems of the Mallow are generally erect, and of an herbaceous nature. The handsome leaves, which have seven acute lobes, are roundish and plaited, the margin of the lobes being slightly notched; those which grow nearer the summit of the stem are angular at the extremity, and cut only into three or five lobes. The flowers grow in clusters from the axils of the leaves. The petals are long and somewhat heart-shaped, with longitudinal veins of a deeper colour than that of

the flowers generally. The whole plant is rough and hairy. A thick emollient fluid is obtained from it by maceration.

The Dwarf Mallow (*M. rotundifolia*) is a very pretty species, growing with its stem prostrate, with downy leaves rather more heart-shaped than the preceding. It is frequent in some districts, on waste ground by the road sides and footpaths. The flowers spring from the axils of the leaves, and are rose-coloured, yet sometimes found purple or white. This species is a doubtful annual.

The remaining indigenous species will, however, obtain the favour of the fair more readily than either of the two we have described, for it is scented with a delicate musky odour; and this species we have chosen to represent in our group, not because it is more beautiful than the other, but because it is more certain of becoming generally a "favourite" field flower; yet we cannot admit this without bearing our testimony to the matchless beauty of every flower that blooms upon the earth. The more familiar we become with *the paltry weeds* which open their blossoms to the eye of day alone, the more do we admire each little floweret that we find in the fields, or on the barren hills and cliffs. How delighted were we only a few days ago with the tiny white flowers of the heath, blooming upon the chalky hills; with some pretty diminutive species of the wild geranium, elegant miniature labiate flowers with beautifully spotted lip, and a splendid specimen of the clustered bell-flower (*Campanula glomerata*), the only one we have seen this year; but alas! before we reached home its beauty, and that of several others we had gathered, was faded. But,

except the bell-flower, they might be all classed among weeds, as doubtless they are by the cultivator of the soil.

How many plants, we call them weeds,
Against our wishes grow ;
And scatter wide their various seeds
To all the winds that blow.

Man grumbles when he sees them rise
To foul his husbandry ;
Kind Providence this way supplies
His lesser family.

Scattered, but small, they 'scape the eye,
But are not wasted there ;
Safe they in clefts and furrows lie ;
The little birds find where.

WORDSWORTH.

The Musk Mallow (*M. moschata*) is not seldom to be found by the waysides and on field borders in gravelly soils. It has a tough and somewhat woody root, and an erect partially branched stem. The radical leaves have long footstalks, with rounded limbs, variously cut into lobes. The stem leaves are more deeply lobed and cut than these, so that they appear to be pinnatifid. The flowers are usually rose coloured.

The musk-like odour which this plants emits, and on account of which it has received its specific name (*moschata*), is very faint. Professor Henslow says that he never observed it ; but in the evening and early in the morning it is very perceptible.

The Musk Mallow closes its petals at sunset, as many other flowers do. Lord Bacon condescended to make some observations on this property in flowers,

which, as they are very philosophical and exceedingly quaint, we quote here ; they are taken from his "*Sylva Sylvarum*." "It is manifest that some flowers have two respects to the sun, the one by opening and shutting, the other by bowing and inclining their heads : for most flowers open their leaves when the sun shines clear, and in some measure close them, either towards night or when the sky is overcast. Of this there needs no such solemn reason as that plants rejoice in the presence and mourn in the absence of the sun ; the cause being no more than a little moisture of the air, which loads the leaves, and swells them at the bottom, whereas the dry air expands them. The plants that bow and incline the head are the great Sunflower, Mallow-flowers, &c. The cause of this is somewhat more obscure than the former, but I take it to be no other than that the part against which the sun beats grows more weak and flaccid in the stalk, and then becomes less able to support the flower."

Few bards have sung of the Mallow, but the fair authoresses of the "*Bouquet des Souvenirs*" have given us a few verses which we must not omit :—

No flower is this of fiery hue,
Nor golden tint it bears ;
It boasts not of cerulean blue,
Nor pearly whiteness wears ;
Yet who can despise the sweet tints of this flower,
Though it deck not the lawn, nor adorn lady's bower ?

Yet only in the shade of night
It sends its fragrance forth,
As though it deemed no earthly light
Were conscious of its worth ;
So it bends its head low, as it wafts it away,
Ere the star of the morn tells the breaking of day.

There's nought beneath the vault of heaven,
That we may useless deem ;
E'en to this plant a moral's given,
Though simple it may seem ;
Emblem of *meekness* ! Oh ! who doth not hallow
The bright green leaf of the musk-scented Mallow ?

The Mallow is in the Linnæan class *Monodelphia*,
and order *Polyandria* ; and in the Natural order, of
which itself is the type, *Malvaceæ*.

THE YELLOW BALSAM.

Impatiens; *Rivinus*. La Balsamine; *Fr.* Der springsame; *Ger.* Springzaad; *Dutch.* Balsamina gialla; *Ital.* Balsama amarilla; *Sp.* Melindre naô me toques; *Port.* Springurt; *Dan.*

In the thick and deep recess
Of a blooming wilderness,
Tangled weeds concealed from view—
What alone by sound we knew—
A bubbling murmuring stream,
Unlit by glittering beam
Of the gorgeous sun above
This delightful cool alcove.

On the soft and moistened bank,
Which the brooklet's waters drank,
'Mid the ravelled weeds there grew,
Pleasing to our searching view,
Yellow Balsam's blossom gay,
Scattered o'er in thick array,
With the shining scarlet spots
Nature to this flower allots.—*MS.*

THE Yellow Balsam is by no means so common as the generality of those flowers which we have already brought before the notice of our readers, and consequently does not challenge our attention with such effect; it is, in fact, so rare, and grows in localities of such limited extent, that to the majority of the inhabitants of our island it is comparatively unknown, yet it does not the less claim to be recognized as a favourite flower of the field, for it cannot fail to win the admiration of all those who love the productions of Flora's kingdom, whenever they may meet with it.

The Yellow Balsam puts forth its large handsome

flowers in the month of July, and continues to bloom until September; they are of a bright pale yellow, spotted with scarlet. They are furnished with a calyx or flower-cup, which soon falls away when the flower expands. The corolla of the Balsam is irregular, composed of four petals, the upper one of which is erect and flat, with a point in the middle, which forms the upper lip; the lower one is a long tubular spur or nectary, and is curved back about one-third from the apex. The side petals are much larger than the others, and cut into lobes. All of them are finely veined.

The Yellow Balsam has a fleshy root, which throws out from the joints an abundance of fibres. It has an upright stem, varying in height from one foot to three, round and smooth, pellucid, and of a succulent nature, swollen at the joints, like its kindred of the garden; it is of a pale greenish yellow, except at the joints, where it changes to a reddish pink. From these joints spring branches, sometimes opposite, and sometimes alternate. The leaves are set on the stem and branches, in the same manner as the branches on the stem, growing on footstalks of different lengths; they are of a long egg shape, tapering towards the base, of a bright green colour, glaucous, and of a paler hue below than on the upper surface; the margin is coarsely serrated.

When the fruit, which is a long pointed capsule, is ripe, the slightest agitation causes them to curl suddenly, and hurl the seeds to some distance, whence the flower has received its generic name, *Impatiens*, and its specific name, by which it is even more commonly known than by that of the Balsam, *Noli-me-tangere*, or Touch-me-not.

The Yellow Balsam prefers moist and shady places,

chiefly woods. It is mentioned by Ray as a native of various places in Westmoreland, Yorkshire, and Wales; and it still grows abundantly about the north end of Windermere, in watery situations. It has also been found near Guildford, in Surrey; and Mr. Hopkirk says it is plentiful in a wet glen at Castlemilk, near Glasgow.

The whole plant is somewhat acrid, on which account cattle generally reject it. It is in the Linnæan class *Pentandria*, and order *Monogynia*; and belongs to the Natural order *Balsamineæ*.

There is another species which is now generally admitted to a place in the English Flora, though for a long period it was considered to be exclusively American. This is the tawny-flowered Balsam, which has been found growing on the banks of the Wey, in Surrey, and on those of several of its tributary streams. In its general appearance it is very much like the Yellow Balsam, but its flowers are of a deeper tawny yellow, and considerably smaller. "The glaucous leaves are broader, and more regularly tapering to each extremity, and the emarginate spur of the flower is bent close, not simply recurved. A plant nearly allied to this was found near Bristol; it differs principally in having spreading branches, and slightly in a few other points. The leaves of both are stiffly deflected at their junction with the footstalks, in the evening, which is probably the case in all the species."

THE CORN BLUE-BOTTLE.

Centaurea ; *L.* *La centaurée* ; *Fr.* *Die flockenblume* ; *Ger.* *San-*
torie ; *Dutch.* *Centaurea* ; *Ital. and Sp.*

THE arts and sciences have made rapid advances in Great Britain during the last two centuries, and have enabled us to extend not only our commerce to the remotest corners of the globe, but it is even said, and the assertion has not been contradicted, that "the sun never sets on the British dominions ;" for this we are indebted, under the permission and the controlling government of Divine Providence, to the enterprise of the British people, aided by their skill and science. Strange it is, however, that we must acknowledge one science not to have advanced in like degree ; a few years ago, agriculture was admitted to be in pretty much the same condition as it had been for centuries ; the same principles guided the farmer in the cultivation of the soil, and improvements were regarded with suspicious eyes, as though involving ruin in their adoption ; the yeoman, once the strength of the nation, and taking precedence, in rank, influence, and intelligence, of the artisan and tradesman, was left behind in the march of mind ; and beyond the knowledge of the routine to which he must subject his fields,—a routine handed down from his ancestors,—he was lower in the scale of intelligence than many labouring mechanics. A change, however, has of late come over the land, and whatever may be the general effect of a free admission of foreign grown corn into our ports, it will surely be for good in this respect, that the competition induced will rouse into more active exertion the once semi-

dormant intellect of our agriculturists, and we are greatly mistaken if they do not at length surpass the bulk of our commercial population in mental accomplishments.

We have been led into these observations by noticing the varied condition of our corn-fields; some overgrown with worthless weeds, choking the growing crops, and denoting the lowest possible state of cultivation; others where the most injurious have been nearly eradicated; and again, some few where very few weeds or even corn-flowers were to be seen. Of the latter, we have generally noticed the common bindweed as most frequent, and then the different species of Centaury, or Knapweed, to which family the Corn Blue-Bottle belongs, a flower which is certainly one of the most beautiful of them, and perhaps the least common, for we had not met with it all the summer, except in gardens, until a few days ago, when extending our walk over some lofty chalk hills, where the soil is very poor and in a very barren condition. There we found a field literally covered with them and the red poppy, the scarlet pimpernel, and other wild plants bearing diminutive flowers.

The Corn Blue-Bottle has for a long time been admitted into the garden, and worthily received the attention of the florist. Its florets have been greatly multiplied by his skill, and the colour of its petals so varied, that it is one of our chief favourites in the parterre, just as its kindred wild flower claims our distinguished favour among the many others by which it is surrounded. They bloom alike from about the middle of June to the end of September, or, as in the present mild season, until checked by frost. The

brilliant blue of their outer florets cannot be imitated by art.

The slender stem of the Blue-Bottle rises to the height of two or three feet; it is angular, hollow, and much branched. The leaves are linear, without any serrature on the margins; the lower leaves are lanceolate and toothed; and their under sides, like the whole stem, are covered with a loose cottony down. It bears large solitary flowers at the ends of the branches, which are slightly swollen just below the involucre. The florets of the centre are small, of reddish purple, and have black anthers.

The Blue-Bottle received the specific name *Cyanus*—so we read in ancient mythology—in memory of a youth, who spent his days in the fields of waving corn, weaving garlands of such flowers as he found there, so greatly did he admire them. This was his chief favourite, and its rich ultramarine blue was the standard colour which he desired to imitate in his clothing. The fable adds, that he was found lying in a corn-field, dead, surrounded by Blue-Bottles which he had heaped together, and that Flora, grateful for the veneration he had for her divinity, changed his body into the *Centaurea Cyanus*.

The Corn Blue-Bottle (*Centaurea Cyanus*) is a hardy annual plant; in the Linnæan system it belongs to the class *Syngenesia* and order *Superflua*, and in the Natural system to the order *Cynarocephalæ*.

Of the other species of this flower, the brown radiant Knapweed (*C. Jacea*) holds the next place in point of attraction. It is found in Sussex and some parts of Cambridgeshire, but is not at all general in England. The numerous florets of the ray are large and spread-

ing, of a pale crimson colour, while those of the disk are darker coloured, and they have all a long narrow tube.

Next to this is the Black Knapweed (*C. nigra*), with which the last is frequently confounded. The handsome flowers are large, growing solitary at the extremity of the branches. The florets are very numerous, and those of the ray are long, slender, and tubular, with a large, spreading, five-cleft limb; those of the disk being shorter, and chiefly dark purple. This species is much more common than the preceding one, on the borders of corn-fields, and by road sides.

The Greater Knapweed (*C. Scabiosa*) is chiefly found on chalky soils, and not frequently met with elsewhere throughout the kingdom. It is very abundant in barren pastures and badly cultivated corn-fields, and on the borders of fields. The flowers are large, bluish purple, and solitary at the ends of the branches. All the species are in flower from July to September.

SNAP-DRAGON.

Antirrhinum; *L.* Le muflier; *Fr.* Der dorant; *Ger.* Leeuwebeck;
Dutch. Antirrino; *Ital., Sp., and Port.*

Monastic Pile! ages have passed, since first
 Thy firm foundations in the earth were laid,
 By those whose faith was yet more firmly staid
 On Him, Whose glory made thy founders thirst
 To rear these walls, that here might be rehearsed
 His wonders and His praise, from day to day,
 By ardent minds, which here should learn the way
 Of heavenly life, in holy thoughts immersed.
 Firm was their faith—yet firmer is His word!—
 That future ages would revere these walls;
 That here, for aye, would holy truths be heard,
 Error be eschewed, youth heed duty's calls.
 Race after race of men have passed away
 Since then, for they "abide not in one stay."—*MS.*

SUCH were the thoughts which came upon us, as we entered the monastic courts of one of the oldest colleges in our Universities, where we found the singular flower which we are now about to describe. Time-honoured courts are these, where for centuries the flower of British youth have congregated to hear the voice of wisdom; to acquire knowledge which had been accumulated by sages of old, and to the stores of which the most illustrious of these have from generation to generation added largely: while others, in succeeding ages, have spread the light of learning through the land; have taught the unlettered that "Wisdom's ways are ways of pleasantness, and that all her paths are peace;" dispersed the errors of heathenism, driven away the superstitions of Romish priestcraft, checked the growth

of a narrow-minded sectarianism, and taught the purifying and ennobling truths of God's holy word, holding it before the people so as to become perpetually "a lantern unto their feet, and a light unto their path ;"—such has been the mission of multitudes who have successively been trained in these "seminaries of sound learning and religious instruction," and nobly for the most part have they fulfilled it.

The Snap-Dragon is one of those flowers which demand our attention on account of their remarkable form. There is something at first repulsive in the appearance of this flower ; it seems as it were a caricature on the human face divine ; and when the finger and thumb are applied at the base of the petals, so as to cause the lips to open, it requires no great stretch of the imagination to fancy that a double row of sharp teeth are about to become visible. We have observed children, on seeing this operation for the first time, instinctively shrink back and give utterance to a faint cry of alarm, and that not a little encouragement has been necessary to induce them to examine the flower more closely, and that they are scarcely to be prevailed upon to take the "frightful ogre" into their tiny hands ; and many children of larger growth, such as are endowed with a keen perception of the ridiculous, have we seen amuse themselves with this flower, in noticing the variety of expression which their ingenuity could twist it into.

But we soon dismiss all notion of the ridiculous when we come to consider the wonderful adaptation of the flower to the situations in which it naturally grows. We find it on the highest rocks, exposed to the full force of the bleak winds which rush across the exposed

country around, or shooting out of the crevices of the highest cliffs which bound the vast seas, or rooted in the chinks of the loftiest towers of aged castles and monastic ruins, where no friendly hill or sheltering tree shrouds it from the howling tempest. Yet, in these situations, this frail flower, by the peculiar construction of its corolla, is enabled to perfect its seeds; for neither wind nor rain can obtain an entrance, until fructification has so far advanced as to render their access harmless—indeed, then, the mask, ugly enough to scare away the spirit of the north wind, and to deter that of the east wind from too near an approach, falls off, and courts the favourable and free caresses of the air upon the ripening seed-vessel.

The humble bee is especially the gardener by whom this flower is propagated. As it flies in search of the nectareous fluid, all unconscious it bears the pollen to the flower where it will germinate; and by that peculiar faculty which we call instinct, it avails itself of the elasticity of the large blossoms of the Snap-Dragon, and pressing upon the lips, quickly gains admission, on which the mask immediately closes; and no sooner has it ravished the flower of all its sweetness, than it makes its exit with the same facility as it gained an entrance.

The Snap-Dragon has a fibrous root, and throws out numerous stems, nearly erect, from twelve to twenty inches high. The leaves are lanceolate, scattered upon the stem, but opposite on the branches; they are smooth, and the upper surface is a dark green, while the under surface is paler. The flowers are produced in a spike, all fronting one way, towards the greatest light. The corolla is large, and is found of nearly every variety of colour, from rich orange and yellow down to white,

with like varieties in reds and purple ; that with a gold coloured throat and dark crimson mouth and lips being most admired. It blooms from July to the end of September.

The Snap-Dragon (*Antirrhinum majus*) was placed by Linnæus in the class *Didynamia*, and order *Angiosperma* ; and in the Natural order *Scrophularineæ*.

There is one other indigenous species, the Lesser Snap-Dragon (*A. orontium*), which is not unfrequently found in light soils, in the south and south-east parts of the island. Its flowers, when compared with those of the former species, are insignificant.



COMMON FURZE.

Ulex; *L.* Ajonc; *Fr.* Der Europäische stechginster; *Ger.* Heybrem;
Dutch. Aliaga; *Sp.* Tojo; *Port.* Tornbald; *Dan.*

“See, the toiling swain
With many a sturdy stroke cuts up at last
The tough and sinewy Furze. How hard he fought
To win the glory of the barren waste!
For what more noble than the vernal Furze,
With golden baskets hung? Approach it not,
For every flower has a troop of swords
Drawn to defend it. ’Tis the treasury
Of fays and fairies.”

HURDIS.

As we pass over the sandy heaths and gravelly commons throughout the country, we are ever delighted with the bright golden hue of this flowering shrub, whose branches, decked with few leaves, but well supplied with a close phalanx of sharp rigid spines, are of a brilliant green, which shows off the flower to the greatest advantage. Almost everybody knows the pretty Whin bush, which is seen blooming at all seasons of the year, though its principal time for flowering is the cheerful month of May.

It is said that Linnæus, when he visited this country, on seeing a heath covered with furze, fell on his knees enraptured at the sight; and Sir James Smith tells us, that he lamented that he could scarcely preserve the Furze alive through the winter in Sweden, even in a greenhouse. It is a shrub which is sooner destroyed by frost than almost any other of our native plants; but though in a night or two it may be embrowned and withered under the influence of a low temperature,

yet should there be a change, even in autumn, to mildness, it soon becomes re-clad in bright verdure, producing at first a most singular appearance, from the new verdure being mixed with that which has just previously withered.

The Common Furze is furnished with a long root, which descends deeply into the soil. The shrub varies in height from two to six feet, and consists of a mass of thick and compact branches. The whole plant is green and rigid, and each branch is terminated by a stout spine, and clad on all sides with short prickly branchlets. The leaves are both few in number and small, lanceolate in form, slightly hairy, and soon fall away. The flowers are very numerous, generally growing solitary, from the axis of the lateral spines, sometimes in pairs. Their colour is a bright golden yellow, and they emit a peculiar odour, which is heavy and oppressive.

This shrub has ever been considered a harbour not only for game of various kinds, but for wild animals which man is always desirous to get rid of ; and if we may depend upon a poet's fancy, we may conclude that, when England was in its infancy, Furze, which thus connects us with the past, aided the wolf not a little in sheltering itself from its pursuers.

No Furzy tuft, thicke wood, nor breake of thornes,
Shall harbour wolfe, nor in this isle shall breed,
Nor live one of that kind : if what's decreed
You keep inviolate.

BROWN.

And how friendly to the fox it has constantly been in protecting him from those who seek excitement in chasing him to the death ! To a spot covered with this

prickly plant, as one where the poor brute, which is to minister to the cruel sport of men endowed with immortal souls, and intellects capable of seeking more rational enjoyment, which would tend to augment their own happiness, and the happiness of their fellow-creatures,—to such a spot it is that Somerville, in “The Chase,” directs the huntsman to lead his many-coloured hounds.

Then to the copse,
Thick with entangling grass, or prickly Furze,
With silence lead thy many-coloured hounds,
In all their beauty's pride.

And again, we find Gay, in his “Rural Sports,” bringing before us some of the attendant sufferings which are common to hunting parties: we fancy we see the poor dogs bleeding and panting, while

Wide through the Furzy field their route they take ;
Their bleeding bosoms force the thorny brake.

This is not the place to discuss the question how far hunting is a legitimate source of enjoyment or pleasure ; but we have a strong opinion that the result of a close argument, fairly conducted, would be adverse to the indulgence in that pursuit as a means of personal gratification.

The Furze, however, is of far greater utility than that of affording an asylum for foxes and rabbits. It is used in different parts of England to make fences, both being planted and grown as hedges, and being cut and fixed in railings. It is, too, excellent fuel, soon furnishing a cheerful fire ; and for this purpose it is cut and stored up for winter use. We have also frequently seen hovels consisting of a wooden framework, with

the interstices filled up with Gorse, and a very suitable material it is for this purpose.

With Whins or with Furzes, thy hovel renew,
For turf and for sedge, for to bake and to brew.

TUSSEB.

The Common Furze (*Ulex Europæus*), Whin, or Gorse, is placed, in the Linnæan system, in the class *Diadelphia*, and order *Decandria*; and in the Natural system in the order *Polygaleæ*.

There is one other indigenous species of Furze which is much less common than the preceding; namely, Dwarf Furze (*Ulex nanus*), which, however, is sometimes found accompanying it. This has been concluded to be a mere variety by some botanists; but if we consider its far humbler growth, its altogether different habit, and its comparatively diminutive flowers, and add to these the constancy of the assumed specific characters to the two, we can hardly join in this conclusion.

THE WILD PANSY.

Immense Creator! Whose all-powerful hand
Framed universal being, and Whose eye
Saw, like Thyself, that all things formed were good;
Where shall the timorous bard Thy praise begin,
Where end the purest sacrifice of song
And just thanksgiving?—
O, thrice illustrious! were it not for Thee,
Those Pansies that, reclining from the bank,
View through the immaculate pellucid stream
Their portraiture in the inverted heaven,
Might as well change their triple boast, the white,
The purple, and the gold, that far outvie
The Eastern monarch's garb, e'en with the dock,
E'en with the baneful hemlock's irksome green.

SMART.

THE Wild Pansy, the tri-coloured violet of our cultivated lands, claims from us a large share of our admiration. As we roam through clover fields, we detect its pretty yellow, white, and purple petals standing out from the mass of green, and again we find them very plentiful among the stubble in harvest, with their velvet-like corollas as beautiful and rich as in the early days of spring, when their beauty was, for the present season, quite fresh to us.

This pretty rustic is the origin of those splendid flowers which, tended by the florist's care, adorn our parterres with the rich deep tints of purple, maroon, yellow, and white, of every shade. If there be one indigenous flower which exemplifies more than another the effect of careful cultivation, it is this; and what is more, it is especially the poor man's flower, some of

the finest varieties having been produced by the training and industrious attention of the artisan, in the smallest garden, and with means of the commonest kind that could possibly be used.

It is not our province here to point out the means by which the Pansy is brought to that state of perfection which renders it worthy of being called a "Florists' Flower," but to speak of the flower in its natural state, in which it is extremely variable, both with respect to the size of its flowers and their colours. It is, moreover, uncertain whether the plant be annual, biennial, or triennial, its duration depending upon the circumstances attendant upon its growth. It has a small fibrous root, whence an erect stem ascends to the height of two to eight or ten inches, from which shoot out many branches in all directions; it is sometimes hairy and sometimes smooth; the leaves, which are egg-shaped, of varying proportions, grow on long footstalks. The flowers grow singly at the extremity of long footstalks, rising from between the axils of the leaves. The corolla is of various colours, the four upper petals are entire, the lower one broadest and heart-shaped, and marked from the base with simple or slightly-branched purple lines, the lateral ones having at their base a tuft of obtuse inflated hairs. Commonly the two upper petals are purple, the lower one yellow, and the two intermediate pale yellow, tipped more or less deeply with purple.

The name Pansy is evidently derived from the phrase "*Pensez à moi*;" in Hamlet, Shakspeare makes Ophelia say,—

Pray you love, remember,
There's Pansies, that's for thoughts.

And another poet asks—

Are not Pansies emblems meet for thoughts?
The pure, the chequered—gay and deep by turns!
A line for every mood the bright things wear
In their soft velvet coats.

Milton, in "Comus," mentions this flower by the name of Pansy—

The shepherds at their festivals
Carol her good deeds, loud in rustic lays,
And throw sweet garland wreaths into her stream,
Of Pansies, pinks, and gaudy daffodils.

Also in "Paradise Lost"—

Flowers were the couch;
Pansies and violets, and asphodel,
And hyacinths, earth's freshest, softest lap.

Wordsworth too—

Pansies, lilies, king-cups, daisies,
Let them live upon their praises.

Other poets introduce it into their verse as the Heart's-ease, but the origin of this name is wholly unknown. Thus—

Heart's-ease every where doth spring
When April birds are on the wing.

And Herrick—

Frolic virgins once there were,
Over loving, living here;
Being here their ends deny'd,
Ran for sweethearts mad, and died.

Love in pitie for their teares,
And their loss in blooming yeares,
For their restless here spent houres,
Gave them Heart's-ease turned to floures.

Leigh Hunt fancies the Heart's-ease to resemble a *beau*.

The garden's gem,
Heart's-ease, like a gallant bold,
In his cloth of purple and gold.

Mrs. Sheridan has given a poetical reason for its name, Heart's-ease, being changed into "Love-in-Idleness :"—

In gardens oft a beauteous flower there grows,
By vulgar eyes unnoticed and unseen ;
In sweet security it humbly blows,
And rears its purple head to deck the green :

This flower, as nature's poet sweetly sings,
Was once milk-white, and Heart's-ease was its name,
Till wanton Cupid poised its roseate wings,
A vestal's sacred bosom to inflame.

With treacherous aim the god his arrow drew,
Which she with icy coldness did repel ;
Rebounding thence with feathery speed it flew,
Till on this lonely flower, at last, it fell.

Heart's-ease no more the wandering shepherd found ;
No more the nymphs its snowy form possess ;
Its white, now changed to purple by love's wound,
Heart's-ease no more,—'tis Love-in-Idleness.

We add the original, of which this is only a paraphrase. Shakspeare makes Oberon deliver the account in "A Midsummer Night's Dream." The maiden referred to is generally supposed to have been Queen Elizabeth, to whom the author is thought to have intended it as a compliment :—

That very time I saw
Flying between the cold moon and the earth,
Cupid all armed : a certain aim he took
At a fair vestal, throned by the west ;
And loosed his love-shaft smartly from his bow,

As it should pierce a hundred thousand hearts :
But I might see young Cupid's fiery shaft
Quenched in the chaste beams of the watery moon ;
And the imperial votaress pass'd on,
In maiden meditation, fancy free.
Yet marked I where the bolt of Cupid fell :
It fell upon a little western flower,
Before milk-white, now purpled with love's wound,
And maidens call it Love-in-Idleness.

The Pansy (*Viola Tricolor*) has also received the names of Herb Trinity, Three Faces under a Hood, Flame Flower, Jump up and Kiss Me, Flower of Jove, Pink of my John, Forget-me-not, and others equally strange. It belongs to the Linnæan class *Pentandria*, and order *Monogynia* ; and to the Natural order *Violaceæ*.

THE CLOVE PINK.

Dianthus; *L.* L'œillet; *Fr.* Die nelke; *Ger.* Anjelier; *Dutch.* Garofano; *Ital.* Clavél; *Sp.* Cravino; *Port.* Gwosdika; *Russ.* Gozdzik; *Pol.*

In fair Italia's bosom born,
Dianthus spreads his fringed ray;
 And glowing 'mid the purpled morn,
 Adds fragrance to the new-born day.

Oft by some mould'ring time-worn tower
 Or classic stream he loves to rove,
 Where dancing nymphs and satyrs blithe
 Once listened to the notes of love.

Sweet flower, beneath thy natal sky
 No favouring smiles thy scents invite;
 To Britain's worthier regions fly,
 And paint her meadows with delight.

SHAW.

THE author of the above lines seems to be of opinion that the Clove Pink is originally a native of the sunny land of Italy; how far he may be correct in that opinion it is not of sufficient importance to inquire, but one thing is certain, that though it has always been admitted into the British Flora, it is very generally supposed to have been imported and naturalized. It is most commonly found in this country, as in Italy, on old walls, and on the decaying fragments of ancient castles, especially in the county of Kent, as at Deal, Rochester, and Sandown. It is also said to have been found about Norwich. It flowers in July.

The flowers are very variable, both as to size and colour, but are generally of a pale pink, and not at all remarkable for beauty. The petals are five, somewhat wedge-shaped, and notched on the outer edge.

The root of the Clove Pink is ligneous and perennial, and is found running deeply into the old mortar, which is its favourite soil ; many stems shoot out from the same root, and they are glaucous and smooth, throwing out longitudinal branches, at the extremity of which grows a solitary flower. The leaves are linear.

The main feature in the attractions of this flower is its delicious fragrance, a fragrance so highly pleasing to the botanist who named the genus, that he thought he might dedicate it to the honour of the chief god in the heathen mythology, called Zeus by the Greeks, and Jupiter or Jove by the Latins; so compounding the two words, *ανθος*, *flower*, and *Διος*, of *Zeus*, he formed the generic name *Dianthus*, that is, the Flower of Jove : and to the flower under consideration has been given the specific name *Caryophyllus*, from the similarity of its scent to that of the Clove of commerce. Cowley thus refers to its generic name :—

Like that sweet flower that yields great Jove delight ;
Had he majestic bulk, he'd now be styled
Jove's flower ; and, if my skill is not beguiled,
He was Jove's flower when Jove was but a child ;
Take him with many flowers in one conferred,
He's worthy Jove, e'en now he has a beard.

The Clove Pink is generally allowed to be the parent of the Carnation, which is so highly prized by all who delight in the cultivated garden. How widely the cultivated descendants of this simple flower differ from the stock from which they sprung, all can bear testimony, and many persons well acquainted with the fine double flowers of various colours which ornament the

parterre, would hesitate to rely upon the statement, when told for the first time that they originated in so insignificant a plant.

Few poets have woven the Pink in their productions, but we may suppose that this flower was one of those present to the mind of Campbell when he wrote the following lines in his verses on Field Flowers :—

Not a pastoral song has a pleasanter tune
Than ye speak to my heart, little wildings of June ;
Of old ruinous castles ye tell,
Where I thought it delightful your beauties to find,
When the magic of nature first breathed on my mind,
And your blossoms were part of the spell.

Who that has rambled over the beautiful county of Kent, in the height of summer, cannot sympathize with the sentiments here expressed ? Nowhere do we find a greater variety of beautiful wild flowers than here ; we cannot enumerate them, but we have often plucked them with delight when strolling over the fertile fields of this highly favoured spot.

Cowper introduces the Pink in a “ Winter Nosegay,” the result of the florist’s care.

What Nature, alas ! has denied
To the delicate growth of our isle,
Art has in a measure supplied,
And winter is decked with a smile.
See, Mary, what beauties I bring
From the shelter of that sunny shed,
Where the flowers have the charms of the spring,
Though abroad they are frozen and dead.

’Tis a bower of Arcadian sweets,
Where Flora is still in her prime,
A fortress to which she retreats
From the cruel assaults of the clime.

While earth wears a mantle of snow,
These Pinks are as fresh and as gay
As the fairest and sweetest that blow
On the beautiful bosom of May.

See how they have safely survived
The frowns of a sky so severe ;—
Such Mary's true love, that has lived
Through many a turbulent year.
The charms of the late-blowing rose
Seem graced with a livelier hue,
And the winter of sorrow best shows
The truth of a friend such as you.

There are some very pretty verses which have been translated from the German of Goëthe. They are called "The Song of the Captive." The Captive complains that from his imprisoned tower a much-loved flower cannot even be seen, and would appear to consider the want of it as one of the greatest privations incidental to his position. The rose first ventures to think itself the flower desired, but when the Captive replies in the negative, the lily forthwith claims the honour, but in vain ; whereupon the Pink says—

And dearer I, the Pink must be,
And me thou sure dost choose,
Or else the gardener ne'er for me
Such watchful care would use ;
A crowd of leaves enriching bloom,
And mine through life the sweet perfume,
And all the thousand hues.

To which the Captive replies—

The Pink can no one justly slight,
The gardener's favourite flower ;
He sets it now beneath the light,
Now shields it from its power.

Yet 'tis not pomp, who o'er the rest
In splendour shines, can make me blest ;
It is a still, small flower.

Then the violet claims the regard ; but it is a still humbler flower than this which the Captive desires, the "Forget-me-not," which blooms on the banks of a neighbouring stream.

The Clove Pink (*Dianthus Caryophyllus*), called also the Carnation, and the Clove Gillyflower, is in the Linnæan class *Decandria*, and order *Digynia* ; and in the Natural order *Caryophyllæ*.

THE PERIWINKLE.

Vinca ; *L.* La pervenche ; *Fr.* Das sinngrün ; *Ger.* Maagdepalm ;
Dutch. Pervinca ; *Ital.* and *Sp.* Congossa ; *Port.* Barwinck ;
Pol. Singrön ; *Dan.*

Through primrose tufts, in that sweet bower,
The Periwinkle trailed its wreaths ;
And 'tis my faith that every flower
Enjoys the air that breathes.

WORDSWORTH

THIS pretty flower is by no means common in a wild state, though occasionally found upon banks and in bushy places. In Devonshire it is, perhaps, more frequently met with than in any other county. Its fibrous roots throw out stems which are at first erect, but soon becoming long and wiry, they trail on the ground, and take root towards the extremities, and by these means the plant is propagated in every direction. The leaves are opposite, with short channelled footstalks ; they are evergreen, very smooth and shining, and of a lanceolate egg shape. The flowers spring singly from the axils of the leaves, on long footstalks ; the corolla is salver-shaped, and the tube widening above, the limb is cut into five oblique truncated segments, which are folded together spirally before the flower has expanded ; it is in colour either a violet, purple, or white.

The Periwinkle cultivated in our gardens differs in no respect from that found in the fields. In a state of cultivation the leaves are sometimes variegated, and there is good reason for believing that the colour of the flower depends mainly upon the nature of the soil in which the plant is growing ; for it has been determined

by experiment, that strong healthy plants, with fine smooth deep-green leaves, and bearing rich purple flowers, growing in a good soil, will, when removed to poor soil of a sandy or gravelly nature, change their leaves and become variegated, while the flowers, gradually losing their purple dye, grow paler, until in a year or two they are quite white ; and it is presumed that if they were again transplanted to a rich soil, they would in due time resume their green livery, and put on their primitive blossoms of purple.

The Periwinkle is very useful for those parts of gardens where few flowers will grow ; under the shade of trees, of lofty walls, or in more open places where the sun never comes, and almost in any atmosphere, this plant will thrive and put forth a succession of flowers nearly all the year round.

“ It has long been the custom,” says Dr. Deakin, in his valuable work, “*Florigraphia Britannica*,” “ amongst the peasantry in Italy, to wreath the brow, and, indeed, the whole body of unmarried persons, both men and women, as well as children, with this plant, intermixing with it various other evergreens, and flowers of different kinds, forming gay garlands, and placing upon the breast a large bunch of the finest flowers that the season will afford ; dressing, in fact, the whole body in a vegetable garment, composed of the richest productions of Flora that they can meet with. This practice is still followed, especially amongst the peasantry in the province of Tuscany ; and we think it most probable that the generic name of *Vinca* has been given to it from the circumstance of their using it to bind the bodies of their dead.”

The name of this plant has been considered of doubt-



ful etymology. It was called by the Anglo Saxons *perwince*. In Norman French it was called *pervinke*, as we learn from Chaucer.

There sprang the violet all newe
And fresh *pervinke*, rich of hewe,
And flouris yellow, white, and rede ;
Such plente grew there nor in the mede.

There lacked no floure to my dome,
Ne not so moche as floure of brome,
Ne violet, ne eke *pervinke*,
Ne floure more that men can on thinke.

But the following quotation from Vossius seems to set the matter at rest :—" *Vinca pervinca*, quia vireat semper, aerisque injurias vincat et pervincat." *Vinca pervinca*, because it is always green, and overcomes the injuries of the weather,—from which we conclude that its name has been given to it on account of its always resisting the effects of the weather ; and that by some peculiarities in the mode of pronouncing the word *pervinca*, it has become periwinkle. The power of resisting the influence of changing seasons has suggested the periwinkle as an emblem of the Christian, who has attained to that perfect reliance upon the goodness and providence of God, which enables him to stand unmoved by the "changes and chances of this mortal life :"—

"Thou freshest garland of the year,
Thy bright green leaf is never sere ;
Blow wind, blow storm, whatever may ;
Thy constant mien is sweetly gay,
Smiles on through cold, hot, dry, or wet,
Gay, bright, fresh, green, and constant yet.
I love to see thee in the spring,
Thy joyous buds just opening,

K

While each erect, aspiring stem
 Clusters with stars thy diadem,
 Till far and wide, by day and night,
 Thy deep bed glows with purple light.
 Yet better still I love to view
 Those dear flowers dipt in autumn dew ;
 When low on earth their heads are seen,
 Reposing soft in evergreen ;
 When tender shoots too weak to rise
 No longer lift them to the skies,
 And day by day themselves are laid
 Beneath a deeper, colder shade :
 Yet is their light not quenched so,
 Nor sinks in gloom their vernal show,
 But brightens still the darkling hours,
 With drooping wreaths and trailing flowers.
 Oh, this is joy indeed to see,
 Emblem of genuine piety !
 No slave of sunshine vernal days,
 An inward lamp she still can raise,
 That puts the soul beyond the power
 Of things that change with every hour,—
 And let them come or let them part,—
 Glad, light, and steadfast keeps the heart.”

Where the soil is favourable, the Periwinkle forms
 with its stems and leaves a perfect matting upon the
 surface of the earth, a circumstance observed and al-
 luded to by Smith—

O'er Vinca's matted leaves below,
 The orchis race with varied beauty charm,
 And mock the exploring bee or fly's aerial form.

The fact mentioned in the quotation is well known
 to the experienced gardener, for this plant thrives even
 under the drip of trees or the eaves of houses, and
 Hurdis did not fail to notice this in his pleasing poetry.

Where blooms now
 The king-cup or the daisy ? where inclines
 The harebell or the cowslip ? where looks gay

The vernal furze, with golden baskets hung ?
Where captivates the sky-blue Periwinkle,
Under the cottage eaves ?

In the "Sentiment of Flowers," the Periwinkle has been made the emblem of Sweet Remembrances. This sentiment was given to the flower from its having been the means of bringing to remembrance, after a lapse of thirty years, some of the most pleasurable incidents in the life of a celebrated French writer, with which it had been associated. In the "Bouquet des Souvenirs" these flowers are made to say—

Emblems are we of joy or woe,
And tender recollections glow,
Inspired by our name ;
Our glossy leaves, with flowers entwined,
Were made the bridal robe to bind
In days of ancient fame.

And we are also "flowers of death,"
The mourning mother weaves a wreath
Of our dark shining sprays ;
She twines it round the lovely head,
Ere in its cold and silent bed
Her child she sadly lays.

Whene'er our blossomed stars you view,
Bethink you of life's changing hue,
How joy and sorrow blend ;
That though thy cup may now flow o'er,
Anguish may wring thy heart, before
Life's fitful day shall end.

The Lesser Periwinkle (*Vinca minor*) is in the Linæan class *Pentandria*, and order *Monogynia*, and in the Natural order *Apocynææ*.

The Greater Periwinkle (*Vinca major*) is a more common plant than the above, growing in woods and groves, but it is generally believed to have been naturalized.

SAFFRON CROCUS.

Crocus ; *L.* Le safran ; *Fr.* Die safranpflanze ; *Ger.* Saffran ; *Dutch.* Zafferano ; *Ital.* Azafran ; *Sp.* Açafraco ; *Port.* Zatiphra ; *Arab.* Schafran ; *Russ.* Szafran ; *Pol.*

In March the vernal Crocus springs,
The harbinger of brighter skies ;
And consolation sweet it brings,
Then cheering us with glad surprise.

One of its tribe, an autumn flower,
The Saffron Crocus, spreads its bloom,
Mindful of the chilling power
Of fogs, of frost, and winter's gloom.—*MS.*

THE genus to which this pretty flower belongs has for centuries received the attention of those who delight in a garden, on account of their ornamental character. Like the generality of flowers which have become favourites of the florist and the cultivator, the different species have been subdivided into numerous varieties, so that we are frequently unable to find characters for them. The texture of the root coats is thought to be the best test of affinity.

The flowers and leaves of this plant rise amidst a series of membranous sheaths from a solid depressed bulb, which is covered with thin brown reticulated fibro-membranous coats. The leaves, which are longer than the flower, are radical and linear, and are enveloped at their base in a thin white sheath, and above are of a dark green, with a stripe of white along the middle. The flower is of a lilac or violet colour. The stamens are shorter than the corolla, but the style is

about the same length. The stigma is of a rich orange colour, and fragrant.

The Saffron Crocus, we are told, was first introduced into England during the reign of the third Edward, and was then cultivated at Walden, in Essex, which place became subsequently known as Saffron Walden, from the fact that it was chiefly grown there. It was also cultivated in the counties of Cambridge, Suffolk, and Hereford, in the early part of the seventeenth century. It is the saffron of commerce, the stigmata, the only fragrant parts of the flowers, being alone used ; and for the purpose of procuring these, the plant is still grown to a considerable extent at Saffron Walden and Stapleford, Essex. The flowers are gathered at an early part of the day in September, when the stigmata, and a portion of the styles are carefully picked out of the flowers ; these are then dried upon a kiln, under a pressure, to form cake saffron ; or loosely, and then it is called hay saffron. The virtue of saffron is supposed to reside in a peculiar extractive principle called "polychroite." Among the ancients it was considered to be a most efficacious remedy, by reason of its stimulating properties, but in modern practice it is found to possess few sensible qualities, beyond the orange colour which it imparts to water, alcohol, and other fluids. In addition to the localities previously mentioned, Saffron is found naturalized about Halifax and Derby.

The following quaint extract from Hollinshed's Chronicles relates how the name of Crocus became applied to this flower :—

"A certaine young gentleman, called Crocus, went to plaie at coits in the field with Mercurie, and being

heedlesse of himself, Mercurie's coit happened by mishap to hit him on the head, whereby he received a wound that yer long killed him altogether, to the great discomfort of his friends. Finallie, in the place where he bled, saffron was after found to grow, wherevpon the people seeing the colour of the chiuie as it stood, (although I doubt not but it grew there long before), adjudged it to come of the blood of Crocus, and therefore they gave it his name."

Miss Twamley makes the Saffron Crocus the medium whereby a young lady's sentiments became known to her lover, whereupon he is made to say in after years:—

"But ever does that humble flower
That gems the aging year,
Pale Autumn's purple Crocus, seem
Than other flowers more dear.

* * * * *

"Oh! many a glorious flower there grows
In far and richer lands:
But high in *my* affection e'er
The Autumn Crocus stands.

* * * * *

"But they are passing from us now,
And round each frail, white stem,
The purple petals faded droop;
Winter will chase e'en them.

"So, farewell to the Crocus, which
In amethyst is dight;
And may we live to welcome back
The Yellow and the White!"

The Saffron Crocus (*Crocus sativus*) is in the Linnean class *Triandria* and order *Monogynia*, and in the natural order *Iridææ*.

PHEASANT'S EYE.

Adonis: *L.* Adonide; *Fr.* Die Adonisblume, or adonisrose; *Ger.* Adonishloem; *Dutch.* Flore d'Adono; *Ital.* Adonis; *Sp.* and *Port.*

Look, in the garden blooms the flos adonis,
And memory keeps of him who rashly died,
Thereafter changed by Venus, weeping, to this flower.

ANON.

THE beautiful flower which we are now about to describe is so diminutive that it frequently escapes notice, concealed by its own compact feathery foliage, or by the mass of clover or corn among which it most commonly grows. It is rarely seen by the indifferent pedestrian, who seeks health from the free air of the country in this exercise of his physical powers. The observant Rambler, however, looks with piercing eye to the right and left of his path, in search of the retiring beauties of our smaller wild flowers, and not seldom, from the merry month of May to the wintry month of November,—a month proverbial for its gloom, a month when the weather-wise are least able to foretell what may be the features of the coming day in this respect,—will he find the rich red-purple flower of *Adonis* blooming in all its beauty.

There is a reference in the above anonymous lines to the mythological story concerning Venus and *Adonis*, whose name has been applied to the genus. The fable, as related by various ancient authors, is told in different ways, but all concur in this, that *Adonis* grew up a most beautiful youth, and that Venus loved him, and shared with him the pleasures of the chase, always

cautioning him to beware of the wild beasts ; notwithstanding, having wounded a boar, the animal turned upon him in its fury and killed him. Some traditions allege that Mars or Apollo assumed the form of a boar, and thus slew Adonis. The intelligence of his ~~being~~ wounded having been communicated to Aphrodite (a Greek name of Venus, referring to the fable which asserted that goddess to have been born from the froth of the ocean), she hastened to the spot where he lay, and sprinkled nectar into his blood, from which immediately flowers sprang up. Such is the fabulous origin of the *flos* Adonis, the flower of Adonis, a name given to the plant which we have placed in our group.

The flower is a great favourite with the French, and their poets have delighted to refer to the tragic end of the youth whose memory it perpetuates ; we shall quote a few lines from La Fontaine.

Je n'ai jamais chanté que l'ombrage des bois, .
 Flore, Echo, les Zéphyr et leurs molles haleines,
 Le vert tapis des prés et l'argent des fontaines.
 C'est parmi les forêts qu'a vécu mon héros ;
 C'est dans les bois qu'amour a troublé son repos.
 Ma muse en sa faveur de myrte s'est parée ;
 J'ai voulu célébrer l'amant de Cythérée,
 Adonis, dont la vie eut termes si courts,
 Qui fut pleuré des Ris, qui fut plaint des Amours.

We cannot refrain from transferring to our pages the beautiful lines by Keats, wherein the couch of Adonis is described in sweetest poetry, enriched by the flowers with which the author has chosen to adorn it.

A chamber, myrtle-wall'd, embowered high,
 Full of light, incense, tender minstrelsy,
 And more of beautiful and strange beside :
 For on a silken couch of rosy pride,

In midst of all there lay a sleeping youth
Of fondest beauty ; fonder, in fair sooth,
Than sighs could fathom, or contentment reach ;
And coverlids gold-tinted like the peach,
Or ripe October's faded marigolds,
Fell sleek about him in a thousand folds—
Not hiding up an Apollonian curve
Of neck and shoulder, nor the tenting swerve
Of knee from knee, nor ankle's pointing light,
But rather, giving them to the filled sight
Officiously. Sideway his face reposed
On one white arm, and tenderly unclosed,
By tenderest pressure, a faint damask mouth
To slumbery pout, just as the morning south
Disparts a dew-lipped rose. Above his head
Four lily stalks did their white honours wed
To make a coronal ; and round him grew
All tendrils green, of every bloom and hue,
Together intertwined, and trammelled fresh :
The vine of glossy sprout ; the ivy mesh,
Shading its Ethiop berries ; and woodbine,
Of velvet leaves, and bugle-blooms divine ;
Convolvulus in streaked vases flush ;
The creeper, mellowing for an autumn blush ;
And virgin's bower, trailing airily ;
With others of the sisterhood. Hard by,
Stood serene Cupids watching silently.
One, kneeling to a lyre, touched the strings,
Muffling to death the pathos with his wings ;
And, ever and anon, uprose to look
At the youth's slumber ; while another took
A willow bough, distilling odorous dew,
And shook it on his hair ; another flew
In through the woven roof, and fluttering-wise
Rained violets upon his sleeping eyes.

No doubt the flower is named after this Adonis, but whether or not it be the same as that which the ancients designated by the name, we are not able to determine. The French sometimes call it "Goutte de

sang," from the deep blood-red hue of its flowers. It is a native of our corn fields, and was noticed by Gerard two hundred and fifty years ago as growing wild in the western parts of England, from whence he obtained seed, and sowed it in his garden, for the sake of the beauty of the flower.

Though not a common flower, yet it is found often about London, and in Kent, by the side of the Medway, between Rochester and Maidstone, and in other parts of England; about Glasgow, in Scotland; and in the neighbourhood of Dublin.

The plant is rarely met with among spring corn, but if after the harvest the field remain undisturbed until the succeeding year, the plants will appear in abundance, from which we may infer, that the proper season for sowing its seeds is autumn.

This plant has a tapering root, with branched fibres. Its stem is branched, and grows to the height of a foot. The stems are alternate, the flowers solitary, terminating the branches; the petals bright scarlet; the anthers crimson or purple.

The Pheasant's Eye (*Adonis autumnalis*), so called from its resemblance to the beautiful eye of that bird, is placed in the Linnæan class *Polyandria*, and order *Polygynia*, and in the Natural order *Ranunculaceæ*.

THE FOXGLOVE.

Digitalis; *L.* *La digitale*; *Fr.* *Der fingerhut*; *Ger.* *Vingerhoed*; *Dutch.* *Digitale*; *Ital.* *Dijital*; *Sp.* *Digital*; *Port.* *Naperstok*; *Russ.*

How fair the Foxglove blooms with purple bells,
Upon the grassy banks of rustic ways,
Or on the sloping sides of sunny dells,
Which Flora with her treasures rich arrays.—*MS.*

THE Foxglove is a special favourite with us, and, consequently, we never meet with it in our rural rambles without experiencing a sensation of pleasure. Of all our indigenous herbaceous plants, it is perhaps the most beautiful as well as the most stately in its appearance. Its simple, erect stem grows to the height of from three to four feet, and is furnished with large, somewhat egg-shaped lanceolate leaves, and at its summit the beautiful bell-shaped flowers grow in a raceme. The flowers are numerous and large, hanging pendent from the stem by short footstalks, generally of a rich deep purple, paler inside, and spotted; sometimes they are of a pure white. In June and July the Foxglove is in its greatest beauty, and as we then look on them, mingled with ferns on the forest side, we think of the lines:—

“The Foxglove and the Fern,
How gracefully they grow
With grand old oaks above them,
And wavy grass below!”

The stateliness of the plant, and the beauty of its flowers, has gained for the Foxglove admission into

pleasure grounds and shrubberies ; in the latter, the variety with white flowers has an exceedingly pleasing effect, from the contrast with the deep green hue of the leaves on the surrounding shrubs.

This magnificent plant is abundant in dry, hilly, or rocky, and subalpine districts throughout the kingdom, in waste and uncultivated places ; it is not common in lower situations, and is seldom met with in the eastern counties of England ; it is frequently found in parts of Yorkshire, and is one of the flowers which Carrington prizes among the flora of Devonshire. It is, we learn from him, a common flower on the wide waste of Dartmoor :—

With a chilling aspect rise,
The rocks—of iron hue—yet has the hand
Of Nature, e'en on them, thus frowning, flung
Enchanting forms. “As pearls upon the arm
Of the jet Ethiop,” looking fairer still
From their alliance, so the snow-white moss
Has fixed itself upon the cliff, and seems
More white, more beautiful, more spotless placed
On horror's sable brow. The graceful broom
Waves its transparent gold ; the pensive fern,
In the least stir of the inconstant breeze,
Bends its light plume. Upon the sunny bank
The Foxglove rears its pyramid of bells,
Gloriously freckled—purpled and white—the flower
That cheers Devon's fields—and, by its side,
Another that, in her maternal clime,
Scarce shuts its eye on austral suns, and wakes
And smiles on winter oft,—the primrose,—hailed
By all who live.

The Foxglove claims our gratitude, as well as our admiration, for it possesses very useful and powerful medicinal properties, which were discovered by the

celebrated Dr. Withering, a physician whose name is as renowned in the annals of botany as in those of medicine. These properties, however, are so deleterious, that the drug, which is a powder obtained by the pulverization of its dried leaves, can only be safely administered by a skilful physician. We may say of it, as Horace said of Southernwood (*Abrotanum*), a popular medicine among the Romans, that no one dares to give it to a sick person but the man who has learnt how to do so,—

Ægro

Non audent, nisi qui didicere, dare : quod medicorum est,
Promittunt medici ;

in fact, Foxglove is decidedly poisonous, and death has sometimes been caused by the indiscreet use of this plant by the ignorant.

The size of our page renders it impossible for the artist to do full justice to the magnificent raceme of this flower.

The Foxglove (*Digitalis purpurea*), which seems to have derived its generic name from the resemblance of the flower to a thimble, belongs to the Linnæan class *Didynamia*, and order *Angiospermia*, and to the Natural order *Scrophularinæ*.

MOUSE-EAR HAWKWEED.

Hieracium; *L.* L'épervière; *Fr.* Das habichtskraut; *Ger.* Havikskruid; *Dutch.* Ieracia; *Ital.* Hieracio; *Sp.* and *Port.*

It has been remarked that the prevailing colour of our commonest indigenous flowers is yellow.* When we say commonest, we by no means intend to convey a notion of inferiority, but to refer to their greater abundance. Thus we have the several species of Buttercup, Spear-wort, Goat's-beard, Primrose, Cowslip, and innumerable others, among which, few deserve our admiration more than the different species of Hawkweed, though less familiarly known. We shall just contrast with the prevalence of yellow, a colour admirably adapted to stand out from the rich verdure of our pasture lands and green lanes, the scarcity of scarlet, which is confined to two flowers, the scarlet poppy and the scarlet pimpernel; the comparatively small number of blue flowers, and of the various shades of red, from the pale dianthus to the deep red of the pheasant's-eye; not forgetting that the colour of the wild rose is almost, if not altogether, unique.

Mouse-ear Hawkweed being one of those flowers which opens and closes at stated hours of the day, we shall avail ourselves of the opportunity of referring to the "*Horologium Floræ*." This was first arranged by Linnæus, whose devoted attachment to the study of botany led him to observe the sensibility of plants. This horologe is given in his "*Philosophia Botanica*," and furnishes us with a list of those flowers which unfold their petals at a certain hour, and again close them at a stated time. A list of twenty-four of these,

extracted from the late lamented Mr. Loudon's Encyclopædia of Gardening, is given in the "Sentiment of Flowers," with the times of their opening and closing in England. In some very pretty verses, Smith has also given us the names of the more generally known flowers which exhibit this faculty.

See Hieracium's* various tribe,
Of plummy seed and radiate flowers,
The course of time their blooms describe,
And wake and sleep appointed hours.

Broad o'er its imbricated cup,
The goat's-beard spreads its golden rays,
But shuts its cautious petals up,
Retreating from the noontide blaze.

Pale as a pensive, cloistered nun,
The Bethlehem star her face unveils,
When o'er the mountains peers the sun,
But shades it from the vesper gales.

Among the loose and arid sands,
The humble arenaria† creeps;
Slowly the purple star expands,
But soon within its calyx sleeps.

But those small bells so lightly rayed
With young Aurora's rosy hue,
Are to the noontide sun displayed,
But shut their plaits against the dew.

On upland slopes the shepherd's mark
The hour, when, as the dial true,
Cichorium‡ to the towering lark
Lifts her soft eyes serenely blue.

And thou, "wee crimson tipped flower,"
Gatherest thy fringed mantle round
Thy bosom at the closing hour,
When night-drops bathe the turfy ground.

* Hawkweed. † Sandwort. ‡ Wild Succory.

Unlike silene,* who declines
The garish noontide's blazing light ;
But when the evening crescent shines,
Gives all her sweetness to the night.

Thus in each flower and simple bell,
That in our path untrodden lie,
Are sweet remembrances, which tell
How fast their winged moments fly.

Mrs. Hemans also wrote some very beautiful lines on Linnæus's Dial of Flowers, but we have not space to quote them here.

There are no less than eighteen indigenous species of Hawkweed, of which the Mouse-ear Hawkweed is certainly the prettiest.

This species is furnished with a tapering, ligneous root, from which rises a short stem, throwing out prostrate, creeping scions, from four to six inches in length. The leaves are blunt lanceolate. The flower grows solitary at the extremity of the scape, and the beautifully shaped florets are of a pale lemon colour, the outside ones having a crimson stripe at the back. The whole plant is very variable in its appearance, sometimes being nearly smooth, at others covered with a sort of woolly hair. It grows on banks, open pastures, road-side banks, nay, almost everywhere, and is very frequent from May to late in the autumn.

The Mouse-ear Hawkweed (*Hieracium pilosella*) belongs to the Linnæan class *Syngenesia*, and order *Æqualis*, and to the Natural order *Cichoraceæ*.

* Catchfly.



MEZEREON.

Mezereon too,
Though leafless, well attired, and thick beset
With blushing wreaths, investing every spray.

COWPER.

IN the mythological stories of the ancients, we read that Daphne was extremely beautiful, and that Apollo, having become enamoured of her, pursued her, and was on the point of overtaking her, when the fair maiden called upon her mother Ge for protection. The goddess opened the earth and received her, and in order to console Apollo, she created the evergreen laurel-tree, of the boughs of which Apollo made himself a wreath. Such is the account given of the origin of the laurel-tree, and the name Daphne has been given to the genus to which this pretty shrub belongs.

In the woods of the Midland and Southern Counties of England, the branches of the Mezereon, yet free from leaves, may be met with in the month of March, having pretty pink or rose-coloured flowers upon them, growing in clusters of three, at short distances along the whole branch. The flowers are sessile in the axes of the last year's leaves.

The whole shrub is erect, and forms a bush varying in height from three to five feet. The fruit is a round berry, of one cell, scarlet or sometimes orange colour, contrasting strongly with the light green of the leaves, so long as they are allowed to remain, which is for a very brief space, some birds being very partial to them.

The leaves, which do not appear till some time after

the flowers, are numerous and scattered, lanceolate and wedge-shaped, growing on short footstalks, and about two inches long ; being of a pale green colour.

The bark both of the stems and roots of the Meze-reon has long afforded a stimulating decoction, used for various medicinal purposes. A peculiar principle has been obtained from it by Vanqueline, a French chemist, which he calls *Daphnin*, which has been for a long period in use as a remedy for tooth-ache and other purposes. The berries were considered by Linnæus to be of a highly poisonous nature. The bark is also used in the South of Europe to impart a yellow dye.

The Mezereon long ago obtained an introduction to the flower garden, and is an especial favourite with the humble cottager who may have a small spot of ground attached to his well-thatched cottage, upon the whitewashed walls of which, and round the latticed window, we see the bright green branches of jasmine, and of honeysuckle, and of roses, trained with care, and as the seasons revolve in their ceaseless course, one after another, these shrubs cheer with their flowers and their fragrance the hearts of the toiling peasant and his family. To such the Mezereon brings the remembrance of the first link in the train of changing days and seasons, and in imagination they see the succession of flowers blooming before them for the coming year. Moments of joy are these to them ; for the peasantry delight in the open air and the sunshine, and the choral music of the birds, as they sing their varied notes in woodland and in grove : the glorious sun, as he rises amid silvery clouds, or sets beneath the golden-tinted sky, animates them with unspeakable pleasure.

The fair authoresses of the "Bouquet des Souvenirs" in a few lines record the fact that this flower affords gratification to all on its first appearance in the season.

Thou hast thy wish ; all love to see
Thy simple bloom, Mezereon tree ;
The thrush his sweetest minstrelsy
Is pouring forth to welcome thee ;
Thy store of sweets, the early bee
Hath sought with ready industry ;
And prizing much thy beauty, we
Are come to greet thee joyously.

Long shalt thou hold thy gentle sway ;
For when thy wreaths must fade away
Beneath the Summer's scorching ray,
Thy stems shall glow in vesture gay
With scarlet berries, rich array.
Please, then, fair plant, through many a day,
Till winter stern thy doom shall say,
Whose voice the fairest must obey.

We are now writing in the middle of December, and the weather is so mild that we see growing in the open air the primrose, and the Forget-me-not, and the garden anemone ; an extraordinary season certainly, but not unprecedented, as we may infer from the circumstance that the following lines were written by Mrs. Tighe, on receiving, in December, a branch of Mezereon covered with flowers.

Odours of Spring, my sense ye charm
With fragrance premature,
And, 'mid these days of dark alarm,
Almost to hope allure.
Methinks with purpose soft ye come,
To tell of brighter hours,
Of May's blue skies, abundant bloom,
Of sunny gales and showers.

Alas! for me shall May in vain
The powers of life restore;
These eyes, that weep and watch in pain,
Shall see her charms no more.
No, no, this anguish cannot last!
Beloved friends, adieu!
The bitterness of death were past
Could I resign but you.

Oh! ye who soothe the pangs of death
With love's own patient care,
Still, still retain this fleeting breath,
Still pour the fervent prayer.
And ye, whose smiles must greet my eye
No more, nor voice my ear,
Who breathe for me the tender sigh,
And shed the pitying tear;

Whose kindness (though far, far removed)
Thy grateful thoughts perceive;
Pride of my life—esteemed, beloved,
My last sad claim receive!
Oh, do not quite your friend forget—
Forget alone her faults;
And speak of her with fond regret,
Who asks your lingering thoughts.

The Mezereon (*Daphne Mezereum*) is placed in the Linnæan class *Octandria*, and order *Monogynia*; and in the Natural order *Thymeleæ*.

MONK'S-HOOD.

Aconitum; *Tournfort.* L'aconit; *Fr.* Der sturmhut; *Germ.* Monnikskappen; *Dut.* Aconito; *Ital., Sp., and Port.*

And such is man—a soil that breeds
Or sweetest flowers, or vilest weeds;
Flowers, lovely as the morning light,—
Weeds, deadly as the Aconite.

BOWRING.

WE have introduced the Monk's-hood here, rather on account of the singular form of the flower, than from any high regard for its beauty. It is said to be a native of the woody and mountainous parts of France, Germany, and Switzerland, but has been naturalized for so long a period, and is found in so many localities, that it long ago obtained a place in the English Flora. It is also very extensively cultivated in gardens, especially cottage gardens, and truly it is a very showy plant, for it rises with erect stem to the height of four feet and more, and towards the top of the stem the flowers grow thickly in a sort of spike or cluster. They are very numerous, of a dingy purple colour, and without fragrance.

Each flower is composed of five irregular petals, having a pretty close resemblance to a man's head, with a hood or helmet on it. The upper petal represents the hood or helmet; the two lower ones stand for that part which covers the jaw, and the two wings conceal the temples.

The part of the stem below the spike of flowers is furnished with an abundance of leaves, placed alternately, cut into many wedge-shaped lobes and linear

segments, dark green on the upper side, and of a pale green below.

The Monk's-hood, or Wolf's-bane, as it is also called, is a poisonous plant, as are all the rest of its family in a greater or less degree. They are indeed considered as the most powerful vegetable poisons known, and were regarded with terror and awe by the ancients. Virgil considered it a cause of congratulation that the plant was not indigenous to Italy; Dryden thus translates the lines, which are in the second Georgic:—

Our land is from the rage of tigers freed,
Nor nourishes the lion's angry seed;
Nor poisonous Aconite is here produced,
Or grows unknown, or is (when known) refused.

The ancients were unacquainted with chemical poisons, and regarding the Aconite as possessing more deadly properties than any other known vegetable, they attributed the invention of it to Hecate, who produced it from the foam of Cerberus, when dragged by Hercules from the dismal dominions of Pluto; as we read in Ovid, translated by Sandys:—

And now arrives unknown, Ægeus' seed,
Who, great in name, had two-sea'd isthmus freed;
Whose undeserved ruin Medea sought
By mortal Aconite, from Sythia brought;
'This from the Echidnean dog dire essence draws.
There is a blind steep cave, with foggy jaws,
Through which the bold Tyrrhian hero strained,
Dragged Cerberus, with adamant enchained;
Who backward hung, and scowling, looked askew
On glorious day, with anger rabid grew;
Thrice howls, thrice barks, at once with his three heads,
And in the grass his foaming poison sheds.
This sprung; attracting from the fruitful soil
Dire nourishment, and power of deathful spoil.

The rural swains, because it takes delight
In barren rocks, surnamed it Aconite.

The juice of this plant is said to have been used to poison arrows with, when required in the pursuit of wild animals, or in conflict against a human foe.

Although the properties of Monk's-hood are naturally so injurious, yet the skill of the educated and judicious physician has been able to apply it in various ways to the relief of some of the many ills that flesh is heir to ; being administered with beneficial effect internally, and also used in the form of an ointment for the relief of local pains.

There are several species of the Aconite, many of them highly ornamental to the garden and shrubbery, and not the least agreeable of these is the winter Aconite (*Eranthis hyemalis*), which blooms in January, to which the following anonymous lines have been addressed:—

Ere thy sisters fair are waking,
Deep in earth's dark bosom sleeping !
Ere the chains of winter breaking
Loose the streams their might is keeping :

With a smile that well had greeted
Light, and song, and Summer bower,
On the sheltering calyx seated,
Shines thy yellow-petaled flower. .

Gem of Winter ! quickly faded,
Early loved and early lost,
Type of joy too quickly shaded !
Of earth's children tempest tost.

Still, from thee a lesson learning,
Let us choose the fitting hour
To soothe, to cheer,—nor less discerning
Prove than Winter's simple flower.

The Monk's-hood (*Aconitum Napellus*) is found wild in the following localities: on the banks of the river Teme, in the county of Hereford; in great abundance by the side of a stream at Ford, in Somersetshire, and at intervals along the banks as far as Wolverton, a distance of three miles; below the bridge at Staver-ton, Devonshire; near Mylor Bridge, in Cornwall; and in different parts of Denbighshire. It is a perennial plant, blooming in June, July, and August, and even later: it belongs to the Linnæan class *Polyandria*, and order *Trigynia*; and to the Natural order *Ranunculaceæ*.

THE SPRING CROCUS.

Say, what impels, amidst surrounding snow
Congealed, the Crocus' lilac bud to blow ?
Say, what retards, amidst the summer blaze,
Th' autumnal bulb, till pale, declining days ?
The God of Seasons,—Whose pervading power
Controls the sun, or sheds the fleecy shower ;
He bids each flower His quickening power obey,
Or to each lingering bloom enjoins delay.

WHITE.

WE have previously described the autumnal Crocus, and we now come to the pretty Spring Crocus, which tends so much to enliven the early days of the opening year. The numerous varieties which adorn the earth in our gardens from February to April, are well known to most of us, being, as they are, with the snowdrop, almost the only flowers that venture to put forth their tender petals ere frost and snow have receded before the increasing power of the vernal sun ; and all of us are conscious of pleasurable sensations when we look upon their white, grey, and golden petals, caused, not so much by the beauty of the flowers, as by the passing of the imagination over coming days to the delightful and life-restoring Spring.

The purple Spring Crocus (*Crocus vernus*) differs but little indeed from the Saffron Crocus, except as to the season of its blooming. Its leaves are shorter and broader, and the stigma, which is erect and without fragrance, remains within the flower. The segments of the flower and the tube of the corolla are thickly set with pellucid hairs. This species is not by any means a common flower, its principal locality being the mea-

dows about Nottingham, between the castle and the silvery Trent. There it has increased to a great extent, and in the month of March it covers a great number of acres with a rich mantle of a bright purple colour. When the flower has ceased blooming, the leaves grow larger, and contribute to the nourishment of the fruit and future bulbs.

As the other members of this family, which are either indigenous, or have been so long naturalized as to gain for them a place in the British Flora, are all pretty flowers, we shall notice them as being worthy of the attention of our readers.

The lesser gold-coloured Crocus (*C. aureus*), has small golden yellow-coloured flowers, rarely marked at the top of the tube with blue lines, two and sometimes more on one root. The leaves are produced with the flower and are shorter than it, until the corolla has decayed, when they become much longer. This species grows apparently wild in Sir H. Bunbury's park at Barton Hall, Suffolk, and flowers in March.

The small annular-rooted Crocus (*C. præcox*) bears a pretty little flower nearly white, having its outer segments beautifully marked with three feathered violet-coloured stripes. There is seldom more than one flower springing from a root, and it is accompanied with leaves. The root-coats divide into rings at the base, perfectly regular and extremely neat. It is supposed that it may be a diminutive variety of the Scotch, or Cloth-of-silver Crocus; and that the least purple Crocus (*C. minimus*) of Redouté is only another variety.

The naked flowering Crocus (*C. nudiflorus*) is another species of much beauty, flowering in Autumn,

but somewhat smaller than the Saffron Crocus. The leaves of this species do not make their appearance until the flowers are out of bloom, when they shoot forth and continue until the succeeding April or May, at which time the seed is ripe. It grows in the neighbourhood of Nottingham Castle; and it is said to be the same as the showy autumnal Crocus (*C. speciosus*) which is found about Warrington and Halifax. The plant is increased by long scaly runners, which are peculiar to the species.

In the records of mythology, the name of this flower is derived from a handsome youth named Crocus, the friend of Smilax, who was changed into the saffron flower, having been first consumed by the ardency of unrequited affection. But some writers have supposed that its name is taken from Coricus, a city and mountain in Cilicia. It is mentioned by Homer as one of those flowers which composed the couch of Zeus.

Crocus and Smilax may be turned to flowers,
And the Curetes spring from bounteous showers;
I pass a hundred legends stale as these,
And with sweet novelty your taste will please.

OVID.

How frequently do we find that flowers with which the most pleasing feelings are commonly associated, are by the poets allied with sensations of sadness and gloom, who seem to colour the objects they look upon with hues derived from their own feelings, rather than with those the subjects naturally suggest. Thus Patterson, after alluding to the cheering influence of the Crocus, draws from it suggestions of the fading character of human hopes, and the uncertainty of human friendships.

Lowly, sprightly little flower !
Herald of a brighter bloom,
Bursting in a sunny hour
From thy wintry tomb;

Hues you bring, bright, gay and tender,
As if never to decay ;
Fleeting in their varied splendour—
Soon, alas ! it fades away.

Thus the hopes I long had cherished,
Thus the friends I long had known,
One by one, like you, have perished,
Blighted—I must fade alone.

Bernard Barton, in his address “to a Crocus” growing up and blossoming beneath a wall-flower, makes it the emblem of hope, and is reminded by it of the circumstance of the dove returning to the ark bearing a green leaf, after the subsiding of the waters of the Deluge.

Welcome, wild harbinger of Spring !
To this small nook of earth ;
Feeling and fancy fondly cling
Round thoughts which owe their birth
To thee, and to the humble spot
Where chance has fixed thy lowly lot.

To thee, for thy rich golden bloom,
Like heaven's fair bow on high,
Portends, amid surrounding gloom,
That brighter hours draw nigh,
When blossoms of more varied dyes
Shall ope their tints to warmer skies.

Yet not the lily nor the rose,
Though fairer far they be,
Can more delightful thoughts disclose
Than I derive from thee :
The eye their beauty may prefer ;
The heart is thy interpreter !

Methinks in thy fair flower is seen,
By those whose fancies roam,
An emblem of that leaf of green
The faithful dove brought home,
When o'er the world of waters dark
Were driven the inmates of the ark.

The leaf betokened freedom nigh
To mournful captives there ;
Thy flower foretels a summer sky,
And chides the dark despair,
By winter's chilling influence flung
O'er spirits sunk, and nerves unstrung.

And sweetly has kind nature's hand
Assigned thy dwelling-place
Beneath a flower whose blooms expand,
With fond congenial grace,
On many a desolated pile,
Brightening decay with beauty's smile.

Thine is the flower of hope, whose hue
Is bright with coming joy ;
The wall-flower's that of faith, too true
For ruin to destroy ;—
And where, O ! where should hope up-spring,
But under faith's protecting wing.

MARSH MARYGOLD.

Caltha; *L.* Le populage; *Fr.* Die sumpf-dotterblume; *Ger.* Moerassig geelbloem; *Dut.* Sposa del sole; *Ital.* Hierba centella; *Sp.* Nogietek; *Pol.* Kabeleye; *Dan.* Kalfleka; *Swed.* Malmequer dos brejos; *Port.*

THIS beautiful flower is an object of great attraction to us at that early season of the year when it spreads its bright golden petals towards the extremity of its stem, which attains to the height of twelve or eighteen inches. In March, April, and May, in marshy districts, growing in the water or by its brink, with their stout fleshy green stems, their large cheerful green leaves, and fine goblet-shaped flowers, they are very showy and ornamental. The number of flowers on each plant varies from one to six.

There can be no doubt that in looking upon the flowers of the field, as they present themselves to our view at the different seasons of the year, our appreciation of their beauties is very materially affected by attendant circumstances. The snowdrop, the crocus, and the mezereon exert a gladdening influence upon us, mainly because they are the first in the floral train; and as the year revolves, and each month offers to our notice a greater variety of flowers, so do their differing attractions increase, and charm the eye with their beautiful hues and fragrant odours. From these, however, the Marsh-mallow seems to be distinguished. In the soft and muddy beds of winter brooks, which are gradually narrowing in breadth and lessening in depth, this beautiful flower, painted with the richest gold, blooms apart from all other members of Flora's king-

dom. We cannot but admire its fine form, and wish that we could transplant it to our gardens; but very soon, as we pass the spots where it flowered the fairest, we find the waters subsided, the soil dry, and our pretty golden goblet of the marshes no more to be seen.

In the fenny fields of Cambridgeshire they are very plentiful, as well as in many other parts of England. They are perennial, and though we see nothing of the plants, in many spots where they bloomed, when the advanced year has dried up the winter brook which fed them, they present themselves every succeeding year in all the freshness of their Spring beauty. The Marsh Marygold (*Caltha palustris*) belongs to the Linneæan class *Polyandria*, and order *Polygynia*; and to the Natural order *Ranunculaceæ*.

Besides this, there is another indigenous species, Creeping Marsh Marygold (*C. radicans*), which is furnished with triangular instead of kidney-shaped leaves, and smaller flowers than the former. It is not uncommon, especially in mountainous districts in Scotland, flowering in May and June.

From the connection, we are somewhat inclined to think that by the Mary-budds, mentioned in the song in "Cymbeline," by the immortal Shakspeare, the Marsh Marygolds are intended.

Hark! hark! the lark at Heaven's gate sings,
And Phœbus 'gins arise,
His steeds to water at those springs
On chaliced flowers that lies.
And winking Mary-budds begin
To ope their golden eyes;
With every pretty thing that bin.
My lady sweet, arise,
Arise, arise!

The young buds of the Marsh Marygold are pickled and frequently used as a substitute for capers, which they very much resemble in form. They are supposed by some to be equally palatable with the berries of the Caper Spurge (*Euphorbia Lathyris*), which is cultivated in our gardens for this purpose. Both the buds of the one and the berries of the other are extremely acrid in a raw state, and are rendered eatable only by the effect of the acid pickle.



SPRING GENTIAN.

Gentiana; *L.* *La gentiane*; *Fr.* *Der enzian*; *Ger.* *Gentiaan*; *Dut.* *La genziana*; *Ital.* *La jenciana*; *Sp.* *Goretschafka*; *Russ.*

The root, which youth and health despise,
Has merit in the sick man's eyes.
The humble Gentian of the fields,
For man a kindly tincture yields,
Which fading powers of life renews;
But warns him luxuries to refuse,
Lest, haply, it may fail at length
To give the weakened stomach strength.—M.S.

How delightful it is, when rambling through verdant vales, climbing up the sloping sides of lofty hills, or wandering in the mazes of the wild forest, just as the trees are shooting forth their young leaves, inhaling the fresh air of returning spring, to come, ever and anon, upon some modest flower, which assures us that nature is fast recovering from the congealing yet healthful influence of winter. Such a flower is the Spring Gentian, which they, whose steps lead them through the dale of the Tees in the county of Durham, or into the recesses of the forest there, will find in abundance, in March and April, especially in the latter month, when it is in perfection; and it is exceedingly plentiful in the neighbourhood of Middleton, in that locality.

This beautiful flower is furnished with slender roots, having creeping branches which put forth fibres and tufts of leaves, from the middle of which spring the flowering stems. Its numerous leaves are sessile, of an acutely ovate form, the lower leaves being compressed together, and presenting the appearance of a rosette.

M

The leaves of the stem are opposite, their bases nearly meeting and sheathing the stem, which is very short and quadrangular, terminating in a solitary flower. The corolla of the flower, which is of an intense blue colour, is cut into five egg-shaped, obtuse lobes, which are more or less crenated.

The Spring Gentian (*Gentiana verna*) is found chiefly in mountainous pastures, but is not at all common. In Ireland it grows near Gort, in the Burrow mountains between Gort and Galway. It is to be regretted that the lovers of nature are not always free from those jealousies, which are said so generally to disturb the breasts of men vying with each other for distinction in different pursuits; for, alas! this pretty flower was the innocent cause of a breach of friendship between two scientific botanists, who for a long time had shared the honour and pleasure of any new discovery. But one of them becoming acquainted with a locality in which this flower grew in great profusion, kept the knowledge of this treasure to himself; when, on the other accidentally learning the fact, an estrangement was the immediate consequence.

Rare as this flower is in its native localities, it is frequently cultivated in the garden as a border flower; it must not, however, be confounded with another species, namely, the dwarf or stemless Gentian (*G. acaulis*), which is more hardy, and more commonly used for the purpose here named. This species is admitted by some botanists to be a native, but with considerable doubt, being by many supposed to have wandered from the bed or border to the mountainous districts of South Wales, where it appears to grow naturally. It is very frequent in the mountain pas-

tures of the continent of Europe, whence it is probable it was originally imported into this country. Nearly all the species of this beautiful genus of herbaceous plants possess much of that bitter principle which is so useful in medicine, abounding chiefly in the roots. The Yellow Gentian (*G. lutea*) is imported in large quantities, on account of its valuable tonic properties ; but the Marsh Gentian (*G. Pneumonanthe*), whose habitat is in moist heaths and damp places, in various parts of England, especially the northern counties, is said to be equally good, and is much used in Russia instead of the former species. The two following are also regarded by some as of equal value:—the Autumnal Gentian (*G. Amarella*), which is found in flower in the months of August and September, in grassy pastures upon limestone rocks ; and the Field Gentian (*G. campestris*), which is the commonest of the British species, growing in meadows and fields, particularly towards the sea, and is not so limited to limestone districts as the previous species. The inhabitants of the rural districts use these two last species indiscriminately, as a stomachic, mixing them with common Centuary (*Erythræa centaureum*), and using the mixture as tea, taking one or two wine-glasses of the infusion in the day ; it is found of great service in strengthening the digestive organs.

The following verses, composed by that excellent poet and amiable man, James Montgomery, seem to be intended for one of the species of Gentian, though they are headed with the words, "The Gentianella," which flower (*Exacum filiforme*) is yellow, as are the other species of that genus. They are addressed to the plant, first, when in leaf, and secondly, when in flower.

IN LEAF.

Green as thou art, obscurely green,
Meanest of plants among the mean!
From the dust *I* took my birth;
Thou too art a child of earth.
I aspire not to be great;
Scorn not thou my low estate:
Wait the time, and thou shalt see
Honour crown humility;
Beauty set her seal on me.

IN FLOWER.

Blue thou art, intensely blue!
Flower, whence came thy dazzling hue?
When I opened first mine eye,
Upward glancing to the sky,
Straightway from the firmament,
Was the sapphire brilliance sent;
Brighter glory wouldst *thou* share?
Look to heaven, and seek it there,
In the act of faith and prayer.

The genus, *Gentiana*, which is said to be so called in honour of a royal botanist, Gentius, king of Illyria, who, as Pliny says, first discovered its tonic properties, is placed in the Linnæan class *Pentandria*, and order *Digynia*; and gives its own name to the Natural order *Gentianeæ*.

THE DAFFODIL.

Pseudo-Narcissus; *L.* *Narcisse*; *Fr.* *Die narcissse*; *Ger.* *Narcis*; *Dutch.* *Narciso*; *Ital.* and *Sp.* *Narcizo*; *Port.* *Narcisse*; *Dan.* *Narsiss*; *Swed.*

O! Proserpina,
For the flowers now, that frighted, thou let'st fall
From Dis's wagon! Daffodils,
That come before the swallow dares, and take
The winds of March with beauty.

SHAKESPEARE.

THE family to which our present subject belongs is a very numerous one, and its various members are all beautiful. This perhaps is the only true native of our island, and may therefore be justly regarded as the British type of the tribe of plants commonly known by the name of *Narcissus*. The common Daffodil springs from an egg-shaped bulb, which is covered with a dark brown membrane; its leaves, which are linear, obtuse, and erect, make their appearance about the middle of February, and attain the height of eight or twelve inches; and between them rises the scape to about the same height, or perhaps to a greater, which is terminated by a single yellow flower, on a short footstalk, with a tube of no great length, its mouth being surrounded by a large bell-shaped crown of a rich gold colour, the margin divided more or less deeply into six dentated imperfect segments of circles.

The common Daffodil is frequent in the damp fields and moist meadows in different parts of England, and has an undoubted claim to be classed amongst the more beautiful of our favourite field flowers. In certain dis-

tricts in the Midland counties it is so abundant as to lead a stranger to imagine that they have been planted for a crop, rather than that they grow there merely in a wild state. It has also been introduced into the garden ; but if pampered with richer soil than that of its native fields, the flower loses its light and elegant appearance, and becomes double and heavy.

The Daffodil has frequently been introduced into poetry and made the theme of song. Spenser, in "The Faëry Queen," describes the black-eyed Cymoint, the mother of Marinell, as receiving the intelligence that he was slain by Britomartis, when

She played
Among her watery sisters, by a pond,
Gathering sweet Daffodillies, to have made
Gay garlands, from the sun their foreheads fair to shade.
Eftsoons both flowers and garlands far away she flung,
And her fair dewy locks yrent.

We are told that there was an annual festival on which Daffodils were scattered upon the flowing stream of the Severn, a custom to which Milton refers in *Comus*.

There is a gentle nymph not far from hence,
That with moist curb sways the smooth Severn stream,
Sabrina is her name, a virgin pure ;
Whilom, she was the daughter of Loctrine,
That had the sceptre from his father Brute.
She, guiltless damsel, flying the mad pursuit
Of her enraged step-dame, Guendolen,
Commended her fair innocence to the flood,
That staid her flight with his cross flowing course.
The water nymphs, that in the bottom played,
Held up their pearled wrists, and took her in,
Bearing her straight to aged Nereus' hall ;

Who, piteous of her woes, reared her lank head,
And gave her to his daughters to imbathe
In nectared lavens, strewed with asphodel ;
And through the porch and inlet of each sense
Dropt in ambrosial oils, till she revived,
And underwent a quick immortal change,
Made goddess of the river : still she retains
Her maiden gentleness, and oft at eve
Visits the herds among the twilight meadows,
Helping all urchin blasts, and ill-luck signs
That the shrewd meddling elf delights to make,
Which she with precious viald liquors heals ;
For which the shepherds at their festivals
Carol her goodness loud in rustic lays,
And throw sweet garland wreaths into her stream,
Of pansies, pinks, and gaudy Daffodils.

Dryden also commemorates the same custom :—

The daughters of the flood have searched the mead
For violets pale, and cropped the poppy's head ;
The short Narcissus and fair Daffodil ;
Pansies to please the sight, and cassia sweet to smell.

Dr. Wordsworth was so struck with the appearance of a large number of the Daffodil in bloom, that he recorded his feelings in four very pretty verses ;—feelings which were not limited in their influence to the time when he was gazing upon these beautiful flowers, but excited a gladdening power upon his mind when in retirement.

I wandered lonely as a cloud
That floats on high o'er vales and hills,
When all at once I saw a crowd,
A host of golden Daffodils ;
Beside the lake, beside the trees,
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

Continuous as the stars that shine
 And twinkle in the milky way,
 They stretched in never-ending line
 Along the margin of a bay :
 Ten thousand saw I at a glance,
 Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

The waves beside them danced ; but they
 Outdid the sparkling waves in glee ;
 A poet could not but be gay,
 In such a jocund company ;
 I gazed—and gazed—but little thought
 What wealth the show to me had brought :

For oft when on my couch I lie,
 In vacant or in pensive mood,
 They flash upon that inward eye
 Which is the bliss of solitude ;
 And then my heart with pleasure fills,
 And dances with the Daffodils.

How different, yet how beautiful, are Robert Her-
 rick's lines on Daffodils :—

Faire Daffodils, we weep to see you haste away so soon ;
 As yet the early rising sun has not attained his noon.
 Stay, stay, until the hasting day has run
 But to the even-song ;
 And having prayed together, we
 Will goe with you along.

We have short time to stay as you ; we have as short a spring ;
 As quick a growth to meet decay, as you, or anything.
 We die as your hours doe, and drie away,
 Like to the summer's raine,
 Or as the pearles of morning's dew,
 Ne'er to be found againe.

The common Daffodil (*Narcissus Pseudo-Narcissus*)
 is placed in the Linnæan class *Hexandria*, and order
Monogynia ; and in the Natural order *Amaryllideæ*.

THE LESSER CELANDINE.

Ficaria; *Dil.* La petite chelidoine; *Fr.* Feigen-ranunkel; *Ger.* Speen.
kruid; *Dut.* Celidonia minore; *Ital.* Ficaria; *Sp.* Celidonia
menor; *Port.* Tschisttak menschoi; *Russ.*

Pleasures newly found are sweet,
When they lie about our feet ;
February last, my heart
First at sight of thee was glad ;
All unheard of as thou art,
Thou must needs, I think, have had,
Celandine ! and long ago,
Praise of which I nothing know.

WORDSWORTH.

TIME, ever on the wing, brings us once more to the
spring season of the year, when we are disposed to look
with more than usual eagerness for the return of our
favourite flowers,—when

“ All is joy or hope in earth and sky :
'Tis not like autumn's pensive power, that lies
In beautiful decay, which we so prize
Because it is a glory passing by ;
But a sweet sense that flowers are under-foot,
And that long evenings now are taking root,
And summer days foreshadowed pleasantly.”

The abundance of flowers in the summer, by divid-
ing our attention, takes away that feeling of longing
expectation which we entertain in reference to the
small number, which venture first to peep forth, as
winter recedes at the approach of spring. Now do we
watch for the green tips of the snowdrop emerging
from the snowy vesture of the grove, or mark the
gentle rising of the soil as the crocus presses upwards
to the genial light. Now, upon yonder grassy bank

we observe the pale-green leaves of the primrose gradually unfolding; beneath that shady hedgerow, the small leaves of the sweet violet peeping out; and on close examination, we find the buds of both flowers up-shooting from the midst; and within that stately grove, where many of its trees have stood for centuries, in open glades we notice the elegantly cut leaves of the pale anemone; while the green pasture is gemmed with yellow flowers, which nearly every one classes with the buttercups of the more advanced year; but in truth, it is not to be so classed, although its specific name, *ranunculoides*, expresses that it has some resemblance thereto.

Draw one from its bed and mark its root, with numerous fibres and lengthened fleshy tubers, from which shoot forth many stems of varied lengths, some simple and others branched, smooth and leafy, now erect and now lying prostrate on the earth; and here we observe it differs somewhat from the common buttercup, which elevates its upright stem to the height of eighteen inches or two feet, and clothes it more or less with slender hairs, putting forth from it, and its numerous branches, hairy leaves cut into three linear segments. The Celandine has numerous round, heart-shaped leaves, of a bright yellow-green, which are frequently spotted on the upper surface with black, the under surface being paler and occasionally glaucous. The flowers are solitary and erect, at the extremity of the stem, which rarely exceeds a few inches in length. The calyx, or flower-cup, consists of three spreading pieces, smooth and ribbed, of an oblong shape. The petals vary in number from eight to twelve, seldom exceeding the latter, and are commonly of a bright, shining golden

yellow. It is common in pastures, moist meadows, woods, and shady places, blooming in full beauty from March to May.

The herbage of the Celandine is sometimes eaten as greens in Sweden, and is esteemed as a useful antiscorbutic. It is considered to be injurious to moist grass lands, whence we are told it may be effectually expelled by a dressing of coal or wood ashes.

Dr. Deakin classes the Celandine, or, as he also calls it, Pilewort Crowfoot, in the genus *Ranunculus*, stating that "the calyx of this species is usually of three pieces, and the petals nine. It is not unfrequent, however, to find the calyx of five pieces, and the petals double that number, and sometimes the petals are only five; hence, the genus *Ficaria*, which was made to receive this plant as assumed to differ in the foregoing particulars from *Ranunculus*, being founded on unstable characters, is untenable."

It is the lot of man that in the cultivation of the soil he should have to contend with weeds and worthless plants; but no one can fail to admire the beauty and elegance of many flowers which we regard as a nuisance, and the Lesser Celandine has more than common claims upon our notice, if we only reflect that it has been the means of inspiring the poet Wordsworth with pleasant thoughts, which he has expressed in sweet poetry, addressed "To the Small Celandine."

Pansies, lilies, kingcups, daisies,
Let them live upon their praises;
Long as there's a sun that sets,
Primroses will have their glory;
Long as there are violets,
They will have a place in story:

There's a flower that shall be mine,
'Tis the little Celandine.

Eyes of some men travel far
For the finding of a star;
Up and down the heavens they go,
Men that keep a mighty rout!
I'm as great at they, I trow,
Since the day I found thee out.
Little flower!—I'll make a stir,
Like a sage astronomer.

Modest, yet withal an Elf,
Bold and lavish of thyself;
Since we needs must first have met,
I have seen thee, high and low,
Thirty years or more, and yet
'Twas a face I did not know;
Thou hast now, go where I may,
Fifty greetings in a day.

Ere a leaf is on a bush,
In the time before the thrush
Has a thought about her nest,
Thou wilt come with half a call,
Spreading out thy glossy breast
Like a careless prodigal;
Telling tales about the sun,
When we've little warmth or none.

Poets, vain men in their mood!
Travel with the multitude:
Never heed them; I aver
That they all are wanton wooers;
But the thrifty cottager,
Who stirs little out of doors,
Joys to spy thee near her home:
Spring is coming, thou art come!

Comfort have thou of thy merit,
Kindly unassuming spirit!

Careless of thy neighbourhood,
Thou dost show thy pleasant face
On the moor and in the wood,
In the lane ;—there's not a place,
Howsoever mean it be,
But 'tis good enough for thee.

Ill befall the yellow flowers,
Children of the flaring hours !
Buttercups, that will be seen,
Whether we will see or no ;
Others, too, of lofty mien ;
They have done as worldlings do,
Taken praise that should be thine,
Little, humble Celandine.

Prophet of delight and mirth,
Ill-requited upon earth ;
Herald of a mighty band,
Of a joyous train ensuing,
Serving at my heart's command,
Tasks that are no tasks renewing,
I will sing, as doth behove,
Hymns in praise of what I love !

The Lesser Celandine, or Pilewort (*Ficaria ranunculoides*), belongs to the Linnæan class *Polyandria*, and order *Polygynia* ; and to the Natural order *Ranunculaceæ*.

RED VALERIAN.

Valeriana; *L.* La valeriane; *Fr.* Der baldrian; *Ger.* Valerian; *Dut.* Valeriana; *It., Sp., and Port.* Fai so; *Jap.* Balderjan; *Russ.* Kozlki; *Pol.*

THOUGH all nature has been fearfully affected by the primeval curse, how abundantly does the earth teem with richest mercies for man! Thorns, and briers, and weeds spring up to mar the effects of man's labours, but how many of these sources of vexation, these causes for the necessity of increased toil, have been rendered subservient to his well being, by the exertion of those mental powers which distinguish him from all other created beings inhabiting the earth. Not only do they minister to the maintenance and comforts of life, but even to the restoration of health, to the re-invigorating of that system, the disorganization and decay of which are among the chief consequences of that fatal sin, for which the sentence of death passed upon all men, and which included the corruption of all created things. The roots, and leaves, and flowers of many plants, and the bark of trees, have yielded to the physician the means of relieving and healing many of those thousand ills to which our flesh is heir, and among the number of these is the Wild Valerian (*Valeriana officinalis*).

It is from the roots of this species of Valerian that we extract an aromatic tonic, which has been found so beneficial in nervous affections. These roots are tuberous, and furnished with long fibres. The stem of the plant rises erectly to the height of two to four feet,

and is hollow and smooth, sometimes hairy below. The leaves are placed opposite one another, and clasp the stem. The flowers are small, growing in large, heavily branched corymbs, fragrant, and are generally of a light rose colour, but sometimes white. The corolla is tubular, and cut at the margin into five obtuse spreading segments nearly equal. It is perennial, and blooms in the months of June and July, chiefly inhabiting the moist banks of rivers and the sides of woods. Oh, how many at this glorious season of the year pine to leave the crowded city, and wander amid the cool shades of the forest! How many long to lie down upon the verdant bank of some bubbling stream, beneath the spreading branches of the willows, and there to meditate on the wonders of creation, or gather instruction from the pages written by those who have well investigated them! We may fancy Grahame to have had this yearning, without the power of gratifying it; or he deeply sympathized with those who were so circumstanced, when he composed the following lines:—

Unhappy he, who, in this season, pent
Within the darksome gloom of city lane,
Pines for the flowery paths and woody shades,
From which the love of lucre, or of power,
Enticed his youthful steps. In vain he turns
The rich descriptive page of Thomson's muse,
And strives to fancy that the lovely scenes
Are present. So the hand of childhood tries
To grasp the pictured bunch of fruit or flowers,
But, disappointed, feels the canvas smooth:
So the caged lark, upon a withering turf,
Flutters from side to side, with quivering wings,
As if in act of mounting to the skies.

Botanical writers have generally derived the name

from the Latin verb *valere*, to be powerful, on account of its powers of healing.

The species figured in our group is the Red Valerian (*V. rubra*), which is somewhat more showy than the preceding, but not quite so common, nor yet possessing the same medicinal properties. It is usually found on old walls, and in waste places; is very plentiful in the chalk pits of Kent; and appears to be growing wild about Matlock, in Derbyshire. The British botanist and the Hortus Kewensis claim it as a native plant, but Gerarde, Ray, and Parkinson do not acknowledge it to be such. Dr. Sibthorp noticed it on the walls of Merton College, Oxford; and Mr. Martyn found it in great abundance at Merton Abbey, in Surrey. It was found also in Cambridgeshire, at Babraham and Coton, near Cambridge, as well as on the walls connected with Ely Cathedral, by Mr. Relham. It was lately very common on the walls which bound the gardens attached to the episcopal palace at Chichester, in Sussex. Its time of flowering is from June to September.

The Valerian belongs to the Linnæan class *Triandria*, and order *Dygynia*; and to the Natural order *Valerianææ*.

THE LILY OF THE VALLEY.

Convallaria; *L.* Le muguet; *Fr.* Die mayblume; *Ger.* Lelietjes van den Dale; *Dutch.* Il mughetto; *Ital.* Azucena del Valle; *Sp.* Landisch; *Russ.* Konwalia; *Pol.*

No flower amid the garden fairer grows
Than the sweet Lily of the lowly vale,
The queen of flowers.

KEATS.

THE lowly Lily of the Vale is one of the especial favourites of the fair sex. It most delights in shady and secluded spots, where it sheds its sweet fragrance, which is so delicate that it is seldom perceived but at dewy eve. In such places it puts forth two or three leaves of a lance-like egg-shape form, of three or four inches in length, and of a beautiful deep green. A mid-rib runs through the leaf, with numerous parallel veins. The leaves grow upon long footstalks, which are thin and fold over each other, the flower scape being enveloped at the base by several obtuse pale pink or white membranous sheaths. The erect scape is round, sometimes rather angular, of four to six inches in length, with a raceme at the extremity of drooping purely white flowers, yielding, as we have said, a delightful fragrance. Each of the flowers grows on a slender curved stalk, from the bottom of a long, thin bractea, about half its length. This beautiful plant is easy of cultivation in shady and retired parts of gardens.

This elegant plant may frequently be found in thickets and woods, more especially in hilly and rocky districts, in the merry month of May. Very few

flowers have been more celebrated by poets than this, for they have generally regarded it in connection with that beautiful comparison which our blessed Lord made between the Lilies of the Field and the gorgeous splendour of Solomon's regal robes : "Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow ; they toil not, neither do they spin : and yet I say unto you, that even Solomon, in all his glory, was not arrayed like one of these." We have little doubt that the scarlet martagon Lily (*Lilium chalcedonicum*), which is said to be very plentiful in Syria, is the flower referred to in this comparison ; nevertheless we may consider the Lily of the Valley as a very suitable substitute for our minds to rest upon, in meditating on the utter insignificance of all artificial grandeur in comparison with the humblest flower that decks the fields. How well does Prior institute the comparison !

Take but the humble Lily of the field,
And if our pride will to our reason yield,
It must by sure comparison be shown,
That in the regal seat great David's son,
Arrayed in all his robes and types of power,
Shines with less glory than that simple flower.

Bernard Barton also poetizes the lesson we may learn from the Lilies of the Field, not to be too anxious or solicitous concerning the things of this life :—

Consider ye the Lilies of the Field,
Which neither toil, nor spin,—not regal pride,
In all its plenitude of pomp revealed,
Could hope to charm their beauties placed beside.
If heavenly goodness thus for them provide,
Which bloom to-day and wither on the morrow ;
Shall not your wants be from your God supplied,
Without your vain anxiety and sorrow ?
O ! ye of little faith, from these a lesson borrow !

Nature is not silent about her origin, as some would persuade themselves that she is. The revolving seasons, producing by their changes the rich fruits of the earth, and supplying food for man, and beast, and feathered fowl ;—the beasts and feathered fowl, nurtured by the green herbage and the fattening grain, in their turn sustain man ;—the glorious sun, the moon with her borrowed light, the shining planets and glittering stars, all in their several courses are ministrant to the mysterious mechanism by which the earth is kept in motion. All these exhibit such harmony, both in their operation and effects, that we can only conceive them to be constructed and governed by One Mind, Omnipotent, Omniscient, Omnipresent ! And if we confine ourselves to the consideration of particulars ; if we look only upon the meanest flower that blooms in untrodden wilds, we cannot for one moment doubt by Whose creative power it sprung up ; by Whose providential superintendence it is perpetuated. Bishop Mant has so beautifully described this in pleasing poetry in connection with the Lily of the Valley, that we shall freely quote from him here. Addressing the flower he thus writes :—

Fair flower, that, lapt in lowly glade,
Dost hide beneath the greenwood shade,
Than whom the vernal gale
None fairer wakes, on bank or spray,
Our England's Lily of the May,
Our Lily of the Vale !

But not the less, sweet spring-tide's flower,
Dost thou display the Maker's power,
His skill and handy-work ;
Our western valley's humble child,
Where, in green nook of woodland wild,
Thy modest blossoms lurk.

What though nor care nor art be thine,
The loom to ply, the thread to twine,
 Yet born to bloom and fade,
Thee too a lovelier robe arrays,
Than e'en in Israel's brightest days,
 Her wealthiest kings arrayed.

Instinct with life thy fibrous root,
Which sends from earth the ascending shoot,
 As rising from the dead,
And fills thy veins with verdant juice,
Charged thy fair blossoms to produce,
 And berries scarlet red ;

The triple cell, the two-fold seed,
A ceaseless treasure-house decreed,
 Whence aye thy race may grow,
As from creation they have grown,
While spring shall weave her flowery crown,
 Or vernal breezes blow.

Who forms thee thus, with unseen hand ?
Who at creation gave command,
 And will'd thee thus to be ;
And keeps thee still in being, through
Age after age revolving ? Who
 But the great God is He ?

Omnipotent to work His will ;
Wise, who contrives each part to fill
 The post to each assigned ;
Still provident, with sleepless care
To keep ; to make thee sweet and fair
 For man's enjoyment—kind !

"There is no God," the senseless say :
"O God ! why cast'st Thou us away ?"
 Of feeble faith and frail,
The mourner breathes his anxious thought ;
By thee a better lesson taught,
 Sweet Lily of the Vale.

Yes, He Who made and fosters thee,
In reason's eye perforce must be
Of majesty divine.
Nor deems she, that His guardian care
Will He in man's support forbear,
Who thus provides for thine.

The following singular fancy is the production of an anonymous author, who, in the year 1658, addressed his mistress in verse :—

I'll tell you when the rose did first grow red,
And whence the Lilly whiteness borrowed.
You blushed ; and then the rose with red was dight,
The Lilly kiss't your hands, and so came white.
Before that time the rose was but a stain,
The Lilly nought but paleness did contain ;
You have the native colour ; these, they die,
And only flourish in your livery !

Much more poetry there is that is beautiful, which we would gladly transfer to our pages, referring to this lovely flower, but want of room forbids ; and we can only add, that the Lily of the Valley (*Convallaria majalis*) belongs to the Linnæan class *Hexandria*, and order *Monogynia* ; and to the Natural order *Smilacææ*.

THE WALL-FLOWER.

Cheiranthus; *L.* La giroflée; *Fr.* Die leucoje; *Ger.* Violier;
Dutch. Leucojo; *Ital.* Alheli; *Sp.* Goiveiro; *Port.* Nægeisi;
Arab. Gwosditschnüja fialke; *Russ.*

Ye Wall-flowers, shed your tints of golden dye,
On which the morning sunbeams love to rest;
On which, when glory fills the glowing west,
The parting splendours of the day's decline,
With fascination to the heart addressed,
So tender and beautifully shine,
As if reluctant still to leave that hoary shrine.

BARTON.

THE common Wall-flower breathes out such an agreeable fragrance, that it has ever found and retained a place in the gardens of all classes of society. It blooms abundantly in the months of April and May, indifferent whether its roots are planted in rich soil or poor, and consequently, we always find the Wall-flower bound up in rustic nosegays. In the garden there are many varieties of all shades of colour, from pale yellow to deepest blood-red, the last being most odoriferous. The plant, however, with which we have more concern at the present, most delights to grow in crevices of old walls, the mouldering ruins of decayed and decaying abbeys, castles, and monasteries, to which it seems to cling with unshaken tenacity. Hence the flower has been made the emblem of "Friendship in adversity," and right justly too, since the devastations of time, the rude and sacrilegious hand of the kingly or noble despoiler of consecrated places, may waste and overthrow the structures, and

leave them uninhabited ; but there the Wall-flower still blooms and scatters its fragrance over the heaped ruins. In such its character it is described by Moir, the " Delta " of *Blackwood's Magazine*.

The Wall-flower—the Wall-flower,
How beautiful it blooms ;
It gleams above the ruined tower,
Like sunlight over tombs ;
It sheds a halo of repose
Around the wrecks of time ;—
To beauty give the flaunting rose,
The Wall-flower is sublime.

Flower of the solitary place !
Grey ruin's golden crown !
Thou lendest melancholy grace
To haunts of old renown ;
Thou mantlest o'er the battlement,
By strife or storm decayed ;
And fillest up each envious rent
Time's canker tooth hath made.

Whither hath fled the choral band
That filled the abbey's nave ?
Yon dark sepulchral yew-trees stand
O'er many a level grave ;
In the belfry's crevices, the dove
Her young brood nurseth well,
Whilst thou, lone flower ! dost shed above
A sweet decaying smell.

Sweet Wall-flower—sweet Wall-flower !
Thou conjurest up to me,
Full many a soft and sunny hour
Of boyhood's thoughtless glee :
When joy from out the daisies grew
In woodland pastures green,
And summer skies were far more blue
Than since they e'er have been.

Rich is the pink, the lily gay,
 The rose is summer's guest ;
 Bland are thy charms when these decay—
 Of flowers, first, last, and best !
 There may be gaudier in the bower,
 And statelier on the tree ;
 But Wall-flower, loved Wall-flower,
 Thou art the flower for me !

Herrick, in his quaint way, tells us "how the Wall-flower came first, and why so called :"—

Why this flower is now called so,
 List, sweet maids, and you shall know.
 Understand, this firstling was
 Once a brisk and bonny lasse,
 (Kept as close as Danæ was) ;
 Who a sprightly springall lov'd,
 And, to have it fully prov'd,
 Up she got upon a wall,
 'Tempting down to slide withall ;
 But the silken twist unty'd,
 So she fell, and bruised, she dy'd.
 Love, in pity of the deed,
 And her loving lucklesse speed,
 Changed her to this plant, we call
 Now, the Flower of the Wall.

The common Wall-flower (*Cheiranthus cheiri*) is furnished with a shrubby stem, throwing out angular branches. Its leaves are lance-shaped, acute, and hoary beneath, with simple hairs pressed on the surface. It belongs to the Linnæan class *Tetradynamia*, and order *Siliquosa* ; and to the Natural order *Crucifera*.

THE WILD GERANIUM.

Geranium; *Herit.* Le geranium; *Fr.* Der storchsnabel; *Ger.* Oijevaarsbek; *Dutch.* Geranio; *Ital.* and *Port.* Jereino; *Sp.* Schu-ratelinei nos; *Russ.* Pychawiec; *Pol.*

OF the Wild Geranium, or Crane's-bill, there are many indigenous species, of which the Dusky Crane's-bill (*Geranium phæum*) is perhaps the most showy; and consequently it is not surprising to find it frequently cultivated in gardens. Its native habitat is chiefly in the thickets and woods of the rocky and hilly districts of the north of England, where it grows to about two feet high. The leaves are placed alternately on the stem, their lobes being sharply cut and serrated, very deeply veined, and convex, with a downy pubescence, as is also the calyx. Its root is perennial, and the flowers bloom in May and June.

We shall only mention, in this place, one other species, which is usually known as, Herb Robert (*G. Robertianum*). It is at once a very common and very elegant plant, and well fitted to every variety of soil, and to any aspect. The whole herb is more or less hairy, and very brittle. The stems are branched and spreading. The leaves grow on long footstalks, and are cut into five angles in their general outline; the segments are deeply cut, and the points are all very sharp; the flowers are very bright and conspicuous, their petals being entirely of a red or purple colour, with longitudinal white streaks from the base. The flower has a very strong and peculiar odour, which we think very disagreeable, and probably this

accounts for its not often being introduced into the parterre. It is very abundant about Cambridge, blooming profusely through the summer, and far into the autumn. It is an annual.

The Geranium, with its sister flower, the Pelargonium, have won and retained the care and admiration of all lovers of flowers. The skill of the florist has nowhere been so plainly shown as in this tribe of plants. He appears to have the faculty of picturing to himself the size, shape, and tints of a Geranium, and, in due course, of realizing his picture. What similarity and yet what variety does he produce! How numerous are the kinds which we find at our floral exhibitions! How beautiful are the flowers which adorn the windows of our dwelling-houses! Safely, indeed, may we assert, that there is no flower so well adapted, and so universally applied, to the purpose of enlivening our rooms in the beauteous summer months of old England!

The Wild Geranium, or Crane's-bill, is in the Linnean class *Monodelphia*, and order *Decandria*; and in the Natural order *Geraniaceæ*.

THE WILD STRAWBERRY.

Fragaria; *Ton.* Le fraisier; *Fr.* Die erdbeerpflanze; *Ger.* Aard-bezie; *Dutch.* *Fragaria*; *Ital.* Fresera; *Sp.* Morangueiro; *Port.* Semljaniza; *Russ.*

Strawberry blossoms, one and all,
 We must spare them,—here are many—
 Look at it,—the flower is small,
 Small and low, though fair as any;
 Do not touch it! * * *
 * * * * *
 When the months of spring are fled,
 Hither let us bend our walk;
 Lurking berries, ripe and red,
 Then will hang on every stalk,
 Each within its leafy bower;
 And for that promise spare the flower.

WORDSWORTH.

THE face of April is like that of the infant, where smiles and tears follow one another in quick succession. As the small rain falls upon the tender herb, its drops are often seen to sparkle in the radiant sunbeams; and the blue sky appears in patches between the clouds which drop fatness upon the earth. Now we ramble to well-known haunts where violets are blooming, and the golden primrose, and ever and anon do we find the pretty white flower of the Wild Strawberry, now beneath a sheltering hedge, now upon the shady bank, and again in the deep recesses of the wood.

We have noticed more particularly in the article on the Cinquefoil, the structure of the Strawberry plant; and we need do no more than advert to the well-known delicious flavour of the fruit, which has caused it to be cultivated to a wonderful extent. It is one of the

most wholesome of fruits, not being liable to turn acid on the stomach, a property which it possesses in connection with the mulberry. With this article our allotted task is closed, and we cannot find a more appropriate termination to it than the lines of Bishop Mant, on April Flowers.

Nor, April, fail with scent and hue,
To grace the lowlier blossoms new.
Not only that, where weak and scant
Peeped forth the early primrose plant,
Now shine profuse unnumbered eyes,
Like stars that stud the wintry skies ;
But that its sister cowslip's nigh,
With no unfriendly rivalry
Of form and tint, and fragrant smells,
O'er the green fields their yellow bells
Unfold, bedropt with tawny red,
And meekly bend the drooping head.
Not only that the fringed edge
Of heath or bank, or pathway edge,
Glow with the furze's golden bloom,
But mingling now, the verdant broom,
With flowers of rival lustre deck'd,
Uplifts its shapelier form erect.

And there, upon the sod below,
Ground ivy's purple blossoms show,
Like helmet of Crusader Knight,
Its anther's crosslike form of white ;
And lesser periwinkle's bloom,
Like carpet of Damascus' loom,
Pranks with bright blue the tissue wove
Of verdant foliage : and above,
With milk-white flowers, whence soon shall swell
Rich fruitage, to the taste and smell
Pleasant alike, the Strawberry weaves
Its coronets of three-fold leaves,
In mazes through the sloping wood.
Nor wants there in her dreary mood,

What fancy's sportiveness may think
A cup, whence midnight elves might drink
Delicious drops of nectared dew,
While they their fairy sports pursue,
And roundelay by fount or rill—
The streaked and chequered daffodil.

Nor wants there many a flower beside,
On holt, and hill, and meadow pied ;
With pale green bloom the upright box,
And woodland crowfoot's golden locks ;
And yellow cinquefoil's hairy trail ;
And saxifrage with petal pale ;
And purple bilberry's globe-like head ;
And cranberry's bells of rosy red ;
And creeping groundsel blue and bright ;
And crane's-bill's streaks of red and white,
On purple with soft leaves of down,
And golden tulip's turbaned crown,
Sweet scented on its bending stem ;
And bright-eyed star of Bethlehem ;
With those, the firstlings of their kind,
Which through the bosky thickets wind
Their tendrils, vetch, or pea, or tare,
At random ; and with many a pair
Of leaflets green the brake embower,
And many a pendant-painted flower.

The Wild Strawberry (*Fragaria vesca*) blooms in April and May, and is placed in the Linnæan class *Icosandria*, and order *Polygynia* ; and in the Natural order *Rosaceæ*.

END OF THE FIRST SERIES.

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THE
WILD FLOWERS
OF ENGLAND

OR
FAVOURITE FIELD FLOWERS
POPULARLY DESCRIBED

BY THE
REV. ROBERT TYAS, M.A., F.R.B.S.,
QUEEN'S COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE; INCUMBENT OF KINGSLEY, CHESHIRE.

With Twelve Highly Coloured Groups of Flowers,
BY JAMES ANDREWS, F.H.S.

SECOND SERIES.
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MR. JAMES ANDREWS, F.H.S.

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THE WILD FLOWERS OF ENGLAND.

COMMON LING.

Erica vulgaris; *Linn.* La bruyère; *Fr.* Die heide; *Ger.* Heide;
Dutch. Erica; *Ital.* Brezo; *Sp.* Weresk; *Russ.* Wrzos; *Pol.*
Lyng; *Dan.* Liung; *Swed.*

Buds of the mountain and moor are we,
The dear and the gleesome, the fearless and free!
Our strong stems shrink not from storm nor rain,
We shake off the tears, and laugh out again.

TWAMLEY.

SPRING is coming! already are the pale blossoms of the primrose seen spread open before the sun on shaded banks; already are the daffodils revealing the colour of their future bloom. The hoar-frost, 'tis true, lies on the ground when morning breaks; but it soon disappears before the glowing beams of light which radiate from the eastern sky. The birds are singing cheerily. How sweet their song! They too rejoice when Winter recedes. They seem to pour forth their lays with greater energy. There is a freshness in their notes which does not strike us as the year advances. How the heart bounds with delight, as the crisp ground crackles, as we pass along with winged feet! With winged feet? Yes; for though we do not run, there is a flow of life within which impels us onward! a quickening impulse which sees no weariness await-

ing us! We look around, and every object upon which the eye rests seems clad with new beauty. The colours are richer, brighter far, than at any other season. Oh! how sweet it is to converse with nature in her solitude! We may mingle with our fellow-men in the busy mart of commerce; we may seat ourselves within the crowded walls of a theatre; we may mix with the fluttering throng which flock to our towns of fashionable resort; we may join the dance in the glittering ball-room; and still we may be alone. But, if we know anything of nature, we may find the choicest company far from the society of men. Our duties may require us to mix much with the world, to have continual intercourse with the minds and characters of men. We may delight in the discharge of those duties, but, if we can now and then retire and commune with nature in her innocence; if we can now and then climb the lofty hills, and cast our eyes upon the spreading valleys below; if we can now and then penetrate the recesses of a wood, and dwell upon its grandeur—its awe-inspiring grandeur—we shall feel much of the heart-corroding influence of the world rubbed off; we shall regain much of that simplicity of character which frequent contact with the world destroys; we shall lose much of that distrust which the sordid business of the world generates in our hearts. We feel the softening influences of nature. We know their refining tendency. We would cultivate a closer intimacy with her. It is an ennobling pursuit. Here, indeed, we write of flowers, well-known flowers, the favourites of all—but we would lead on to a knowledge of the less common, yet not less beautiful, natives of our land.

Yes, Spring is coming ! and though there are thousands who cannot quit the busy scene of life in our towns, yet we would that all shared the spirit of Thomson, which prompted him to write,—

Now from the town
Buried in smoke, and sleep, and noisome damps,
Oft let me wander o'er the dewy fields,
Where freshness breathes, and dash the trembling drops
From the bent bush, as through the verdant maze
Of sweetbriar hedges I pursue my walk ;

we would that, as they read of the denuded branches of the trees putting forth their buds, they delighted, in imagination, to watch them gradually unfold their sheaths, until forest and woodland were clad in their vernal attire. We would that they could enter fully into the spirit of every writer who tells of the rich store provided by nature, in wastes and wilds, for our delectation. Spring would then bring to them more of attraction than it does now. They would rise with the lark, and, long before their daily toil commenced, would be in the fields, enjoying the freshening air of early morn. They would soon be able to say, with the poet Virgil,—

Luciferi primo cum sidere frigida rura
Carpamus, dum mane novum, dum gramina canent,
Et ros in tenera pecori gratissimus herba ;

and ere long would become practically acquainted with those beauties of nature, which they had only known from books. They would realize more vividly the descriptions of the botanist, when they regaled themselves in winter evenings with his gathered treasures. In their recollections of the Spring, they would know that

Then spring the living herbs, profusely wild,
 O'er all the deep-green earth, beyond the power
 Of botanist to number up their tribes ;
 Whether he steals along the lonely dale
 In silent search ; or through the forest, rank
 With what the dull incurious weeds account,
 Bursts his blind way ; or climbs the mountain rock,
 Fired by the nodding verdure of its brow.
 With such a liberal hand has nature flung
 Their seeds abroad, blown them about in winds,
 Innumerable mixed them with the nursing mould,
 The moistening current, and prolific rain.

THOMSON.

We began our former volume by writing of the Snowdrop, whose drooping white flowers give the first intimation of approaching Spring to those who confine their walks to groves and orchards, home meadows and pastures ; that fair flower, whose temerity, in appearing in the cold wet month of February, Mrs. Barbauld thus remarks :—

Already now the snowdrop dares appear,
 The first pale blossom of the ripening year,
 As Flora's breath by some transforming power,
 Had changed an icicle into a flower :
 Its name and hue the scentless plant retains,
 And winter lingers in its icy veins.

The snowdrop even anticipates the crocus, whose golden bloom imparts a cheering aspect to the cultivated border, where also the snowdrop,

Like pendent flakes of vegetating snow,
 The early herald of the infant year,
 Ere yet the adventurous crocus dares to blow,
 Beneath the orchard boughs its buds appear.

We shall commence this second series with the Common Ling, which, beginning to flower in the bleak

month of February, continues to bloom until June. In conjunction with the cross-leaved and fine-leaved heath, it clothes the Alpine wilds, where few other plants will grow. Together they cover these otherwise barren wastes with a vegetable robe of low, thick bushes, which, when all are flowering at the same time, assumes the appearance of a rich red purple. Then, indeed, the moors are strikingly beautiful as the eye wanders over the seemingly boundless wild. And if we confine our attention to the spot near us, we are not the less charmed. Each shrub, each branch, each flower will bear a close inspection. Mrs. C. Smith has favoured us with a poetical account of Scottish hills, and the heather which adorns them ; there, she writes, the heath

On Caledonian hills sublime
Spreads its dark mantle, where the bees delight
To seek their purest honey, flourishes
Sometimes with bell-like amethysts, and then
Paler, and shaded like the maiden's cheek
With gradual blushes ; others while as white
As rime that hangs upon the frozen spray.
Of this old Scotia's hardy mountaineers
Their rustic couches form ; and there enjoy
Sleep, which beneath his velvet canopy
Luxurious idleness implores in vain.

The Common Ling has a woody root, from which grow fibrous branches in tufts. Its woody stem is twisted repeatedly and branched irregularly. The whole shrub forms a tufted bush, rising to the height of a foot or more. The branches are round and smooth. The smooth dark-green leaves are very numerous, and are clothed with more or less down, closely appressed to their surface ; and this may be said of the entire

shrub. The leaves are sessile, and laid over one another, as roof tiles, in four rows on the younger branches. From the base of each leaf proceeds a thorny spur-like projection. The flowers are numerous, growing in a terminal, one-sided raceme. Each flower is on a short axillary footstalk, with imbricated bractea, the outer ones being green and spurred at the base, while the inner are coloured like the flower cup, and have a fringed margin. The flower cup consists of four oblong segments, which are smooth, coloured, and concave; it is longer than the corolla, and closes over it. The corolla is bell-shaped, being deeply cut into four lanceolate segments. These are smooth, and coloured like the flower cup, of a rich, deep rosy purple. This colour, however, varies from different shades of red purple to white, which is not at all uncommon. Occasionally the corolla is double, and then the flower is somewhat like a small rose. The stamens are nearly the same length as the corolla, and are furnished with short bent filaments, and oblong anthers. The anther consists of two conical cells, distinct, but united at the base, where each has a short spur; they burst lengthwise near the apex. The style is simple, of greater length than the stamens. The stigma is obtuse and four-notched. The capsule, or seed-vessel, is enclosed in the flower cup, which is persistent. The seeds are small and numerous.

Heather is found useful for many purposes. In the Highlands of Scotland it is used for beds. There the walls of huts and cottages are made of mud, bound together by the intermixture of its branches. It affords a warm and rain-repelling thatch for their roofs. Its decayed leaves and stems in time form that

light inflammable earth, which in Scotland and England is cut and dried, and sold for fuel ; well known as peat. The young tops yield a yellow dye with which Highlanders imbue their homespun yarns, woven from the wool of their own flocks ; which not unfrequently browse upon the moors, and do not care to refuse the tender shoots of this shrub. Countless insects find their support among the heath ; and birds without number feed upon their seeds. From the little bells, the busy bee collects a large store of honey, which may be distinguished from that gathered from other flowers, by its deeper colour, and the slight bitterness perceptible in its flavour.

In some parts of Scotland bees are kept as a source of considerable profit. The stock is usually placed around the dwelling of the owner ; but so soon as the mountain heath is in bloom, the hives are taken during the night and securely fixed on the flower-carpeted moors. There the bees live in the midst of a most luxuriant pasture, and incessantly pursue their industrious labours. To the busy insects this saves much time, for it is well known how they will fly away from home for miles, in search of favourite flowers, returning in the evening heavily laden with sweets, and often altogether exhausted. To the proprietor it is a great gain, the store of honey being far larger than if the bees have been compelled to remain in their accustomed locality.

Linnæus placed the Common Ling in the genus *Erica* ; but Salisbury has made it a distinct genus, which he names *Calluna*. In the Linnæan system it is in the class *Octandria*, and order *Monogynia* ; and in the Natural system it stands in the order *Ericaceæ*.

THE PASQUE-FLOWER ANEMONE.

Anemone Pulsatilla; Linn.

The stormy March is come at last,
With wind, and cloud, and changing skies ;
I hear the rushing of the blast
That through the snowy valley lies.

Ah ! passing few are they who speak,
Wild stormy month, in praise of thee ;
Yet, though thy winds are loud and bleak,
Thou art a welcome month to me.

For thou to northern lands again,
The glad and glorious sun dost bring ;
And thou hast joined the gentle train,
And wear'st the gentle name of Spring.

BRYANT.

THE month of March is truly a cold one. Few there are who love to brave the bitter east winds which prevail in this month. But the botanist must not give up his researches then if he would find some of the choicest of Flora's spring treasures. He must not confine his excursions to the shaded valley, nor pursue his investigation among sheltering trees in woods and forests ; he must fearlessly climb the mountain's side, or the bare ascent of wide and open hills, or he will pass by many flowers which he would delight to find. And not the least worthy of his notice during this month is the Pasque-flower *Anemone*, a name given to the flower by old Gerard, because it flowers about Easter. It grows in a dry chalky soil. The flower from which our drawing is taken was gathered near

the Gogmagog Hills, in the neighbourhood of Cambridge, during March, 1848, by the Rev. James Good-day, M.A. This plant is very numerous in that station. It is also found in various parts of England, in loamy pastures, but is not common. The flowers are very beautiful when blooming, and are great favourites in the flower border.

The root of this species of the Anemone is of a dark brown colour, and of a ligneous nature. All the leaves of the plant are radical, bi-pinnate, with many narrow linear acute spreading segments. They have long furrowed footstalks, which spread and form a sheath at the base; and they are all enveloped in the withered remains of the preceding year, and thickly clad with long spreading hairs. The stem, which varies from three to six inches in length, terminates in the solitary flower, which is cut into six segments, of one to two inches in length. It is of a dull violet blue colour, and its outer surface is covered with soft, silky hairs. The segments are united into a bell-shaped form, spreading from the base, and the extremity of the segments slightly recurved. It has numerous stamens. The filaments are thread-shaped, and the anthers, which consist of two cells, are oblong and yellow. The styles are slender, downy, and tapering; and the stigma small, simple, and blunt. The involucre is about an inch below the base of the flower. It consists of three pieces, which are united at the base into a short tube. The whole is much divided into narrow linear segments, an inch long, covered with spreading hairs. It bears much fruit, which is crowded.

The Pasque-flower Anemone, as we said, is rare. Would it diminish the beauty of this flower if botanists

were to cultivate it in wild places? We know that flowers taken from their native wilds, and transplanted into another place, though in the very soil from which they were gathered, will frequently flourish only for a time. But it were worth while to notice soil, climate, and how that is affected by the aspect of the station in which flowers grow; how they are exposed to winds or showers, or in what way they are particularly sheltered from influences which might injure them; and then for brother botanists and lovers of nature in her unfrequented haunts, to exchange roots and seeds, and plant or sow them. We think there is a sufficient love of natural beauty—a sufficient reverence for the natural rights of all to enjoy the beauties of those lovely flowers which nature has made to

“dwell beside our paths and homes,
Our paths of sin, our homes of sorrow,”

to prevent these artificial natives (if we may so call them) being disturbed. The purely selfish would pass them by unheeded; all others would look upon them and admire them, and then they would away, leaving them to enchant the eyes of those who should follow. From these, as well as from those which are assumed to be truly indigenous and natural inhabitants of certain localities;

“guilty man, where’er he roams,
Their innocent mirth might borrow.”

The Pasque-flower *Anemone* is in the Linnæan class *Polyandria*, and order *Trygynia*; and in the Natural system it is in the order *Ranunculaceæ*.

SOW BREAD.

Cyclamen; *Willd.* Cyclame; *Fr.* Die erdscheibe; *Ger.* Varkensbrood; *Dutch.* Ciclamine; *It.* Panporcino; *Sp.* Pao de porco; *Port.* Galteknappe; *Dan.* Svinbrød; *Swed.*

Flowers of the field! how meet ye seem
 Man's frailty to portray;
 Blooming so fair in morning's beam,
 Passing at eve away.
 Teach this, and oh! though brief your reign,
 Sweet flowers, ye shall not live in vain.

Go, form a monitory wreath
 For youth's unthinking brow;
 Go, and to busy manhood breathe
 What most he fears to know;
 Go, strew the path where age doth tread,
 And tell him of the silent dead.

MORAL OF FLOWERS.

How fantastic do we observe nature sometimes to be! Here we have a plant which seems at first to be a group of ivy leaves laid upon the ground. But we see some curious shaped flowers, at the extremity of slender stems, about three inches in length, which are slightly recurved by the weight of the flowers. The petals of this flower, too, appear to be bent quite back. What can it be? Is it thus artificially arranged by some one who would wish to surprise us into the belief that we have found a new flower? Oh, no; it is the Sow Bread. How euphonical is the name! Surely, for such a curious flower; for such a delicate flower; for a flower allied with the ivy-leaf, that well-known emblem of friendship; for as such we find it apostrophized by certain fair authoresses:—

Sacred to friendship ; we would place
 Thy name, dark ivy, on our opening page ;
 And here thy changeless leaf we trace,
 Trusting that, should our lives endure to age,
 Our love, without a change or shade,
 May meet all trials with a smile serene,
 Unaltered, as thy graceful braid
 In Summer's heat and Winter's cold is seen ;

for such a flower, we say, there must be some more pleasing name than Sow Bread. Botanists cannot have been at a loss for a name suited to its claims. Who has named it? Wildenow. He has called it *Cyclamen*, because of the many coils of its fruit-stalk. Such is the name of the genus ; and this species is called *hederæfolium*, on account of its ivy-shaped leaves.

The Sow Bread, or Cyclamen, displays its flowers early in April, in groves and shady places. It has been noticed in a wild state in Kent and Suffolk. Though it is a very humble flower, a gardener is not satisfied with the appearance of his parterres in Spring, however well furnished with the first of Flora's train, except the Cyclamen be of the number. It puts forth its tender buds with the earliest denizens of the garden.

Ere her sisters fair are waking,
 Deep in earth's dark bosom sleeping !
 Ere the chains of winter breaking
 Loose the streams their might is keeping,

she expands her delicate blossoms, which hang gracefully at the extremity of the slightly curving stems, among the shining leaves, which, of themselves, always form an ornament. The exertions of the botanist have added to our store some exotic species, and these, treated as greenhouse plants, may be so managed as to furnish us with a succession of their flowers throughout the year.

The name of Sow Bread, by which this plant is commonly known, has no doubt been appropriated to it from the fact that its tuberous roots are greedily sought for by pigs. In the north of Italy, and in the island of Sicily, wild boars feed principally on its bulbs. These bulbs are large, of a roundish form, and they shoot out fibrous branched roots. All the leaves are radical. They have long thin footstalks. They are egg-shaped, or of a roundish oblong form, somewhat angular, wavy, and notched, deeply indented at the base. The upper sides of the leaves, which are smooth, are rendered beautiful by the variegated appearance which is produced by the dark and pale shades of glaucous green. Each leaf has a mid-rib, and many smaller ones emanating from the base at various angles to the central one. These ribs are more prominent on the under surface, which is of a paler hue than the upper, and has a purple tinge. The flowers grow singly, at the end of the slender scape, which varies in thickness, being thin and wavy near the base, and rather thicker in the middle ; it reaches above the leaves after the plant blooms, and as the seed progresses towards maturity, the scape twists itself up spirally, and the seed vessel is thus lowered to the earth. The corolla is white, deepening into pink, and around the mouth of the tube it is of a reddish purple. The tube is short, and nearly bell-shaped.

The Sow Bread is placed in the Linnæan system in the class *Pentandria*, and order *Monogynia* ; and in the Natural system in the order *Primulaceæ*.

THE WILD TULIP.

Tulipa; *Linn.* La Tulipe; *Fr.* Die tulpe; *Ger.* Tulp; *Dutch.* Tulipano; *It.* Tulipan; *Sp.* Tulipa; *Port.* Lalé; *Turk.* Tiulpan; *Russ.* Tulipa; *Dan.*

Sweet nurslings of the vernal skies,
 Bath'd in soft airs and fed with dew,
 What more than magic in you lies,
 To fill the heart's fond view?
 In childhood's sports, companions gay,
 In sorrow, on life's downward way,
 How soothing! in our last decay
 Memorials prompt and true.

Relics ye are of Eden's bowers,
 As pure, as fragrant, and as fair,
 As when ye crown'd the sunshine hours
 Of happy wanderers there.
 Fall'n all beside—the world of life,
 How is it stain'd with fear and strife!
 In reason's world what storms are rife,
 What passions range and glare!

KEBLE.

FEW persons are unacquainted with the gaudy appearance of a bed of cultivated Tulips. Many know what care is required to bring them to such perfection as that which they exhibit. Many, too, know what a mania there once was for this flower. Tulipomania it was called. Since then there have been many manias. A mania for dahlias, and many other manias, not connected with flowers. Last, not least, was the railway mania. And though the development of each succeeding mania went in a different direction, there can be little doubt that they had a common origin in money-mania. Well might the poet, in his "Christian Year," which is full of holy and beautiful thoughts, speaking of "the world of life," say,—

How is it stain'd with fear and strife!
In reason's world what storms are rife,
What passions range and glare!

Mind seems to have been accelerated in its motion by the discovery of steam power. Men seem to know everything but themselves now. It is well then that they should retire from the world awhile, and look upon nature. You may easily find a show of cultivated Tulips, and gaze with wonder on their varied hues, repeating with Kleist,

Who thus, O Tulip! thy gay painted breast,
In all the colours of the sun hath drest?
Well could I call thee in thy gaudy pride
The queen of flowers; but, blooming by thy side,
Her thousand leaves that beams of love adorn,
Her throne surrounded by protecting thorn,
And smell eternal, form a juster claim,
Which gives the heaven-born rose the lofty name,
Who having slept throughout the wintry storm,
Now through the opening buds displays her smiling form;

but not so soon shall you discover the simple Tulip of our fields. It loves to grow in chalky and sandy districts; and has been found in the counties of Hereford, Middlesex, Norfolk, and Suffolk. Dr. Deakin says it is plentiful in Nottingham meadows, but he adds that the bulbs are mostly too deep in the soil to produce flowers. This seems to be the case also in the valley of the Don, between Doncaster and the romantic village of Conisbro', in the vicinity of which "the soft and gentle river Don sweeps through an amphitheatre, in which cultivation is richly blended with woodland," for Mr. Inchbald, of Storthes Hall, Huddersfield, says, in a communication made to that valuable periodical, the *Phytologist*, that "the leaves of the Tulip are

conspicuous in the grass fields, early in the spring, but by the middle of May they are nearly hidden by the herbage. The flowers are seldom met with, there, out of cultivation." We ourselves have often rambled about that neighbourhood, and certainly never saw the flower. It appears, too, to have been met with in Scotland, near Hamilton and Brechin, and at Bennie Crag, Frith of Forth.

The Field Tulip has an egg-shaped bulb, swollen on one side, and enclosed in a succession of loose, dark brown, dry membranous coats. The stem is nearly erect, only it is slightly curved at the top. It is round, smooth, and simple, leafy to about the middle, and attains to the height of twelve or eighteen inches. It has from two to four leaves, linear lanceolate; they taper towards each end, and are somewhat fleshy. The flower is solitary, and terminates the stem. The colour of the flower is a bright yellow, with a greenish tinge on the outside, the *perianth* is formed of six egg-shaped pointed pieces, bearded at the points with soft woolly hairs, as also are the margins of the three inner ones towards the base. The plant is increased from the seeds, and also from the bulbs, which put out long underground stems. These stems form a bulb at their extremity, and so at a distance from the parent plant its progeny grows up. The time of its flowering is April.

Although this flower lacks the gay and brilliant painted hues of the Garden Tulip, these are supplied by a sweet fragrance, while of the other we may say,—

Yet no delicious scent it yields,
To cheer the garden or the fields;
Vainly in gaudy colours drest,
'Tis rather gazed on than caressed.

and the scenery by which its habitat may be surrounded, will, with many, do more than make up the deficiency.

Every one has heard or read of the particulars of the mania we have already alluded to, and of the immense prices given for bulbs. Many professional florists devote themselves in these days to the special cultivation of one family of flowers, and, doubtless, they find their advantage in it. Some amateurs do the same, but he who thus limits his taste limits also his pleasures. He identifies himself so entirely with his favourites that he remains in ignorance of other branches of horticultural science. Delille has ridiculed this excessive partiality in the subjoined lines :—

N'attendez pas pourtant qu'amateur idolâtre,
 Au lieu de vous jeter (les fleurs) par touffes, par bouquets,
 J'aïlle de lits en lits, de parquets en parquets,
 De chaque fleur nouvelle attendre la naissance,
 Observer des couleurs, épier leur nuance.
 Je sais que dans Haarlem plus d'un triste amateur
 Au fond de ses jardins s'enferme avec sa fleur ;
 Pour voir sa renoncule avant l'aube s'éveille,
 D'une anémone unique adone la merveille ;
 Ou, d'un rival heureux enviant le secret,
 Achète au poids de l'or les tâches d'un œillet.
 Qu'il possède en jaloux et jouisse en avare.

The Wild Tulip is in the Linnæan system in the class *Hexandria*, and order *Monogynia* ; and in the Natural system in the order *Liliaceæ*.

THE OXLIP.

Primula elatior ; *Willd.*

EVERY day, as we wander through field and woodland, when the year begins to open, we see one and another of our favourite flowers gradually peeping forth from the cold earth. In January the snowdrop and the primrose may be blooming on the wild bank, the daffodils showing their golden-coloured petals through the transparent spatha ; and, in the middle of February, many of them will be fully blown. The primroses, clustered in knots, are then seen in countless numbers daily ; and here and there the halbert-shaped leaves of the spotted arum are emerging from the ground, and gradually unfolding their broad and frequently purple-speckled surface to the genial light. And here, along the margin of a brook whose waters are hid by the grassy fringe upon its banks, are found the cheerful celandine, its glossy golden petals glistening in the sun, in rich contrast with its deep green heart-shaped leaves. Full truly has Wordsworth written of the venturesome character of the common pilewort—

“Soon as gentle breezes bring
News of winter’s vanishing,
And the children build their bowers,
Sticking ’kerchief-plots of mould
All about with full-blown flowers,
Thick as sheep in shepherd’s fold !
With the proudest thou art there,
Mantling in the tiny square.

Often have I sighed to measure
By myself a lonely pleasure,
Sighed to think, I read a book,
Only read, perhaps, by me ;



Yet I long would overlook
Thy bright coronet and thee,
And thy arch and wily ways,
And thy store of other praise.

Blithe of heart, from week to week,
Thou dost play at hide-and-seek ;
While the patient primrose sits
Like a beggar in the cold,
Thou, a flower of wiser wits,
Slip'st into thy sheltering hold ;
Liveliest of the vernal train
When ye all are out again.

Drawn by what peculiar spell,
By what charm of sight or smell,
Does the dim-eyed curious bee,
Labouring for her waxen cells,
Fondly settle upon thee,
Prized above all buds and bells,
Opening daily at thy side,
By the season multiplied ?

Thou art not beyond the moon,
But a thing 'beneath our shoon ;'
Let the bold Discoverer thread
In his bark the Polar Sea ;
Rear who will a pyramid ;
Praise enough it is for me,
If there be but three or four,
Who will love my little flower."

And as we pass along the rustic lane at this early season our eyes are ever moving in their search. On either side are intertwined roots of trees innumerable, left bare by the crumbling sand-bank, which is teeming with vegetation. Here we see the beautifully cut leaf of the wild strawberry, in its earliest stage. The pretty violet leaf, with here and there a few flowers which intimate their presence to us by mingling their

sweet breath with the floating air, when forthwith we look for their richly-dyed petals, thinking the while of Byron's couplet—

“The sweetness of the violet's deep blue eyes,
Kiss'd by the breath of heaven, seems coloured by its skies.”

Nor is our admiration of this fragrant and simple flower affected by Sir Henry Wotton's lines, in which he reminds us how soon their attraction will be diminished by the roses of approaching summer—

Ye violets that first appear,
By your pure purple mantles known,
Like the proud virgins of the year,
As if the spring were all your own ;
What are ye when the rose is blown ?

But what have we here ? Oh ! here are the leaves of the harebell wild hyacinth, already some four inches above their sandy bed ; what an abundance of them ! Yes, and in little more than two months you shall see them beautifying the earth in every direction with their rich racemes of deep blue flowers. And now we come to the wood ; here we may search for the pretty wood anemone, whose delicate petals will soon vary the green hue of the grass-clad copse, and counteract with their cheerfulness the gloomy appearance of the dry brown withered leaves which are lying about in masses. There also we may find the pretty Oxlip, with its numerous rich yellow flowers, which are elevated on a round stalk, covered over with delicate down, and varying in length from two to eight inches. The flowers are developed at the extremity of this stalk in an umbel or round tuft. The pedicels, or small foot-stalks of the flowers, are of different lengths while

advancing to maturity, but when they have done growing they are equal. Each of these footstalks has, at its base, thin little awl-shaped scales. The flower cup is not so thickly clad with down as that of the common primrose ; the corolla is considerably less, and the dark ring around the mouth of the tube of the corolla is usually of a much deeper tinge.

Such is the Oxlip, or, as it is sometimes called, the Oxlip Primrose, because many persons think that it is a hybrid between the primrose and the cowslip. There is much doubt of its being an entirely distinct species from the former, but we think the distinguishing characteristics of it are sufficiently permanent to justify its being regarded as such. Its appearance, indeed, is extremely variable, and the main characters by which it is noted are not constant. The leaves, which are egg-shaped, wrinkled, waved, and toothed irregularly, commonly differing from those of the primrose by being contracted about the middle, are sometimes found without that contraction. The flowers, too, are met with on the same root growing singly on a scape, that is, a stem rising from the root and bearing nothing but flowers, and on others numerous in an umbel. The colours of the Oxlip vary very much in different plants, and by the skill and care of the florist many exceedingly beautiful shades have been obtained, and the plant in their hands is known by the name of the *Polyanthus*.

As we take our early walks through the woods and groves in the sweet months of April and May (not unfrequently also in March), we cannot look upon these delicate flowers, their corollas filled with the pearly dew of the morning, sparkling in the sun,

without calling to mind those truly poetical lines of Herrick :—

“ Why doe ye weep, sweet babes ? Can teares
 Speak grief in you,
 Who were but borne
 Just as the modest morne
 Teem'd her refreshing dew ?
 Alas! you have not known that shower
 That marres a flower,
 Nor felt th' unkind
 Breath of a blasting wind;
 Nor are ye worne with yeares,
 Or wrapt as we,
 Who think it strange to see
 Such pretty flowers (like to orphans young),
 To speak by teares before ye have a tongue.

Speak, whim'ring younglings, and make known
 The reason why
 Ye droop and weep.
 Is it for want of sleep,
 Or childish lullabie ?
 Or, that ye have not seen as yet,
 The violet ?
 Or brought a kisse
 From that sweetheart to this ?
 No, no, this sorrow, shown
 By your teares shed,
 Wo'd have this lecture read,
 That things of greatest, so of meanest worth,
 Conceived with grief are, and with teares brought forth.”

Skinner says that the Oxlip has its name from some likeness in the flowers to the lips of the ox, or from the grateful scent of the flowers.

The Oxlip is placed in the class *Pentandria* and order *Monogynia* in the Linnæan system, and in the order *Primulaceæ* of the Natural system.

THE SUMMER SNOW-FLAKE.

Leucojum; *Linn.* Nivéole; *Fr.* Das weisse veilchen; *Ger.* Tydeloos;
Dutch. Leucoio; *Ital., Span., and Port.* Tözek viola; *Hung.*

“Whose was the gentle voice, that, whispering sweet,
 Promised, methought, long days of bliss sincere?
 Soothing it stole on my deluded ear,
 Most like soft music, that might sometimes cheat
 Thoughts dark and drooping! 'Twas the voice of Hope:
 Of love and social scenes it seemed to speak,
 Of truth, of friendship, of affection meek;
 That, oh! poor friend, might to life's downward slope
 Lead us in peace, and bless our latest hours.
 Ah me! the prospect sadden'd as she sung;
 Loud on my startled ears the death-bell rung;
 Chill darkness wrapt the pleasurable bowers,
 Whilst horror, pointing to yon breathless clay,
 'No peace be thine,' exclaimed, 'Away, away!'"

W. L. BOWLES.

WHO is there that delights not in the changeful month of April? the month when, at one moment, the face of nature is lighted up by the bright beams of the glowing sun, and, at another, is rendered gloomy by the sudden appearance of a lowering cloud. Hark! the rain comes pattering down; but soon, having dropped down its fatness, the cloud passes away, the firmament presents one unspotted surface of ethereal blue, an invisible steamy vapour rises from the refreshed earth, and vegetation springs up with increasing vigour. We sally forth into the fields, and climb the steep heights, regardless of the ever-recurring showers for which this month is proverbial. The lofty hedges, or the spreading branches of a tree, are ample

shelter while they continue, and then we find that not more rain has fallen than just sufficient to render our rambles the more pleasing. We recognize our fair friends blooming on all sides, and greet them with a passing smile ; and ever and anon, as some delicate green attracts our eye, we stop to examine the approaching stranger, in hope that it may be the plant we are seeking for, that we may mark its locality, and so visit it from time to time, lest we lose it amid the herbage around, which may thrive more quickly. And now, among those we have noted, we find displayed in all its beauty, the Summer Snow-flake ; so called, we presume, because it blooms some three months later than the snowdrop, to which it has a close resemblance. Like the snowdrop, too, the Snow-flake springs from a bulb, oblong in form, and clothed in membranous coats of a dusky brown. Its numerous leaves, however, are three or four times longer, being from one to two feet in length. These are linear, their surface smooth, but keeled at the back. The extremity of each leaf, which is erect, of a bright green, having the base enveloped in thin membranous sheaths, is rounded. The flower stalk, or scape, is simple, two-edged, about the length of the leaves, and terminates in a membranous pointed spatha of a greenish hue, out of which hang three or more drooping flowers, each of whose slender roundish footstalks thickens upward. The perianth, the name given to the envelope that surrounds the flower, when the calyx cannot be distinguished from the corolla, consists of six equal pieces, of an ovate lanceolate form ; these are very much veined, and thickened at the extremity into a greenish point. The whole are concave, and are joined together

at the base into a very short tube, and disposed in a bell-shaped manner. The stamens are inserted in the base of the perianth, and are about half its length. The filaments are short and slender, terminated by large yellow two-celled anthers, bursting by two openings. The style is slender, in appearance like a club, pointed obliquely, and somewhat longer than the stamens.

This is the Snow-flake, so admirably depicted in our group, which, though more commonly growing wild on the continent than here, may be found, in the months of April, May, and June, in the moist meadows which lie on the banks of the Thames below Greenwich, more particularly on the Kentish shore. It has also been met with in various localities in the counties of Suffolk, Northumberland, and Westmoreland ; and also in Berkshire.

The Snow-flake is a simple flower, and blooming at a season when many more showy are in their prime, it is not surprising that poets have neglected to sing its praises ; but in its own season we are not unaccustomed to see those pure white flakes of snow which it resembles in colour, and from which it derives its name, falling from the clouds. Of such a snow-flake, an American poet, H. F. Gould, has written, in a species of imaginary dialogue between the flake and the earth, towards which it is falling ; and since it is therein connected with some of our sweetest flowers, we shall introduce it here :—

“Now, if I fall, will it be my lot
To be cast in some low and lonely spot,
To melt, and to sink unseen or forgot ?
And then will my course be ended ?’
’Twas thus a feathery Snow-flake said,
As down through the measureless space it strayed,
Or, as half by dalliance, half afraid
It seemed in mid air suspended.

'O, no,' said the Earth, 'thou shalt not lie,
Neglected and lone, on my lap to die,
Thou pure and delicate child of the sky ;
For thou wilt be safe in my keeping :
But, then, I must give thee a lovelier form ;
Thou'lt not be a part of the wintry storm,
But revive when the sunbeams are yellow and warm,
And the flowers from my bosom are peeping.

'And thou shalt have thy choice to be
Restored in the lily that decks the lea,
In the jessamine bloom, the anemone,
Or aught of thy spotless whiteness ;
To melt and be cast in a glittering bead,
With the pearls that the night scatters over the mead,
In the cup where the bee and the fire-fly feed,
Regaining thy dazzling brightness ;—

'To wake and be raised from thy transient sleep
When Viola's mild blue eye shall weep,
In a tremulous tear, or a diamond leaf,
In a drop from the unlocked fountain ;
Or, leaving the valley, the meadow, and heath,
The streamlet, the flowers, and all beneath,
To go and be wove in the silvery wreath
Encircling the brow of the mountain.

'Or, wouldst thou return to a home in the skies,
To shine in the Iris, I'll let thee arise,
And appear in the many and glorious dyes
A pencil of sunbeams is blending.
But true, fair thing, as my name is Earth,
I'll give thee a new and vernal birth,
When thou shalt recover thy primal worth,
And never regret descending !'

'Then I will drop,' said the trusting flake ;
'But bear in mind that the choice I make
Is not in the flowers nor the dew to awake,
Nor the mist that shall pass with the morning :
For, things of thyself, they expire with thee ;
But those that are lent from on high, like me,
They rise, and will live, from thy dust set free,
To the regions above returning.

'And if true to thy word, and just thou art,
Like the spirit that dwells in the holiest heart,
Unsullied by thee, thou wilt let me depart,
And return to my native heaven ;
For I would be placed in the beautiful bow,
From time to time in thy sight to glow,
So thou mayst remember the Flake of Snow
By the promise that God hath given.'"

The following anonymous address to the Summer Snow-flake will, we think, please our readers :—

How silently amongst the garden flowers
 Thou springest forth in pale and wintry guise,
 Lone visitant ! amid the roseate bowers
 Of summer beauty, where resplendent dyes,
 Bright ruby, glowing purple, feast the eyes
 With rich luxuriance, and soft odours float
 On the still air, we see thy form arise,
 A spectre of the past, and scarcely note
 Thy coming, ere we feel thou bringest change of thought.

A change of thought and feeling. Flushed with joy
 At nature's loveliness, the willing heart
 Had yielded to th' enervating employ
 Of counting earthly treasures viewed apart
 From Him who gave them ; but to us thou art
 Memento of that time, when sad and drear
 The world around us, and our patient part,
 Appointed, was to wait in hope and fear
 Till His reviving ray bade brighter things appear.

Oh ! thou has sprung up silently, whilst night
 Bathed with her dews and shrouded 'neath her veil
 The glorious things around thee, hid from sight
 Unfolded gracefully thy blossoms pale,
 In fearless innocence. Thou tell'st a tale
 Which they who run may read. Then let us learn
 The lesson, and thy voiceless preaching hail,
 That, whilst our hearts at summer's glory burn,
 With grateful joy, 'mid joy His work we may discern.

For He hath given night to nurture flowers
 In dewy silence ; nor for this alone
 Night's mission comes : amidst life's sunniest hours
 She interposes stillness ; from her throne
 A voice goes forth and bids His power be known :
 His Spirit dews then on the heart distil,
 Gently as dews on growing flowers drop down ;
 And holy thoughts are nursed, when at His will
 We commune with our hearts, and on our beds are still.

The Summer Snow-flake (*Leucojum Æstivum*) belongs to the class *Hexandria*, and order *Monogynia*, of the Linnæan classification ; and to the Natural order *Amaryllidææ*.

BUTTERWORT.

Pinguicula; *L.* Grassette; *Fr.* Das fettkraut; *Ger.* Smeerblad; *Dutch.* Pinguicola; *Ital.* Grassila; *Sp.* Grassetta; *Port.* Vibefit; *Dan.* Tetört; *Swed.*

“How shall I meet thee, summer, wont to fill
 My heart with gladness, when thy pleasant tide
 First came, and on each coomb's romantic side
 Was heard the distant cuckoo's hollow bill?
 Fresh flowers shall fringe the wild brink of the stream,
 As with the song of joyance and of hope;
 The hedgerows shall ring aloud, and on the slope
 The poplars sparkle on the transient beam;
 The shrubs and laurels which I love to tend,
 Thinking their May-tide fragrance might delight,
 With many a peaceful charm, thee, my best friend,
 Shall put forth their green shoot, and cheer the sight!
 But I shall mark their hues with sick'ning eyes,
 And weep for her who in the cold grave lies.”

W. L. BOWLES.

As in the cold month of February we see the pale blue periwinkle, and occasionally a few white ones, together with the pretty little white flower of the wild strawberry, venturously blooming in their full beauty, our minds are insensibly carried on to succeeding months, when they shall be surrounded by countless varieties of flowers, they themselves still continuing to cheer us with their simple attractions. The brink of the stream is now fringed with the deep green foliage of pilewort, and not a few of its shining yellow flowers are detected among them; but soon shall they be accompanied by the delicate silvery petals of the cuckoo-flower, and the pink cut blossoms of ragged robin; the marshy meadows shall present the appearance, in one

place, of a sheet of burnished gold, by the abundance of the marsh-marygold; in another, they shall be like a surface of polished silver, where bitter-cress is seen in large masses; and among them we may haply find the common Butterwort, or Yorkshire Sanicle, with its singularly-formed purple corolla, whose entire segments are unequal in size, the palate or mouth of the gaping flower being covered with white hairs. The spur at the base of the corolla is occasionally found of a paler hue than that of the segments. The flower grows solitarily at the extremities of the scape, which, in different plants, varies from three to nine inches in length. The leaves of the plant are all radical, obtusely egg-shaped, thick, fleshy, and glutinous. The margins of the leaves are rolled inwards, and the whole surface is covered with small erect crystalline points, which abound more especially on those plants which grow in shady situations. A variety of this curious flower has been found in Scotland with white corolla, on a piece of boggy soil within seven "miles of Dumfries, on the right hand of the Dalbeattie Road, Lochend, by Mr. Wood."

The root of the common Butterwort is perennial; the plant blooms in May and June, and is most commonly to be met with in moist heathy places and bogs, especially in the northern parts of England. Its principal localities are in the counties of Derby, Norfolk, Nottingham, Worcester, and York. In the last-named county the plant is generally known by the name of Yorkshire Sanicle, where the remarkable greasy feel of its fleshy leaves, as it is supposed, has led to its application to chapped hands as a remedy for them. The word Sanicle is an Anglicized form of the Latin

diminutive *Sanicula*, which is derived from the verb *sanare*, to heal or cure. Hence, also, the herb is called Self-heal. Dr. Deakin gives us the following information concerning this plant :—"The leaves are put into broth by the common people in Wales, and taken as a medicine. Like many other marshy plants, it has been accused of occasioning the flukes (*fasciola hepatica*) or rot in sheep ; but whether this or any other plant is the immediate cause of the disease, is very doubtful. The juice of the leaves coagulates milk, and may be used as a substitute for rennet in the manufacture of cheese. This property is well known among the poor people in the northern parts of Scotland." With respect to its being the cause of the rot in sheep, Loudon says that a flat apterous (devoid of wings) insect found adhering to stones and plants in boggy grounds, as well as in the liver and biliary ducts of sheep affected by the rot, is a more likely cause, and the more especially as no animal will feed on this plant. Linnæus says that the warm milk of the reindeer poured on the fresh leaves, and set aside for a day or two, becomes ascescent ; acquires consistence, and a certain degree of tenacity ; and neither the cream nor the whey separate : this is considered a very grateful food in Sweden and Norway.

The common Butterwort (*Pinguicula vulgaris*) belongs to the Linnæan class *Diandria*, and order *Mono-gynia*. The generic name *Pinguicula* was given it on account of the greasy character of foliage. In the Natural system it is in the order *Lentibulariæ* of Richard, which is composed of two small genera of British plants, concerning which we find the following interesting particulars in the "*Florigraphia Britannica*."

The two genera included in this order are "Pinguicula and Utricularia;" which are remarkably beautiful water or bog plants. *Pinguicula grandiflora* and *vulgaris* may be grown to a high state of perfection by cultivation, especially the former, which is the largest and most beautiful of the genera. This interesting species we have cultivated in various ways, and under circumstances which warrant us in saying, that it is by no means difficult of cultivation. It will grow, and rapidly propagate itself, if planted in a moderately shady situation, in a mixture of equal parts of loam, heath mould, and white sand; during the time of flowering, it should be freely supplied with water. If protected with a common garden-frame, the flowering season will be prolonged, and the richness of colour and beauty of the flowers greatly increased. Towards autumn the leaves and roots gradually decay, and there are formed small round leafy buds or hybernacula, about half an inch in diameter, with several small ones attached to its base: each of which being capable of forming new plants, may either be allowed to remain, or be separated in the spring for the purpose of increase. The singular change of this plant, from a tender and extremely succulent, foliaceous state, to a compact and comparatively hard leafy bud, is very remarkable, and has evidently been so designed by HIM Who made all things according to His own purpose, in order to its preservation during the cold of winter; for if a plant so delicate as this did not undergo some change in order to its preservation, or produce seed more abundantly than it usually does, the probability is that it would soon become extinct.

ROCK LYCHNIS.

Lychnis viscaria ; *Willd.*

"Meek dwellers 'mid yon terror-stricken cliffs,
 With brows so pure, and incense-breathing lips,
 Whence are ye ?

Did some white-winged messenger
 On mercy's mission, trust your timid germ
 To the cold cradle of eternal snows,
 And breathing on the callous icicles,
 Bid them with tear-drops nurse ye ?

Tree nor shrub
 Dare the drear atmosphere,—no Polar pine
 Uplifts a veteran front, yet there ye stand,
 Leaning your cheeks against the thick ribbed ice,
 And looking up with stainless eyes to Him,
 Who bids you bloom unblanched amid the realm
 Of desolation.

Man—who, by panting, toils
 O'er slippery steepes, or treads the dizzy verge
 Of yawning gulfs, down which the headlong plunge
 Is to eternity,—looks shuddering up,
 And marks ye in your placid loveliness,
 Fearless, yet frail ; and clasping his chill hands,
 Blesses your pencil'd beauty. 'Mid the pomp
 Of mountain summits rushing toward the sky,
 And chaining the rapt soul in breathless awe,
 He bows to bind ye, drooping, to his breast,
 Inhales your spirit from the frost-wing'd gale,
 And freer dreams of heaven."

THE above lines are addressed by Mrs. Sigourney to Alpine flowers, and in many respects are well adapted to the position and appearance of the Rock Lychnis. This flower is most common in North Britain, growing there on dry Alpine rocks, in the neighbourhood of Edinburgh ; near Newbury, Fifeshire ; near Airly Castle, Bridge of Earne, and Den of Balthayook, Perthshire ; and on Craig Wreidhin or Breiddin, Montgomeryshire. Its beauty has caused it to be cultivated in gardens, where it becomes quite ornamental to the flower

border. Both the red and the white varieties are, as may be supposed from their native habitat, of a hardy nature, and they may be increased easily by cuttings. There is a Russian variety, very common in the parterre, a very old favourite, called the Scarlet Lychnis (*Lychnis chalcedonica*). This is easy of cultivation, and readily propagated both by seed and cuttings. The flowers of this kind very often become double, and occasionally white varieties are obtained from seedlings.

The Rock Lychnis has a tapering root, and an erect stem, which grows to the height of about twelve inches. This is simple, leafy, somewhat angular, viscid, or glutinous and clammy, beneath the joints, and smooth. The leaves are opposite, uniting with one another at the base, and, except the margin towards the base, smooth; ciliated, that is having the margin fringed with soft woolly hairs, as the human eye-lash. They are linear lanceolate in form, with an acuminate point; they are paler on the under surface, with a very prominent mid-rib. The leaves at the root are narrower and longer than those of the stem, and somewhat tufted. The flowers grow in a panicle of numerous whorled flowers, at the extremity of the stem. Each flower grows on a short footstalk, having a pair of thin lanceolate membranous pointed bracteas, and is pink or white. The flower cup is tubular and smooth, being ten-ribbed and five-toothed. The corolla consists of five petals, the limb is spreading, either notched in a slight degree, or entire; it tapers into a slender claw, which enlarges at the top; and it is crowned at the throat with a pair of lanceolate scales. The stamens are on slender filaments, and have oblong

anthers. The styles are slender, with stigmas somewhat downy. The capsule is oblong egg-shaped, on a rather long footstalk, of one cell, opening in five valves. The seeds are numerous.

The Rock Lychnis (*L. viscaria*), or red viscid Catchfly, is in the Linnæan class *Decandria*, and order *Pentagynia*; and in the Natural order *Caryophylleæ*.

There is another species of this genus, more rare, being confined chiefly to the Clove Mountains, Scotland. This is the Red Alpine Campion, bearing flowers of a bright rose colour, having a broadish calyx, somewhat bell-shaped, perfectly smooth, and having indistinct ribs. The corolla consists of five petals, with spreading limb, deeply cleft, and tapering into a slender claw. The whole has some resemblance to the white campion (*L. dioica*), being allied to it by its cloven petals, the whole plant being entirely free from down and viscosity, and by its narrower paler green leaves. The White Campion is a very common plant in England, flowering throughout the summer months, on every bank, under every hedge, in every field, and in all waste places. It is one of those beautiful and common favourites, which must have been present to the mind of Mrs. Hemans, when she wrote those beautiful lines on "The Child's Return from the Woodlands:"—

"Hast thou been in the woods with the honey bee?
Hast thou been with the lamb in the pastures free?
With the hare through the copses and dingles wild?
With the butterfly over the heath, fair child?
Yes: the light fall of thy bounding feet
Hath not startled the wren from her mossy seat;
Yet hast thou ranged the green mossy dells,
And brought back a treasure of buds and bells.

Thou know'st not the sweetness, by antique song
 Breathed o'er the names of that flowery throng :
 The woodbine, the primrose, the violet dim,
 The lily that gleams by the fountain's brim ;
 These are old words, that have made each grove
 A dreaming haunt for romance and love ;
 Each sunny bank, where faint odours lie,
 A place for the gushings of poesy.
 Thou know'st not the light wherewith fairy lore
 Sprinkles the turf and the daisies o'er :
 Enough for thee are the dews that sleep,
 Like hidden gems, in the flower urns deep ;
 Enough the rich crimson spots that dwell
 'Midst the gold of the cowslip's perfumed cell ;
 And the scent by the blossoming sweetbriars shed,
 And the beauty that bows the wood-hyacinth's head.
 Oh ! happy child, in thy fawn-like glee !
 What is remembrance or thought to thee ?
 Fill thy bright locks with those gifts of spring,
 O'er thy green pathway their colours fling ;
 Bind them in chaplet and wild festoon—
 What if to droop and perish soon ?
 Nature hath mines of such wealth, and thou
 Never wilt prize its delights as now !
 For a day is coming to quell the tone
 That rings in thy laughter, thou joyous one,
 And to dim thy brow with a touch of care,
 Under the gloss of its clustering hair ;
 And to tame the flash of thy cloudless eyes
 Into the stillness of autumn skies ;
 And to teach thee that grief hath her heedful part,
 'Midst the hidden things of each human heart.
 Yet shall we mourn, gentle child ! for this ?
 Life hath enough of yet holier bliss !
 Such be thy portion !—the bliss to look,
 With a reverent spirit, through nature's book ;
 By fount, by forest, by river's line,
 To track the paths of a love divine,
 To read its deep meaning—to see and hear
 God in earth's garden—and not to fear ! ”

QUAKING GRASS.

Briza; *L.* Brize; *Fr.* Das zittergrass; *Ger.* Trilgras; *Dutch.*
 Briza; *Ital.* and *Sp.* Bevegraes; *Dan.* Båfvegräs; *Swed.*

“Grass of the field! The morning sun
 Shines on thy verdure fair;
 But, ere his daily course is run,
 He'll scorch thy golden hair.

In warning tone the Psalmist says,
 ‘All living flesh is grass;’
 But, ah! with ever heedless gaze,
 Mortals their emblem pass.

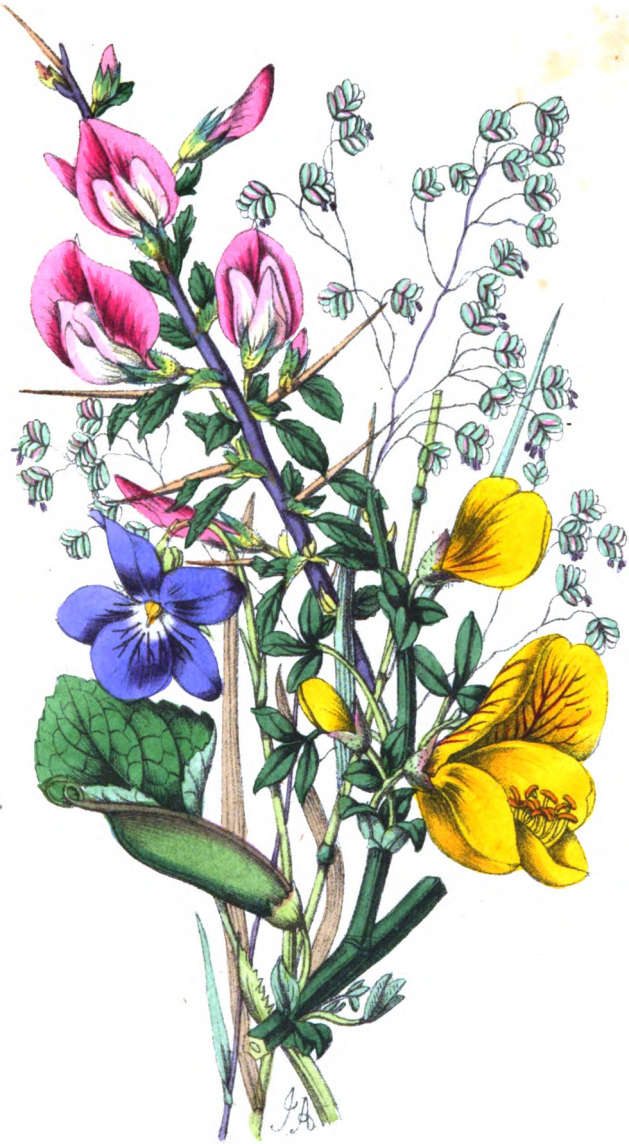
Youth, thoughtless of impending doom,
 Rejoicing in the morn,
 Forgets that evening's hour of gloom
 Must see his beauty shorn.

And even when that hour is come,
 Man turns his thoughts away,
 And sinks into his last long home,
 Forgetting he is clay.

But we will twine within our wreath
 These flow'rets of the sod—
 To tell us still of ‘change and death,’
 The message of our God.”

BOUQUET DES SOUVENIRS.

WHY, what have we here? This is but a panicle of grass! says some astonished reader, as he casts his eye over the pretty group which confronts this page. And so it is; and why is it here? Simply because it is one of our chief favourites among the frail flowers of the field. Few there may be who deem a blade of grass worthy of their notice; yet they are Nature's care, and with them she clothes the earth as with a vesture.



Frail and perishable as they are, they yet live and prosper under circumstances in which nearly every other species of vegetation fades and dies. The more their leaves are consumed, the more are their roots increased. Grass has also been chosen by the sweet Psalmist of Israel as a fit emblem of human life. "All flesh is as grass, and all the glory of man as the flower of grass. The grass withereth, and the flower thereof falleth away." How expressive the sentence! All men know and feel its truth. How well, too, may grass represent the Christian. The roots increase the more, the more the leaves are consumed. The more they are trodden on, the more freely do they multiply. So, when the Christian's outer life is most gloomy, when the comforts and the pleasures of this world fail and are withdrawn, his inner life prospers. His riches make to themselves wings and fly away, and the summer friends that flitted round the blaze of his worldly prosperity are seen no longer near, and he gets him to the source of his Christian life. His health fails, and he is laid aside out of the sight of men, and the friends who participated in his enjoyments look upon him as one dead, and forget that he lives; but he now begins to feel that his real life, his eternal life, is becoming stronger and brighter. The simile is indeed a beautiful one, but we may not dwell longer on it here.

The common Quaking Grass, with its broadly egg-shaped spikelets, is indeed one of the most beautiful of the grasses. Its numerous stems rise erectly from a single fibrous, sometimes woolly, root, to the height of from one to two feet. They are slender and smooth, and are surrounded by many leaves at the base. The leaves are short, pointed, roughish, and especially so

near the end. The inflorescence, or disposition of the flowers, is a wide-spreading, somewhat rough, but slender and repeatedly branched panicle. The spikelets are numerous, smooth, and shining. The glumes, or the parts of the floral envelopes of the grass, are egg-shaped, obtuse, concave, somewhat compressed, of a purple tinge, with a pale, narrow, membranous margin. The florets, or little flowers, are about seven in number. This grass is very common in pastures, flowering in May and June. The root is perennial.

The common Quaking Grass is by no means uniform in its appearance. Its stem has been found in some places not to exceed six nor even four inches ; while in others it has attained to the height of three feet. The loose spikelets are exceedingly graceful and elegant ; and as we look upon them, supporting their ovate spikes upon slender, silk-like stalks, we see them moving tremulously under the influence of the smallest breath of air : on this account it has received its common English name of Trembling Grass. Persons of the least possible refinement seem to admire this grass, and with it frequently associate others for the purpose of decorating their apartments. This, indeed, is always found in such decorations, for the panicles are met with of different colours, from a deep glossy purple to a light delicate yellowish green.

This grass (*Briza media*) is of the Linnæan class *Triandria*, and order *Digynia* ; and of the Natural order *Gramineæ*.

COMMON BROOM.

Spartium; *L.* Le genêt; *Fr.* Die pfrieme; *Ger.* Bezembrem;
Dutch. Spartzio; *Ital.* Retama de escobas; *Sp.* Giesteira menor;
Port. Gyel; *Dan.* Pingstblomma; *Swed.*

“Yes! nature is a splendid show,
 Where an attentive mind may hear
 Music in all the winds that blow—
 And see a silent worshipper
 In every flower, on every tree,
 In every vale, on every hill—
 Perceive a choir of melody
 In waving grass or whispering rill;
 And catch a soft but solemn sound
 Of worship from the smallest fly,
 The cricket chirping on the ground,
 The trembling leaf that hangs on high.”

BOWRING.

How well can we appreciate these lines of Dr. Bowring, as we stand looking around upon the face of nature! Casting our eyes westward, we see a valley winding along till hid from view by the intersecting lines of rising hills, clothed with richest verdure down to the meandering river, which flows in serpentine manner along the vale. The curved bed of the valley, and the now precipitous ascents of the towering heights, are ornamented with magnificent trees, here and there growing with full freedom, their spreading branches unchecked by the pruning hand of man, who too frequently destroys elegance in attempting to improve nature. Eastward, the eye beholds the gradually widening vale, and copse after copse rich in verdure, and beyond them far distant hills boldly standing out in rich relief against the cloudless sky. The sun

shines in all its splendour, lighting up this gorgeous scene with brilliant hues ; while we ourselves are sheltered from its scorching rays by the umbrageous branches of oaks and elms which overhang the pathway. Here we may rest and meditate on the lovely scene, until the setting sun sheds his rays horizontally upon the table-tops of the loftier hills, and gilds the fleecy clouds which float around his fiery car. And look you upon that steep hill side, clothed with copse-wood, interspersed with oak trees ; how rich the tints which rest upon the foliage, their beauty increased by neighbouring hills concealed in their lengthening shadow. See how slowly the river passes on ! The breath of evening is calm and peaceful. The surface of the stream is placid, and seems to flow onward to the mighty ocean sleepily and unconsciously. And hark you at the rich, deep tone of the nightingale. Surely that is a joyous note. That conveys no melancholy sound to our peaceful breast. 'Tis sweetest melody. Twilight ensues : now we hear the quick, sharp chirp of the field-cricket. That is a pleasing sound. But did you say the chirp of one ? Why, there must be hundreds ! What a merry noise they make ! Ah ! and there we see the beautiful little glow-worm ! How brightly it shines ! One would fancy it were a large oval emerald, the colour of which was lost in the sparkling light reflected from its surface. Mark the rich golden green which bounds it ! Wonderful, indeed, are the beauties of creation ! Admire we may, but understand them we cannot.

Is it surprising that, amid scenes like this, we should look with delight upon every flower we see ? Here we may find all our choice favourites, and amongst

them the Common Broom, which is a shrubby plant, growing some three or four feet high, and spreading forth its many branches, which are long and straight, tough and pliant, and clothed with a dark green bark. The leaves, growing together in threes, are scattered upon the angular stems. They are stalked, and those growing towards the extremity of the branches are generally simple, and, when young, covered with soft silky hairs. The leaflets are equal, of a round egg-shaped form, their edges being uncut. The flowers grow from the axil of the leaves either singly or in pairs, and are numerous at the tops of the branches. The flower cup consists of two obtuse lips, the upper one being entire, the lower one thrice indented, and those at the sides converging inwards. The corolla is large and handsome, of a bright golden yellow, occasionally tinged with orange; the keel, or *carina*, broad and blunt; the *vexillum*, or upper petal, large, egg-shaped, and the wings spreading. The seed pod is large, compressed, of a dark brown hue; the sides are nearly smooth, and the margins are fringed with rough hairs.

This plant, with its beautiful papilionaceous flowers, was greatly esteemed by the ancients, who regarded it as a favourite shrub with bees. Aristomachus, a Greek writer on agriculture or domestic economy, declares that wherever this plant grew bees would not forsake their hives. Pliny appears to have regarded this writer as good authority: he frequently quotes from his works, and states that he was so fond of the honey bee that he spent fifty-eight years of his life in raising swarms of them.

Modern observers confirm the statement that bees

love the flowers of the Broom. Thus the White and Yellow Broom, planted in shrubberies, not only give an added beauty to the grounds in which they stand, by the feather-like curving of their long light branches, thickly covered with flowers; but afford much booty to the bee in early spring. The White Broom may be seen literally swarming with these industrious insects, when a hive stands in the immediate neighbourhood.

Various medical properties are ascribed to the twigs and leaves of the Broom; and the unexpanded flower buds are said to be pickled by some people for use, instead of capers.

The plant is sometimes cultivated in gardens, but it seems alien to such places; it is seen to greater advantage in its native wilds. It blooms in greatest beauty during the sweet months of May and June, in

“—that delightful season when the Broom,
Full flowered and visible in every steep,
Along the copses runs in veins of gold.”

WORDSWORTH.

The Common Broom (*Spartium scoparium*) is in the Linnæan class *Diadelphia*, and order *Decandria*; and in the order *Papilionaceæ* of the Natural system. It is common on sandy hills, groves and thickets, and bushy places.

DOG'S VIOLET.

Viola canina; *W.*

"The violet in her greenwood bower,
Where birchen boughs with hazels mingle,
May boast herself the fairest flower,
In glen, or copse, or forest dingle.

Though fair her gems of azure hue,
Beneath the dew-drop's weight reclining,
I've seen an eye of lovelier blue,
More sweet through watery lustre shining.

The summer sun that dew shall dry,
Ere yet the day be past its morrow;
No longer in my false love's eye
Remained the tear of parting sorrow."

SIR W. SCOTT.

As we were strolling about in a beautiful part of Surrey, in the lovely month of May, some few years ago, we entered one of the many lanes which are there deeply cut through the precipitous hills in that locality. The lane was bounded on either side by banks rising nearly perpendicularly to the summit of the hill through which it had been driven, except where the loose sandy soil had been gradually washed away by successive torrents of rain. These had formed here and there a series of inclined planes, rising at various angles, and tending in different directions, by means of which the top of the bank might be attained. Rich as was the vegetation which clad the banks on our right and left hand, as we passed along the lane, we could not resist the temptation to mount the bank by one of these devious paths. There we hoped to discover

something that was hid from the eyes of other mortals who were content to pursue their way by the common road. True, there they could see thousands of knotted primroses, spreading their sulphur-coloured petals to cheer the eyes of every wayfarer, and inhale the rich air filled with their delicious perfume : there they could see the delicate blossoms of the wood strawberry, and not seldom meet with a violet, adding its odours to those of the primrose ; and more than these, there they could see an abundance of the wild hyacinth. But we wished to see what riches were concealed beneath the hazel boughs ; and to climb the heights, that we might survey the varied scenes which the undulations of hill and dale so well supply. As we moved upward from plane to plane, we were delighted by the richness of the spot ; and, coming suddenly upon a bed thickly clad with tufts of primroses, we were not a little pleased to see them abundantly interspersed with the deep purple flowers of the Dog's Violet. The contrast formed by the two colours was indeed beautiful : we had pictured to ourselves the effect of such a combination, in our mind's eye, but never before had we had the good fortune to see the picture realized. Often did we revisit that pleasing locality, and seldom without increased satisfaction, for there, as the season advanced, we found some of the rarer treasures of Flora's kingdom.

The Dog's Violet may at once be known by bringing the flower in close proximity with the olfactory nerves : if it yield no grateful scent, then you may be sure it is not the sweet violet. The Dog's Violet has a ligneous or woody root, with long branching fibres ; from this rise numerous stems (the sweet violet has no stem),

which spread around the root. The earliest flowers of the Dog's Violet bloom, however, without a stem, but soon these make themselves apparent lying prostrate at the base, but presently curving round, rise up nearly vertical at the extremities. The leaves are placed alternately on the stem, sometimes smooth, at other times scattered over with hairs. The under side of the leaves is of a paler hue than the upper. A rib passes from the base to the apex of the leaf, and from this on either side fine veins diverge towards the margins of the leaf. The radical leaves are kidney-shaped or broadly heart-shaped. The rest, as we advance to the extremity of the stem, become more oblong, with a broadish point, and the base is scarcely indented or heart-shaped at all. A solitary flower terminates a long angular stalk, which emerges from the axil of the leaves. The flower cup has five segments, linear, lanceolate, and acutely pointed. The corolla is commonly large, of a paler blue than the sweet violet, nearly white at the base, and marked with simple and branched lines, of a dark purple.

The Dog's Violet is frequently found and is most abundant in dry heathy places, woods and thickets, and banks covered with copsewood. Its root is perennial, and the flowers are in perfection from April to August. There are several varieties noticed by different botanists. It is in the class *Pentandria*, and order *Monogynia*, of the Linnæan system; and in the Natural order *Violaceæ*.

THE REST-HARROW.

Ononis ; *L.* Bugrane ; *Fr.* Die hauhechel ; *Ger.* Stalkruid ; *Dutch.* Ononide ; *Ital.* Detiene-buey ; *Sp.* Restaboy ; *Port.* Iglischnik ; *Russ.* Lisi ogon ; *Pol.*

“ Fair Nature ! thee, in all thy varied charms,
 Fain would I clasp for ever in my arms :
 Thine are the sweets which never, never sate,
 Thine still remain through all the storms of fate.
 Though not for me, ’twas Heaven’s divine command
 To roll in acres of paternal land,
 Yet still my lot is blest, while I enjoy
 Thine opening beauties with a lover’s eye.”

KIRKE WHITE.

THE Rest-harrow, although so very obnoxious to the farmer, that he strives to the utmost to keep his fields free from the plant, is not without considerable attractions to the lover of our wild flowers. The industry of the agriculturist has made it, however, comparatively rare. At one time it was very troublesome in arable lands, the long woody fibres of the roots offering a considerable opposing force to the onward course of the plough, as its spiny branches did to the harrow, on which account it was called by our continental neighbours *Arrêt-bœuf* ; and by ourselves Rest-harrow. Nor was it confined to our own country. Hasselquist states that it covered entire fields in Egypt and Palestine, and calls it a very thorny and pernicious plant. It is now to be found chiefly in waste places, on the unweeded borders of fields, frequently on heaths, and in barren and common pastures. We have noticed

patches of it growing on the fenny common by Brooklands, near Cambridge. It was blooming early in June, and continued in flower until late in the autumn. We one morning observed that many of the flowers were destroyed, and much of the foliage injured, by a sudden frost; and again, after a few days, the weather having become milder, we saw the plants reviving and looking quite green. The flowers, which are either seated on the branches, or grow on a very short footstalk, are of a pretty rose colour, marked with veins of a much deeper tinge. The flowers are large and handsome, solitary in the axis of the upper leaves, varying in number, and form an irregular and imperfect spike. The flower cup has five linear teeth, and is much shorter than the corolla.

The Rest-harrow is a shrubby plant, with annual stems, furnished with finely-toothed oblong egg-shaped leaves. It varies so much, according to the different soils in which the plant grows, that it has received various names, as *O. spinosa*, *O. arvensis*, and *O. repens*. The first, when removed from a dry soil to a moist and richer earth, will lose its spines and present the appearance of one of the other two. This change is the effect of its altered condition, not merely because it is better supplied with nutriment, but also because the necessity for the natural defence which the thorns afforded has ceased. In its new position, the fructification of the plant is, of course, increased, and its self-propagation more easy; and therefore it may be food for some cattle: but when in barren soil, its propagation is not so easily effected. There seems to be required some means by which it may be protected from total annihilation. So fitly and wisely is even the humblest plant

endowed with organic laws, by which it adapts itself to the various climates and soils in which it may be placed !

Nor less wisely ordered is the due succession of the seasons, and the procession of different plants and flowers following each other in their allotted course, each and all ministering to the wants of animated beings, and adorning with grace and beauty this fair world of ours :

“ The childhood of the spring and summer flowers
 Now under Heaven’s mild opening eye is seen,
 In joyful troop along the hedges green,
 Waiting expectant for the tranquil hours
 When Flora shall resume her ancient bowers,
 And call them each in their accustomed place
 In honour due her verdant reign to grace.

Pass a few weeks, and let the healthful showers
 Descend upon them, and the breezes blow,
 And they will issue forth a festive band,
 Linked with each other, or advancing slow,
 In goodliest grace and beauty o’er the land,
 All through the circling year : nor till the earth
 Be hid by snows of winter shall they cease their mirth.”

The Rest-harrow is in the Linnæan class *Diadelphica*, and order *Decandria* ; and in the Natural order *Leguminosæ*.



TYAS'S WILD FLOWER. No. 10

THE IVY-LEAVED TOAD-FLAX.

Linaria; *Toury*. *La linaire*; *Fr.* Das flackskraut; *Ger.* *Linaria*; *Ital., Sp., and Port.* Dikol len; *Russ.*

"Fair is thy level landscape, England, fair
As ever Nature formed! Away it sweeps,
A wide, a smiling prospect, gay with flowers,
And waving grass, and trees of amplest growth,
And sparkling rills, and rivers winding slow
Through all the smooth immense. Upon the eye
Arise the village and the village spire.
The clustering hamlet, and the peaceful cot
Clasped by the woodbine, and the lordly dome,
Proud peering 'mid the stately oak and elm
Leaf-loving. Sweet the frequent lapse of brook,
The poetry of groves, the voice of bells
From aged towers, and labour's manly song
From cultured fields upswelling. Sweet the hues
Of all the fertile land; and when the sun
And shower alternate empire hold, how fresh,
How gay, how all enchanting to the view,
Beheld at first, the broad champaign appears!"

CARRINGTON.

THERE was a time when, as the stage-coach rolled along at the rate of nine miles, or, as on some of the less direct roads, at the rate of six miles an hour, we might catch passing glimpses of beautiful and extensive landscapes, ever varying in detail, but yet presenting one rich harmonious whole of loveliness. That time is past; and now, as we are whirled along some twenty-five or thirty miles an hour, it is as much as we can do to notice whether a church has a tower or a spire before it is lost to view. We miss the old park palings, covered with lichens, which we were continually passing by; the aged, but yet firm, walls of stone, decorated

with ivy and ferns, and surmounted with wall-flower, and stone-crop, and hawkweed, and snap-dragon, and the whole host of wild flowers which bear witness to the permanence of our social condition, in attesting the age of the substantial erections which they adorn. We like to see a new wall, well built, clean, neat, and free from moss and lichen, which in time gain a local habitation upon it, whether it be of stone, or flint, or brick; but we prefer the rough-hewn stone-work of former generations, from the mouldering crevices of which we see vegetable beauty emerging. And not the least ornamental of these vegetable decorations is the plant whose name stands at the head of this article. It is nearly allied to the snap-dragon, of which we have elsewhere spoken. Summer and winter this elegant plant adorns every old stone wall on which it becomes a denizen. We always admire it, even when our minds are struck with the surpassing beauty of other plants, and although we are diverted by the appearance of some flower which blooms for a short time only, and then is lost to view for a year to come. We strolled the other day to a neighbouring eminence, to feast our eyes upon a widely spreading vale below, and as we returned we passed through a hazel copse just cleared of its ten years' growth. There were plenty of primroses in flower, and we soon observed a few wood anemones, but as we advanced so as to command a view of the entire copse, we were struck by the immense number which were visible of this delicately beautiful flower. We have seen meadows as thickly studded with daisies as the milky way is with stars, and to which the name, perhaps, might be with greater propriety applied; but we never saw them more

numerous than were the pale sweetly-scented flowers of the wood anemone on the cleared surface of this hazel copse. We gathered a few fine specimens and wended our way homeward, passing by an old wall where the Ivy-leaved Toad-flax grows luxuriantly, and there we could not do otherwise than stand to admire its graceful trailing stems, studded with beautiful pale purple flowers.

The root of the Ivy-leaved Toad-flax is fibrous. Its stem round and smooth, prostrate, trailing, branched, and leafy. The smooth and rather fleshy leaves are furnished with flat footstalks, and set alternately upon the stem. They are roundish and heart-shaped at the base, cut into five lobes, their upper surface being of a smooth shining dark green, while underneath they are paler, with a purple tinge. From the axilla proceed long, slender, round, spreading stalks, at the extremities of which grows the solitary flower, whose calyx has five lanceolate segments, which are shorter than the tube of the corolla, which is cylindrical, of a pale purple colour, and is furnished with a short pointed spur at the base on the lower side. The limb of the flower cup is two-lipped, the upper one consisting of two oblong blunt lobes, of a rich purple, with veins of a deeper colour, the lower lobe being bent back, and having three obtuse lobes, with yellow palate, swollen into two obtusely conical protuberances, and downy within.

This perennial plant flowers throughout the summer, —we may almost say throughout the year, in different situations. Where it is exposed to the south, and sheltered from every other aspect, it begins to bloom very early ; and where growing in a situation exposed

to the north, where the sun never falls upon it, it is very "shy" of flowering, and is not yet in flower. Its chief habitation is the sides of old houses, in the crevices of ancient walls and rocks, and it is by no means uncommon. Sometimes it forms long festoons with its many branched slender stems; and it is at all times a graceful plant, and with its innumerable singular but pretty flowers, and purple-edged leaves, the plant forms a very great ornament to artificial rock-work, as without man's aid it does to the old walls where it is mingled with mosses and lichens, as also upon ruins, where it seems to rejoice in the corroding effects of time; and while, as Wilson writes,—

"High on the rock its wild flowers shine,
In beauty bathed and joy divine;
In their dark nooks to them are given
The sunshine and the dews of heaven:"

we may yet appropriate it to the decoration of our own gardens, where its simple beauty will afford us much pleasure, whether it be merely by the ever verdant foliage, or when adorned with its masses of bloom.

GREATER STITCHWORT.

Stellaria ; *L.* *La stellaire* ; *Fr.* *Das augen trostgras* ; *Ger.* *Oogen-troostgras* ; *Dutch.* *Ojentröst* ; *Dan.* *Perer* ; *Swed.*

What simple flower is that, so delicate and fair,
Blooming alone amid the withered grass,
And 'neath the naked hedges everywhere,
As through the lanes or o'er the fields we pass ?

IN our rural rambles, towards the end of March, our attention is attracted by a white star-like flower, which presents itself on the banks beneath our hedges, among the faded blades of last year's grass. We have no beautiful roses charming us with their sweet odour and rich pink flowers ; we have no fragrant hawthorn blossom dazzling us with its white masses, here and there tinged with a roseate hue, to draw our minds from the contemplation of the humbler flowers of the field. The hedges themselves, hawthorn or hazel, are yet unclothed with verdure. The tender leaf-buds, indeed, may ever and anon be seen unfolding themselves ; but, looked upon as a whole, the living fences of our enclosed fields present nothing more than a series of broad dark lines, intersecting one another, upon the various coloured surface of the country. Nature is just awaking from her winter's sleep. The birds are singing joyously, and hark ! how sweetly that blackbird's note falls upon the enchanted ear ! There has been a warm shower ; the earth drinks in the refreshing draught ; the lofty trees, as the sun's declining rays fall upon them, throw their long shadow beyond ; and that timid bird seems to be inspired by

the combined influence of rain, and warmth, and sunshine. We have an impression that the blackbird's song is more harmonious at such times. Ah! there he is; look how easily he sits perched up there in that yew tree. But he sees us, and, startled, away he flies, chattering rapidly. Is he angry with us because we have presumed to approach his haunt so closely? or, is he alarmed, and seeks to caution his kind? Who can say? But let us return to our little flower. How delicate is its whiteness! Its petals are somewhat like the wing of a butterfly, and nearly as transparent; and how beautiful are the rich yellow anthers, which surmount the slender thread-like filaments of the stamens. It is Stitchwort, the Greater Stitchwort (*Stellaria holostea*), a perennial plant, frequently to be found in woods, and thickets, and hedgerows; sometimes a plant growing solitarily; at other times to be met with in large clusters, as we have seen it frequently this spring. It is flowering in abundance now, and has been from the commencement of this month (April). The plant has a small fibrous root, from which proceeds a slender stem, at first procumbent, and then rising erect and becoming stouter, varying in height from one to two feet. The stem, cut transversely, is shown to be nearly a square, with irregular sides, rising to an angular point on each side, and the ridge formed by two opposite angles of the square is continued up the back of the opposite leaves, which are numerous and sessile, and so arranged that every two pair form a right-angled cross: the stem is also simple, branched towards the extremity in numerous forked panicles; the angular edges being furnished with short sharp teeth. The leaves are from one to three inches long, of a glaucous

green, narrow, lanceolate, with long, slender, tapering points, with a single rib, rough, like the edges, with fine cartilaginous teeth. The flowers, a dozen or more in each stem, are large and handsome, of the purest white, on slender footstalks, two or more inches long, perfectly erect when in flower, but drooping when in fruit. The five petals, which are twice the length of the flower cup, are cut in two nearly half their length, and their surface is deeply marked with longitudinal indentations. The flower cup consists of five ovate lanceolate segments, with delicately white membranous margins, rather rough, and ribless. The styles are simple, with spreading stigmas somewhat downy. The capsules or seed-vessels are globular and smooth, opening below to the middle with six valves. The seeds are brown and kidney-shaped.

When this plant becomes located in a moist soil, it increases freely, and grows to the height of two feet or more, sustaining its long, thin stems by the tenacity of the cartilaginous teeth, with which all its projecting angles are furnished, which lay hold as it were upon neighbouring plants of more independent growth. It forms a very ornamental addition to a beautiful wild bank near us, where it is now blooming in abundance, together with daffodils, and primroses, and violets, and the strawberry-like cinquefoil, and many varieties of wild flowers now giving us their beauty ; and even the veritable wild strawberry (*Fragaria vesca*) is not wanting there. We are told that in some parts of the country it is called cuckoo-flower, because it is so conspicuous when the singular note of the mysterious bird, whence the name is derived, is first heard to wake the echoes of the hills and woods.

There are several species of the Stitchwort, among which are the Lesser Stitchwort (*S. gramineæ*), a plant of very variable habit, according to the soil and situation in which it grows. It may be distinguished from the Greater Stitchwort by the stem and leaves being smooth, by the much larger branched panicle. The leaves are all considerably shorter, much less acuminate, and the calyx is three-ribbed. This and the former are common, but there is another which is rare, yet generally admitted to be a distinct species. This is much branched, and is called Babington's Stitchwort (*S. Babingtoni*). It delights in boggy places, and flourishes on damp banks. Its chief locality is the Swampool, near the city of Lincoln. This is nearly allied to the Lesser Stitchwort. The plant is remarkable when growing, on account of the spreading panicles mixing themselves in a confused way, no leaves appearing amongst them. The stem is often not half so long as the panicle. The habit is also different; the leaves are narrower, linear, without an acuminate point; the petals are shorter; the capsule hardly larger than the calyx, often shorter; the seeds are darker in colour, more wrinkled, and the whole plant is nearly free from hairs.

The Stitchwort is in the Linnæan class *Decandria*, and order *Trigynia*; and in the Natural order *Caryophyllæ*.

THE STRAWBERRY-LEAVED CINQUEFOIL.

Potentilla fragariastrum ; *Ehrhardt*.

The winds of March are bitter, cold, and keen,
As many a weary traveller doth know,
When o'er the naked hills he feels them blow ;
Full gladly doth he hail the welcome screen
Afforded by some sheltered valley green,
With side by Flora's early treasures clad,
Primrose—violet ; both may there be had ;
And among them, with leaves of deepest green,
Serrate, obtuse, and richly veined, is seen
Strawberry-like *Comarum*, pearly white,
To cheer the heart and gratify the sight
Of those who in th' approach of spring delight.
Without thee, beauteous pearly flower, I ween,
One joy the less for mortals there had been.

THE *Potentilla* and its allies furnish some of our most elegant plants. The common creeping Cinquefoil, which we have before admired, is our greatest favourite, but the one now under notice favours us with its delicate flowers so early in the year that it has a strong claim to our regard. We found the plant, on banks sheltered from the east, blooming freely early in the month of February ; and about the end of the month, we saw it in very great abundance in every direction. The whole plant has a close resemblance to the wild strawberry, and in "English Botany" it is only distinguished from that in name ; the former being called *Fragaria vesca*—the first, on account of its rich perfume, the latter or specific name perhaps from its small size ; while this plant is named *Fragaria sterilis*, because it is unfruitful. Both the generic and the

specific names of this species of Cinquefoil have varied with different writers. Willdenow called it *Comarum fragaroides*, or Strawberry-like Comarum. Richard named it *Comaropsis*, on account of its appearance being that of the Marsh Cinquefoil; and Ehrhardt gave it the name of *Potentilla fragariastrum*. The whole plant does indeed very much resemble the wild strawberry, but a comparison of the two shows a very wide difference. The leaves of the Strawberry are radical; those of the *Fragariastrum* are both radical and growing on the stem. The leaves of the Strawberry plant are roundish, egg-shaped; while those of the Strawberry-leaved Cinquefoil are blunt, wedge-shaped, and of a much deeper green, and smaller than the former.

The *Potentilla fragariastrum* is furnished with a woody tapering root, with many fibrous branches. From this many slender thread-like stems proceed, perfectly round, and covered with long silky hairs. These are from four to six inches long, bearing generally two flowers, on short round footstalks, which are slender and hairy, as well as the unequal egg-shaped segments of the calyx. Besides these, there are several barren stems, which are procumbent, and about twelve inches in length, and furnished with leaves at intervals. The leaves are numerous, the lower radical ones being supplied with long thin footstalks, which, like the stems, are covered in profusion with long silky hairs. The leaf is divided into three roundish egg-shaped, or blunt wedge-shaped leaflets, deeply serrated, of a dark green, and scattered over the upper surface with hairs; the under side is paler and silky, with soft white hairs closely pressed; the middle leaflet is generally larger

than the other two, but the difference in size is very slight. The petals of the flower are round, heart-shaped, and about the length of the calyx.

The Strawberry-leaved Cinquefoil is frequently to be met with, and very common in some localities. It abounds in woods, dry sandy banks, and pasture lands. It is perennial, and blooms in February, March, and April. It belongs to the Linnæan class *Icosandria*, and order *Polygynia*; and to the Natural class *Rosaceæ*.

The appearance of a wild strawberry plant, with its pretty little red berries hanging around it, in the suburban lanes of a large town, has suggested the following anonymous lines. The fruit growing and ripening in so ungenial an atmosphere teaches that in every place, and under the most unfavourable circumstances, man may bring forth the acceptable fruit of obedience, if he will but faithfully walk in the path which duty sets before him :—

“ Even in this quiet lane the tainted air
Hangs like a pall suspended o’er our head,
And the crush’d ashes ’neath our loitering tread
Tell of the neighbouring mart of toil and care.
How should the wandering eye discover there
Or flower or fruit ? Yet Nature is not dead ;
Still on this spot her influence is shed ;
The red fruit ripens and the flower blooms fair.
Pluck the Wild Strawberry and let it cool
Thy parched lips, and grateful moisture give,
And with its freshness inward musing bring
Of the blest Spirit, straitened by no rule
Of time or place. What matter where we live ?
In duty’s path God bids His blessings spring.”—M. H.

PERENNIAL BLUE FLAX.

Linum; *Bauhin.* Le lin; *Fr.* Der flachs; *Ger.* Vlasch; *Dutch.* Lino; *Ital.* and *Sp.* Bad; *Heb.* Len; *Russ.* and *Pol.* Hor; *Dan.* Lin; *Swed.*

“ Who loves not spring’s voluptuous hours,
The carnival of birds and flowers?
Yet who would choose, however dear,
That spring should revel all the year?
Who loves not summer’s splendid reign,
The bridal of the earth and main?
Yet who would choose, however bright,
A dog-day noon without a night?
Who loves not autumn’s joyous round,
Where corn, and wine, and oil abound?
Yet who would choose, however gay,
A year of unreserved decay?
Who loves not winter’s awful form?
The sphere-born music of the storm?
Yet who would choose, how grand soever,
The shortest day to last for ever? ”

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

THE peculiar character of the present season forcibly reminds us of these lines of the poet Montgomery on the choice of the seasons. A month ago, spring had come upon us; and now winter, with keener features than she has before presented to us in 1848-9, is returned. Two-thirds of the days of the ever-changing month of April are fled, and a wind as keen as ever blew in the chilly month of March is careering over hill and dale, and the broad flakes of snow thickly falling are fluttering about in the gale. The earth is covered with snow several inches deep, except where trees have turned aside the wind, and then on the op-

posite side of them there is a green or darker shade, as if produced by the shining sun. Upon the sloping sides of hills, the sheltered sides of shrubs and larches are seen in deep relief. The thick foliage of fir trees sustain the light flakes of pure white, and present the appearance of snowy feathers. On other banks we see the prickly gorse, with dense masses of golden bloom ; and there, the wind having carried the snow obliquely, it has fallen on one side of the plants, and the whole resembles a mass of silver feathers studded with golden ornaments. We could well imagine ourselves to be in the month of January instead of April. But this shall pass away as quickly as it has come upon us : it is still spring, although it has for a moment assumed the aspect of winter. But look you upon that row of blackthorn, emulating the snow which lies by its side, with the whiteness of its flowers. The plum trees are blooming. The hawthorn hedges have, partially at least, put on their spring livery. The singular but beautiful spadix of the spotted arum is now become visible. The silvery cuckoo-flower, or bitter-cress, is flowering abundantly, together with the marsh marygold, in the moist meadows, through which the winding Wey slowly moves, like a thread of silver drawn through a carpet of green velvet. And even the spotted orchis shows its spike above the leaves. Warm rains and sunny days will work wonders in the vegetable world. The now diminutive leaves of the horse chesnut will assume their large broad palmate shape, and soon be adorned by the splendid spikes of flowers which belong to that noble tree. And as the spring glides away, and summer with its glowing heat approaches, we shall see numbers of our old favourites

again, and among them the beautiful blue flower of the Perennial Blue Flax. It is not, indeed, to be met with everywhere; for it prefers dry localities on sides or summits of hills. It has been found in the counties of Norfolk, Northampton, Suffolk, and Westmoreland; and we observed an abundance of it in an old chalk quarry on the Gogmagog hills, near Cambridge, where it was blooming in splendid brilliancy, with the sun shining full upon it, in one of the hottest days of summer. The plant possesses great interest, increased perhaps by its affinity to the useful common flax. It has a slender tapering root, which is somewhat branched. Several slender stems rise erectly from the same root, being slightly bent in the lower part, and much branched towards the top. The stems are round, smooth, and leafy, and attain to the height of from one foot to one foot and a half. The acute linear lines are placed alternately on the stem, having a single rib, and being of a somewhat glaucous green, especially on the lower surface. The racemose flowers grow on the branches of rather large panicles, and are of a large size, and of a somewhat pale purplish blue, with dark veins radiating from the centre. The flower cup consists of five segments; round, egg shaped, blunt, each having a narrow membranous margin, the outer ones commonly with a short blunt point, five ribbed, the lateral ones sometimes obscure. The flower itself is formed of five spreading heart-shaped petals, the notch more or less distinct, and the margin usually slightly crenated. The stamens grow on slender short awl-shaped filaments, with yellow and oblong anthers. The styles are also slender, rather longer than the stamens, with blunt stigmas.

The Perennial Blue Flax (*Linum perenne*), which belongs to the Linnæan class *Pentandria* and order *Monogynia*, and to the Natural order *Lineæ*, is easily distinguished by its blunt flower cup, its smaller leaves, and numerous stems. It is sometimes admitted into the flower border, where its large handsome flowers are rightly deemed to be very ornamental.

Though we do not profess to write of the useful plants which are thought worthy of cultivation, we may not improperly call attention to the Common Flax (*Linum usitatissimum*), which is not less ornamental than useful. It is cultivated in many parts of England, as in the Isle of Axholme, Lincolnshire; in Devonshire; and also in Ireland. In Devonshire, according to Campbell, flax was extensively grown, and Sir Thomas Tyrwhitt tried its cultivation with considerable success on Dartmoor. It is said that thousands of acres there are well adapted for its growth, but it is evident that this depends very materially on atmospheric influences. In dry summers the crops would apparently be productive, but in wet seasons the return would be considerably diminished. It is a very important plant, and its cultivation is very desirable, especially if it could be accomplished on waste lands. The stems and seeds are both used for various purposes. The former are capable of being spun into very fine threads, which are woven into fabrics of the most delicate texture; and these fabrics are applied to domestic and personal use in every way. The latter, known as linseed, are used in a great variety of ways. They are made into oil-cake for food for cattle. From them an oil is expressed of extensive utility in the arts, in manufactures, in painting, &c., &c.

Altogether, the Common Flax is one of the most useful plants which we possess.

The Common Flax has been much more generally cultivated in the British Isles than it was some years ago. The great bulk of that consumed used to be imported from France, Holland, and Belgium; and although the great utility of this vegetable production is well known, there are, perhaps, few persons who are aware of the immense quantity used in this country in the course of the year, and therefore to many the fact will be surprising that the consumption is not less than sixty-seven thousand tons annually. The yearly value, taking a low average, has been stated as between four and five million pounds sterling!

Truly, indeed, may it be said, that he deserves well of his country, "who makes two such blades of grass as this to grow, where but one grew before."



THE STORK'S-BILL, OR HERON'S-BILL.

Erodium cicutarium ; *L'Heritier*.

"May, thou month of rosy beauty,
Month, when pleasure is a duty ;
Month of maids that milk the kine,
Bosoms rich and breath divine ;
Month of bees and month of flowers,
Month of blossom-laden bowers ;
Month of little hands with daisies,
Lovers' love and poets' praises ;
O thou merry month complete,
May, thy very name is sweet !
May was maid in olden times,
And is still in Scottish rhymes ;
May's the blooming hawthorn bough,
May's the month that's laughing now."

LEIGH HUNT.

No sooner does the month of May open upon us, than we seem naturally to expect a great increase in the number of wild flowers. We are ever on the watch for some old friend, or for some flower which we know only by name ; and we are not wholly disappointed. We cannot be so unreasonable as to require that all the prettiest, all the choicest, all the rarest flowers, which are indigenous to our sea-girt island, should be collected together within the few square miles which one individual can perambulate on foot, near his own residence. We are therefore content with those we do meet with ; nay, we rejoice that they are so numerous and so beautiful. A few days ago we determined to take the shortest way to one of the loftiest hills in Surrey, which overlooks the valley of the Wey ; and

accordingly we climbed up its north-west side, which forms an inclined plane, rising at an angle of more than forty-five degrees. As we ascended, the landscape increased in beauty each time we turned and looked upon the pale green verdure of the woods below, the effect of which was varied by the deep hue of ever-green firs, and by the light yellow green of the young leaves of the oak. At every step we took we came upon a new tuft of primroses, contrasting beautifully with large deep purple dog violets (*Viola canina*), with the rich purple bells of the wild hyacinth (*Hyacinthus non-scriptus*) and ever and anon we observed a solitary purple orchis (*Orchis mascula*), sometimes two or three together. There, too, were the ground ivy (*Glechoma hederacea*), with its whorls of beautiful flowers, and the yellow weasel-snout (*Galeobdolon luteum*), or archangel. At length we reached the summit of the hill, a flat table top, being rounded in the form of a horse-shoe towards the western extremity, and considerably elongated towards the heel, or eastward. Three sides of the hill are clad with copsewood. The greater part of the surface on the top is planted with larch trees, which are yet in their infancy. Advancing towards the circular end, we obtained a commanding view of the valley, which here opens out to the south-east into an extensive tract of champaign country.

And we thought at the time of Dyer's question,—

“ Ever charming, ever new,
When will the landscape tire the view ? ”

and could have answered, “Never!” if we considered only the varied objects which lay before us, apart from

the inability of human strength to continue the survey ;
for there were—

“The fountain's fall, the river's flow,
The woody vallies warm and low ;
The windy summit wild and high,
Roughly rushing on the sky ;
The pleasant seat, and ruin'd tow'r,
The naked rock, the shady bow'r ;
The town and village, dome and farm,”

each lending to the vast prospect its own peculiar charm, while the several combinations taken in by the eye on every change of position, constituted an endless series of panoramic views.

And as we recall the scenes to mind, we may, with slight exceptions, speak of them in the words of Cowper,

“Thence with what pleasure have we just discerned
The distant plough slow moving, and beside
His labouring team, that swerved not from the track,
The sturdy swain diminished to a boy!
Here [Wey], slow winding through a level plain
Of spacious meads with cattle sprinkled o'er,
Conducts the eye along his sinuous course
Delighted. * * * *
While far beyond, and overthwart the stream,
That, as with molten glass, inlays the vale,
The sloping land recedes into the clouds,
Displaying on its varied side the grace
Of hedge-row beauties numberless, square tower,
Tall spire, from which the sound of cheerful bells
Just undulates upon the listening ear,
Groves, heaths, and smoking villages remote.”

It was while we were walking about on the summit of this hill that we observed the Heron's-bill. It was not a large flower, to be sure, but was a very pretty one. It was some three-quarters of an inch in diameter ;

of a pink colour, with a slight tinge of blue. We immediately possessed ourselves of some specimens, and found that the plant has a somewhat whitish root, long and tapering; from which proceed several stems, spreading themselves in all directions upon the surface of the ground, and though long, very little raised above the earth. These are round, with blunted angles, and are branched and swollen at the joints. The stems are furnished with pinnate leaves, alternate near the base, and opposite above; the footstalk of the leaves is channelled; the leaflets are oblong egg-shaped, sessile, generally cut to the mid-rib, and the segments dentated, blunt, or sharp. The stipules, the small scales at the base of the footstalk of the leaves, are pale, thin, and membranous; of a lanceolate egg-shape, and nearly smooth. The numerous flowers grow somewhat in the form of an umbel, on a long hairy footstalk opposite to the leaf, or grow from the axil of the leaf. The pedicels, the small footstalks of the flowers, are short and slender, and bent back when the plant is in fruit. The flower cup consists of five oblong acute pieces, with membranous margins, three or five-ribbed, and scattered over with hairs. The petals are longer than the flower cup, round, egg-shaped, and three-ribbed at the base. The stamens are ten, the filaments being alternately without the minute black anthers.

The Hemlock-leaved Stork's-bill (*Erodium cicutarium*), or Heron's-bill, is altogether a pretty plant, though the flowers are small, as most of the flowers of the wild plants of this and the allied genus, geranium, are; the long, narrow, tapering beak, which is hard and firm, is formed by the elongation of the styles, which unite around the prolonged axis. It is in the class

Monodelphia, and order *Pentandria*, of the Linnæan classification ; and in the order *Geraniaceæ* of the Natural system.

Dr. Deakin gives the following beautiful account of the means with which this genus is supplied to enable it to ensure its propagation :—"The carpels (fruit or seed cells) are five, narrow, conical, membranous, pointed at the base, one-celled, containing a single pendulous seed. The style, which becomes elongated, and forms the awn, is highly hygrometrical (or rather *hydropathical*), and as the plant matures, this, from the unequal density of its structure, curves up with an elastic force, and becomes more or less spirally twisted in its lower part. The carpels and the inner surface of the awn are more or less thickly clothed with bristles pointed upwards. From this structure of the fruit, it will be seen how admirably the progeny are provided for their future sustenance and growth. The pointed carpels, of a slender conical shape, more readily pierce the ground ; the elongated awn curved and twisting round, by changing humidity, screws it beneath the soil ; while every advanced movement that it makes, it is prevented from retracting by the up-pointed bristles which barb the carpels and inner surface of the awn. Thus its penetration of the earth (which is mostly of a dry sandy nature) is secure ; and the awn further performs the important part of attracting moisture from the atmosphere, and conducting it most faithfully to its tender charge below, until it is enabled to support itself."

WHITE MEADOW SAXIFRAGE.

Saxifraga; *L.* Saxifrage; *Fr.* Der steinbrech; *Ger.* Steenbreck;
Dutch. Sassifragia; *Ital.* Saxifragia; *Sp.* Saxifraga; *Port.* Steen-
 brek; *Dan.*

“How lovely, from the hill’s superior height,
 Spreads the wide view before my straining sight!
 O’er many a varied mile of lengthening ground,
 Even to the blue-ridg’d hills’ remotest bound,
 My ken is borne; while o’er my head serene,
 The silver moon illumes the misty scene,
 Now shining clear, now darkening in the glade,
 In all the soft variety of shade.”

KIRKE WHITE.

ONE feature of the landscape which lay before us should not be overlooked. The various churches, whose gray towers and spires were within our view, stirring up associations with the past of endless variety. Miss Landon has given utterance to thoughts called forth by these striking objects:—

“How beautiful they stand,
 Those ancient altars of our native land!
 Amid the pasture fields and dark green woods,
 Amid the mountain’s cloudy solitudes;
 By rivers broad that rush into the sea;
 By little brooks that, with a lapsing sound,
 Like playful children, run by copse and lea!
 Each in its little plot of holy ground,
 How beautiful they stand,
 Those old grey churches of our native land

Our lives are all turmoil;
 Our souls are in a weary strife and toil,
 Grasping and straining—tasking nerve and brain,
 Both day and night, for gain!
 We have grown worldly—have made gold our god—
 Have turned our hearts away from lowly things;
 We seek not now the wild flower on the sod;
 We seek not snowy-folded angels’ wings
 Amid the summer skies—
 For visions come not to polluted eyes!

Yet, blessed quiet fanes !
 Still piety, still poetry remains,
 And shall remain, whilst ever on the air
 One chapel-bell calls high and low to prayer,—
 Whilst ever green and sunny churchyards keep
 The dust of our beloved, and tears are shed
 From founts which in the human heart lie deep !
 Something in these aspiring days we need,
 To keep our spirits lowly,
 To set within our hearts sweet thoughts and holy !

And 'tis for this they stand,
 The old gray churches of our native land !
 And even in the gold-corrupted mart,
 In the great city's heart,
 They stand ; and chantry dim, and organ sound,
 And stated services of prayer and praise,
 Like to the righteous ten which were not found
 For the polluted city, shall upraise
 Meek faith and love sincere—
 Better in time of need than shield and spear ! ”

But now we descended the lofty hill we have mentioned, and noticed the pretty flowers of the White Meadow Saxifrage blooming in full beauty. They were tolerably abundant, spreading their white cups to the sun, and being elevated above the ground by their upright stems, which vary from four to sixteen inches in height. We gathered two or three, and perceived that a slight agreeable perfume was emitted from their wax-like petals. The root we found to be fibrous, with numerous bulbs, each about the size of a small pea, or coriander seed, which have acquired the specific term *granulata*, for this species of Saxifrage. The stem is simple, branched a little above the middle towards the top, in a manner somewhat corymbose ; it is round, and clothed with a hairy pubescence, and rather glutinous. The leaves, from the root and lower part of the stem, are glandular, furnished with long channelled footstalks, and covered with down ; they are kidney-shaped and notched round the margin, and

cut into blunt lobes ; on the upper surface they are green, below paler, slightly tinged with a reddish brown. The leaves of the stem are cuneate or wedge-shaped, being cut into three or five lobes, seated on the stem, or having very short footstalks. The large white flowers grow in a sort of terminal corymb, more or less branched ; these are few, occasionally only one is seen on the stem. The flower cup consists of five egg-shaped obtuse segments, spreading a little, and covered with glandular hairs. The petals are oblong, round, egg-shaped, about three times the length of the calyx, and marked with veins, and spread out, being bent back somewhat in the manner of the petals of the *convolvulus sepium*.

The White Meadow Saxifrage (*Saxifraga granulata*) prefers meadows and pastures, banks and hedges, and is usually found in a gravelly, sandy soil. It is known in some parts of the south of Scotland, but scarcely ever met with in the Highlands. It is also found in some parts of Ireland. It is a perennial plant, flowering in the months of May and June, and belongs to the Linnæan class *Decandria*, and order *Digynia* ; and to the Natural order *Saxifrageæ*.

The White Meadow Saxifrage is said to be the most common of the genus. It certainly grows in great abundance in various parts of the country, and increases very rapidly by means of the numerous granular bulbs attached to the root, and also by some which drop from the stem, and which are said to be abortive flowers. The flowers, we are told, become double when the plant is cultivated in the garden, where it is an ornamental addition to the border.

FIELD SCORPION GRASS.

Myosotis arvensis ; *W.*

'Tis May morning ! upon the ear there falls
The sweet song of nightingale, now first heard
Among the sylvan choristers. Each bird
Returning, as the approaching summer calls,
To haunts in groves by murm'ring waterfalls ;
There intertwining branches, never stirred
By foot of human being, are preferred,
Where each instinctively its nest installs.
How full of joy the harmony they raise !
In truth they must perceive the coming spring,
And know and feel sweet Nature's kindly ways ;
And so, as fleeting joy o'erflows, they sing
The lively, cheerful melody of praise,
To Him, Who made, and gives, them everything.

THE pretty strawberry-like potentilla and its companions no sooner begin to diminish in number, and finally disappear, than we are cheered by their admired successors. Of these we quickly espy the Field Scorpion Grass, which many a fair reader, no doubt, has already greeted as the Forget-me-not. Nor can we express surprise that many should so regard this pretty flower, for the evident distinctions are very trifling. The flowers of the true Forget-me-not, (*Myosotis palustris*), are indeed much larger, but then the plant grows in wet, damp situations, and therefore its succulent fleshy stems are better fed than those of the Field Scorpion Grass, which is found in dry and arid localities ; that might account for the flowers of the latter being comparatively so diminutive. Linnæus, in fact, did regard them as two varieties of one species, and designated the Field Scorpion Grass, *Myosotis*

scorpioides, *a. arvensis*; and the Forget-me-not, *Myosotis scorpioides*, *β. palustris*; distinguishing them by a name pointing out the peculiar habitat of each. But botanists have long regarded the two species as distinct, and they are now always stated to be so in scientific works.

The pretty flower which we now introduce into the number of our favourites is an annual, and is furnished with fibrous roots. From each root there commonly spring many stems, curved at the base, but soon becoming erect, and then rising to various heights, from six to three or four and twenty inches. The stems are sometimes single, others are branched, and are roundish, or have blunt angles, and are clothed with spreading hairs. The leaves vary slightly in form, those immediately from the root, ovate or spatulate, growing on a footstalk, varying in length and dilated; the upper leaves are sessile, lanceolate, narrower in the middle, and tapering to a blunt point at the extremity. The racemes generally in pairs, frequently with one or two leaves at the base; when single, there is a flower commonly somewhat distant from the rest, and occasionally from the axis of a small leaf. Upon the common stalk, especially in the upper part, the hairs are closely pressed. The flowers are very numerous, of a pale delicate blue, with a white centre; and although they are small, yet, growing as the plants generally do, in masses, they form a good contrast with the white stitchwort with its golden anthers, the effect being heightened by the bright red blossoms of *Geranium lucidum*, which is not uncommonly found growing among them.

As we write, we have our eyes fixed upon an exten-

sive bank covered with wild flowers; and as we walk up and down in front of it, we are struck with their amazing beauty when congregated in masses as they are there. In various parts of the bank are dense masses of the Greater Stitchwort (*Stellaria holostea*); and here and there quantities of the Field Scorpion Grass, profusely blooming; again, patches, some three feet long, of the beautiful Germander Speedwell (*Veronica officinalis*); and towering above them in great abundance, on stems some two or three feet high, the bright red flowers of Red Campion; and, less in size, though not less beautiful, the brilliant bloom of the Shining Crane's Bill (*Geranium lucidum*), with its blood-coloured stems, and elegantly-cut kidney-shaped leaves. Together with some others, as Herb Robert (*Geranium Robertianum*), and Wild Strawberry blossom (*Fragaria vesca*), these masses form a splendid show; the spontaneous production of nature, scarcely exceeded in effect, certainly not in elegance and simplicity, by all the gorgeous flowers which the industry and enterprise of man have collected together from different parts of the world.

The Field Scorpion Grass (*Myosotis arvensis*) is very frequently to be met with in uncultivated grounds and by the margins of arable land, nearly throughout the summer. It varies very much in size. In the sandy fields of the county of Nottingham, it is sometimes not more than three inches high, while in rich land amongst corn it has been found one and two feet high. In the sandy soil of Surrey it grows to the height of from twelve to eighteen inches. It is in the Linnæan class *Pentandria*, and order *Monandria*; and in the order *Boraginæ* in the Natural system.

Although this flower is not the same as the Forget-me-not, it may be regarded as a very good representation of it, where the true one is not to be had ; and thus remind us of parted friends who have desired a place in our memory, in thought and feeling like the following, though they be not always so expressed :—

“Go where the water glideth gently ever—
 Glideth by meadows that the greenest be ;
Go, listen to our own beloved river,
 And think of me.

Wander in forests, where the small flower layeth
 Its fairy gem beside the giant tree ;
List to the dim brook piercing, while it playeth,
 And think of me.

Watch when the sky is silver pale at even,
 And the wind grieveth in the lonely tree ;
Go out beneath the solitary heaven,
 And think of me.

And when the moon riseth, as she was dreaming,
 And treadeth with white feet the lull'd sea ;
Go, silent as a star beneath her beaming,
 And think of me.

REYNOLDS.

THE EARLY PURPLE ORCHIS.

Orchis mascula ; *W.*

"Each dry entangled copse, empurpled glows
With Orchis blooms."

As we wander about the shady copses in the month of March, admiring the beauty of early vegetation and the rich tufts of yellow primroses, which are scattered over the greensward in boundless profusion, we observe lying nearly flat on the ground a number of oval, lance-shaped leaves, radiating from a centre where at first no stem was visible. These leaves have a smooth surface, of a fine shining green above where they are fully exposed to the light, and of a somewhat paler green underneath. The upper surfaces are generally, though we have met with several exceptions, strongly marked with dark purple spots, nearly approaching to black ; sometimes quite black, and only presenting a purple appearance from the glossiness of the surface. Shortly we perceive two leafy sheaths rising from the centre, enveloping the perfectly-formed but undeveloped spike of flowers, which is of a pale greenish-white hue, gradually changing by the action of light into a reddish purple tinge. The stem rises to a height varying from ten to eighteen or twenty inches, and the lower flowers unfold themselves first, just as the flowers of the hyacinth do. While the flowers are in course of development, the stem continues to grow, and the flowers, at first close and compact, stand apart, until the whole spike becomes what is termed lax, and covering from four to seven inches of the extremity,

as in one specimen which we took up early in the season and transplanted into a similar soil ; though we have seen several in the groves with a spike nearly as long as that. The flowers are large, of a rich deep purple generally, sometimes pale pink, almost colourless ; the lip of the flower is large, cut into three lobes, somewhat downy at the base, the side lobes unequally crenated, the middle one notched, and frequently with a tooth in the angle of the notch. The flower has a blunt cylindrical spur, horizontal or ascending ; the sepals and petals are inclined together, and form a sort of hood. All the flowers on the spike become unfolded early in May, when the plant may be seen blooming very plentifully in sandy copses, groves, pastures, and meadows.

The Orchis springs from a flattish egg-shaped tuber, in which a great portion of the nutriment for the growing plant seems to have been stored up in the previous year. The stem and several thick fleshy root fibres rise from the crown of the tuber ; and from the same part, and we should suppose simultaneously, is formed the rudiment of a new tuber to take the place of that which will be exhausted by the present year's growth of the plant. The new tuber is always formed on that side of the old tuber which is opposite to that to which the preceding one was attached, and as each tuber is somewhat more than half an inch in thickness, the plant travels over that space every succeeding year in the same direction, unless it meet with some opposing obstacle which turns it aside. The new tuber is plump and fleshy, while the old one shrivels and is wrinkled, gradually perishing as the plant and new tuber attain maturity.

We have not yet had an opportunity of ascertaining their fecundity, but we should presume that these plants increase somewhat rapidly by seed. We have met with them, both as solitary specimens and also growing in masses, counting in one place nearly fifty in the space of a square yard. There is also much difference in the size of the spikes, which is evidently to be explained chiefly by the age of the plant; as we may suppose the smaller spikes to point out those plants, on which they are, to be seedlings, or at least such as have sprung from seed within two or three years before. The Orchis generally prefers a calcareous soil, but most of those we have found grow in a friable sandy loam, with which a large portion of leaf mould is mixed, the accumulation of decomposed leaves which have yearly fallen from the trees under whose shade they grow.

The Orchis, when in full bloom, is a beautiful object, and scarcely surpassed by the hyacinth. It does not, however, seem to have been so tractable in the hands of the floriculturist. Sweet says, and the experiments we have made seem to confirm his opinion, that the best time to transplant them is when they are in a growing state. They should be taken up with a ball of the earth in which they are growing, and transplanted into a shady border. Here they will flower very well indeed the first year, and will remain for a year or two, but will then in all probability disappear altogether.

There is a preparation known as salep, imported from Turkey and other parts of the Levant, which is obtained from the tubers of the genus to which this plant belongs. The roots are cleansed from dirt, the

brown cuticle or skin rubbed off, and they are then baked for a few minutes in an oven, and afterwards dried gradually by the sun, and then reduced to a powder. Its properties are very like those of arrow-root and sago. In Persia and Turkey salep is very much esteemed as food, and is thought to possess more nourishment than any other article in proportion to magnitude. It is consequently a favourite provision with pedestrians in thinly populated countries where it is desirable that the food they need should occupy as little space as possible. In Gloucestershire, we learn from Loudon's "Encyclopædia of Agriculture," that the Early Purple Orchis was very abundant, and that at one time its roots were prepared like those of the Eastern tubers, and that they furnished a salep quite equal to that imported.

The Early Purple Orchis (*O. mascula*) is in the Linnæan class *Gynandria*, and order *Monandria*; and in the Natural order *Orchideæ*.



THE EGLANTINE ROSE.

· *Rosa rubiginosa.*

Fleur chère à tous les cœurs, elle pare à la fois
Et le chaume du pauvre, et le marbre des rois ;
Elle orne tous les ans la beauté la plus sage ;
Le prix de l'innocence en est aussi l'image.

M. DE BOISJOLIN.

WE have a large number of indigenous roses, all beautiful and attractive, which are usually included in common conversation under the general title of "Wild Rose." The species, however, are readily distinguished from one another, even by an ordinary observer, when different kinds are brought into close proximity. Among them the Eglantine Rose is, perhaps, the most pleasing, being not only equal to all others in the richness of its colour, but having a foliage which at all seasons sheds a most delicious fragrance. This fragrance has been compared to that which is perceived to spring from ripe apples, which it certainly resembles, but is distinguished by greater delicacy and sweetness. This perfume is emitted by glands, which are very numerous in the organic structure of the leaves. This Rose is plentifully scattered over the empire, but is not equally common in all places. It is most frequently found in the south of England ; it has also a locality in Belfast, near Passage, and is met with about Edinburgh. It is a great favourite with all persons ; and with the cottager who is so fortunate as to have a piece of garden ground, it is so highly esteemed that he counts his limited plot as insufficiently furnished if the sweet briar be not among the number of the shrubs.

The root of the sweet briar is supplied with short suckers. The shrub grows to the height of from four to six feet, commonly being much branched, forming a close, compact bush, the bark of the stems and branches being of a bright green. They are furnished with numerous strong prickles, compressed, swollen at the base, and unequal, the large ones are much hooked, the smaller prickles not so much so, and with these are frequently mixed bristle-shaped prickles. The leaves have a common footstalk, and with it are clad with short glandular pubescence, and have a few slight prickles. There are five to seven leaflets, egg-shaped, or roundish-egg-shaped, occasionally narrower, with an acute point, of a light but pale green, the margin being doubly serrated, and clothed with short pubescence, particularly on the margin and under side. The flowers grow from one to three together, and are concave. Their petals are round-heart-shaped, and of a deep pink, and the disk is thickened. They are blooming in their freshest beauty in the south of England about the middle of June, and continue throughout July, and perhaps later.

The Rose, we know, has ever been one of the chief favourites of the poets. From the earliest ages until the present, poets of every land and of every tongue have sung of the beauties of the Rose. We shall confine our extracts from these writings to comparatively modern times. John Cunningham, who wrote about a century ago, declares that all others were unheeded by him.

Yes, every flower that blows,
I passed unheeded by,
Till this enchanting rose,
Hath fix'd my wandering eye ;

It scented every breeze,
That wanton'd o'er the stream,
Or trembled through the trees,
To meet the morning beam.

Walter Savage Landor, one would suppose, deemed the sweet briar to have been neglected by his brother poets.

My briar, that smelledst sweet,
When gentle spring's first heat
Ran through thy quiet veins ;
Thou that couldst injure none,
But would'st be left alone,
Alone thou leavest me, and nought of thine remains.

What, hath no poet's lyre
O'er thee, sweet-breathing briar,
Hung fondly ill or well ?
And yet methinks with thee,
A poet's sympathy,
Whether in weal or woe, in life or death, might dwell.

Hard usage both must bear ;
Few hands your youth will rear,
Few bosoms cherish you ;
Your tender prime must bleed
Ere you are sweet, but freed
From life, you then are prized ; thus prized are poets too.

And thus complaining of the poet's neglect of the sweet briar, he makes the briar read a lesson to the world, which neglects the living poet, permitting him, as it once was, to drag out his mortal existence in penury and want. But when dead, his merits are forthwith blazed abroad, and all the world wonders how it is that a man of such powers should be so comparatively unknown, and so entirely neglected.

Brainard, an American poet, celebrates the praises of the Eglantine Rose in the following lines:—

Our sweet autumnal western-scented wind
Robs of its odours none so sweet a flower,
In all the blooming waste it left behind,
As that the sweet briar yields it ; and the shower
Meets not a Rose that buds in beauty's bower
One half so lovely ; yet it grows along
The poor girl's pathway, by the poor man's door.
Such are the simple folks it dwells among ;
And humble as the bud, so humble be the song.

I love it, for it takes its untouched stand
Not in the vase that sculptors decorate ;
Its sweetness all is of my native land ;
And e'en its fragrant leaf has not its mate
Among the perfumes which the rich and great
Bring from the odours of the spicy East.
You love your flowers and plants, and will you hate
The little four-leaved rose that I love best,
That freshest will awake, and sweetest go to rest ?

When we wrote a month ago, the nightingale was continually warbling forth her richest notes. Oh ! how full and sweet they are when heard in the stillness of the evening. At all times cheering, they become more so when the rest of the feathered choristers have ceased their lay. Now and then, perhaps, we hear the night-jar's harsh note interrupting the melody, which seems to give us another reason for disliking the bird, besides those fabulous stories which detract from his fair fame. But now the nightingale's song has ceased too, or rather it has lost its richness ; and we must wait till another spring ere we are favoured again with his liquid note. Yet he hovers about his favourite Rose trees, and though there are many more beautiful birds,

we like to see him hop from twig to twig, and think of the pleasure we have enjoyed in listening to his lay. The Rose is his favourite flower here, as in all lands :

Though rich the spot
With every flower this earth has got,
What is it to the nightingale
If there his darling Rose is not ?

LALLA ROOKH.

Byron speaks of the nightingale's attachment to the Rose, in the " Giaour."

How welcome is each gentle air
That wakes and wafts the odours there !
For there—the Rose, o'er crag and vale,
Sultana of the nightingale ;
The maid for whom his melody,
His thousand songs are heard on high,
Blooms blushing to her lover's tale :
His queen, the garden's queen, his Rose,
Unbent by winds, unchilled by snows,
Far from the winters of the west,
By every breeze and season blest,
Returns the sweets by nature given,
In softest incense back to heaven ;
And grateful yields that smiling sky,
Her fairest hue, and fragrant sigh.

True, we have not so many Rose trees as there are growing in Eastern countries, so that we see the nightingale upon all kinds of trees. No doubt in the Rose gardens of Oriental lands he especially delights. We have the same idea of his preference of the Rose in the account of the origin of the Red Rose.

Sweeter than the myrtle wreath,
Of love and joy my blossoms breathe ;
'Twas from Love I borrowed, too,
My sweet perfume, my purple hue ;

His fragrant breath my buds exhale,
My bloom.—Ah! lady, list my tale.

I was the summer's fairest pride,
The nightingale's betrothed bride;
In Shiraz' bowers I sprang to birth
When Love first lighted on the earth,
And then my pure inodorous blossom,

Blooming on its thorny tree,
Was snowy as his mother's bosom,
Rising from the emerald sea.
Young Love rambling through the wood,
Found me in my solitude,

Bright with dew, and freshly blown,
And trembling to the zephyr's sighs;

But as he stooped to gaze upon
The living gem, with raptured eyes,

It chanced a bee was busy there,
Searching for its fragrant fare;

And Cupid stooping, too, to sip,
The angry insect stung his lip,

As gushing from the ambrosial cell
One bright drop on my bosom fell!

Weeping, to his mother, he

Told the tale of treachery;

And she her vengeful boy to please,

Strung his bow with captive bees;

But placed upon my slender stem

The poisoned sting she plucked from them;

And none, since that eventful morn,

Have found the flower without a thorn.

LEGEND OF THE ROSE.

THE YELLOW WATER IRIS.

Iris; *L.* L'iris; *Fr.* Disiris; *Ger.* Iris; *Dut.* and *Sp.* Iride; *Ital.*

BEAUTY is ever found where nature reigns. We do not, it is true, find the paths we tread in search of hidden treasures to be always pleasant and agreeable. When we draw near to some peacefully-flowing stream, and behold the banks teeming with vegetation, our eyes indeed are delighted, but as we venture into the mass of giant herbage, other senses than that of sight are called into action. We look with longing eyes upon the shining flowers of the Yellow Iris, and would fain reach the stem, and bear away its golden crown in triumph. We descend the bank shelving downward to the stream, at first advancing boldly, but presently we feel the earth on which we tread to be not quite *terra firma*. It yields to the pressure of our feet, like dry, boggy ground. Anon the porous substance in which our feet are encased admits the intimation of a diminished temperature. Our ears are sensible of the oozing forth of air and water from the spongy spots on which we tread. We are now obliged to use our eyes as well as feet, to walk in comfort. We have no desire to have the muddy fluid rising up and overflowing our feet. We therefore strive to get as much of the thick sedge and weeds as possible under each foot ere we advance. And before we withdraw our hinder foot from its resting-place, we cautiously endeavour to ascertain the sufficiency of the new station to bear our weight, without danger of suffering the inconvenience above referred to. And care is required, too,

for here, where moisture is provided *ad libitum* to succulent fleshy stems of considerable substance, Sol exerts his vivifying influence with wonderful effect. The various plants grow freely and tall, so that dwarf-like people may soon be hid below their spear-pointed extremities ; especially if some unsubstantial mound, which bore the previous trial, should give way when our entire weight is brought to bear upon it, and the more so should the centre of gravity be in the wrong position. Full many a time have we essayed to gain the desired object, and at last have been compelled to retire without success ; as though Flora had surrounded some of her most magnificent productions by watery dragons, to defend them from the profane hands of those who treat her beauties with disdain. But often we have succeeded, and then how proudly have we carried off this queen of the boggy realms ; or, if not the queen, we might fancy it the sceptre of a queen, with a round smooth stem of emerald green, some three or four feet long, mounted with a golden flower, to typify the dominions over which she rules supreme. And there around it are sword-shaped leaves, ribbed, of a glaucous hue ; held erect by invisible knights, her royal guard. Here, if anywhere, may imagination indulge its humour without restraint, for nature loves freedom. Yes, indeed, she does love freedom and liberty, but unlike that which men call liberty ; for theirs inflicts injury on others, while her freedom, her liberty, confers beauty, elegance, and grace, and with them augmented pleasure to every being capable of enjoying it.

The flowers of the Yellow Iris are large and handsome, of a bright lemon colour, marked with purple

lines, the outer segments of the perianth being much the largest, broad, rounded, bent back, the inner small, narrow-pointed, erect, smaller than the swollen petal-like stigmas, which are cut or fringed, and arched over the anthers. The seeds are numerous, round, or angular.

The scientific botanical books give July as the month of flowering; we found it this year in full bloom on the 7th of June; and we should say that it usually begins to bloom about that time in this locality.

This flower graces the royal arms of France; it is called Iris from the various colours of which the flower is found. How apt an emblem of the volatile character of the French is their *oriflamme*. The Abbé la Pluche gives the following account of the adoption of this flower into the royal standard. "In the time of the second crusade (circa 1150), Louis the Seventh, having distinguished himself therein, according to the usage of the times, assumed a particular blazon, and caused this figure to be emblazoned on his coat of arms. The common people contracted the name of Louis into Luce, and this by corruption, in process of time, came to be applied to the Iris, thence called Flower-de-Luce."

"The fleur-de-lys, which boasts of royal arms
And splendid mien."

Another French writer says that the early kings of France carried a shield semé of fleur-de-lis, and that the number was reduced to three under Charles V.

An anonymous writer has drawn an important moral lesson from the Yellow Water Iris, suggested to him by its placid quietude at the brink of the flowing river.

It is addressed to the flower, and then reflected upon the writer.

"How oft have I view'd thee, all glorious and bright,
In the pride of thy birth-place, thou vision of light ;
Like an angel of gladness, in mercy designed,
As a token and herald of love to mankind !

There, too, where the floods of the desert resound,
Thou reignest unmoved by the tumult around ;
And the eye may repose on thy soft smiling beams ;
And the fancy may hail thee the nymph of the streams.

Oh ! thus when the moments of sorrow are nigh,
When the stern voice of nature shall call us to die ;
At that thrilling hour, when, in anguish and pain,
Our spirits return to life's pleasures in vain ;

May Peace, with her soft silvery pinions be there,
To chase from our bosoms the phantom Despair ;
May Hope, gentle Hope, with her sweetness illumine
The darkness that shadows the depths of the tomb."

What flowers was Shelley thinking of when he wrote the following ? Surely none other than the Yellow Iris ; for, as they hang drooping over the surface of the pellucid stream, their image is most faithfully reflected, as in a mirror :—

Where the embowering trees recede and leave
A little space of green expanse, the cove
Is closed by meeting banks, whose yellow flowers
For ever gaze on their own drooping eyes
Reflected on the crystal calm.

The Yellow Water Iris, or Corn Flag (*Iris Pseud-acorus*), is of the Linnæan class *Triandria*, and order *Monogynia* ; and of the Natural order *Irideæ*.

THE OX-EYE DAISY.

Chrysanthemum; *W.* *Chrysantème*; *Fr.* Goldblume; *Ger.*
Crisantero; *Ital.*

How fair among the waving grass appear
The snowy florets of thy pretty ray;
Thy golden disk, now shining bright and clear,
Meets with glad eye the splendid orb of day.
Thy little namesake blooming by thy side
Unseen by us, now seems in thee to live,
And yet we would not thou shouldst always hide
That flower we prize, though thou a larger give.

OUR favourite little Dog-daisy we may find in various places very nearly all the year round. There are, however, many meadows, where we see them in the first bright days of the year, and quickly lose sight of them again. Their humble growth is soon concealed by the different grasses which thrive so rapidly under the combined influence of the spring rains and the vernal sun. There they are, amid the innumerable genera which form one of the principal articles of food for our cattle during winter, but no longer visible. In many places their cheerful appearance is supplied by the pretty flower which forms the subject of this article, the great white Ox-eye Daisy, or Fever-few. This flower, blooming throughout the months of June and July, is quite an attractive feature in some of our rural districts. We have noticed it in the neighbourhood of Cherry Hinton, Cambridgeshire, growing as plentifully as the common Daisy does everywhere. We have seen it this year very abundant, not only in meadows and pastures, by hedgerows and roadsides, but on the

top of high walls, in large clusters, with stems from eighteen to twenty-four inches in length. When uprooted, we find a somewhat ligneous root, furnished with numerous long branched fibres. The stem rises nearly erect, sometimes simple, occasionally branched upwards. It is angular, furrowed, with compressed hairs dispersed over its surface. The leaves are numerous and smooth, or nearly so; the root leaves round, egg-shaped; the upper leaves oblong, blunt, sessile, and clasping the stem, notched above, and cut in a pinnatifid manner at the base; the intermediate leaves are oblong, round, egg-shaped, notched deeply, and growing on long, slender footstalks. The flower is solitary, terminal, and large. The florets are very numerous, those of the ray having an oblong white spreading lip, entire, or toothed at the end; and those of the disk are yellow, tubular, and the limb five-cleft. The plant is perennial; frequent in dry pastures, meadows, and waste places. It has been used medicinally, but its qualities are so unimportant, that it has long been neglected by practitioners.

The Great White Ox-eye Daisy (*Chrysanthemum Leucanthemum*) belongs to the same genus as those beautiful flowers which grace our gardens and green-houses in the autumn, and which are known as chrysanthemums. It may be regarded as the native type of those Chinese beauties which, by the skill of the florist, have been made to surpass their kindred in their native country. The varieties are almost endless, and all worthy of our greatest admiration, extending, as they do, the dominion of Flora far into the winter months, and cheering the dark and gloomy days of November and December with their gay colours. The

genus is of the Linnæan class *Syngenesia*, and order *Superflua*; and of the Natural order *Compositæ*.

The chrysanthemum and many other exotic flowers now continue to bloom for so long a period in the autumnal months, that he who would write "to a friend in autumn," as Barry Cornwall has done in the following lines, had need say something of the floral charms of October and November to render it complete :—

Friend ! the year is overgrown :
Summer like a bird hath flown,
Leaving nothing (fruits nor flowers)
Save remembrance of sweet hours ;
And a fierce and froward season,
Blowing hard for some rough reason,
Rusheth from a land unknown.

Where is laughing May, who leapt
From the ground when April wept ?
Where is rose-encumbered June ?
July, with her lazy noon ?
August, with her crown of corn ?
And the fresh September morn ?
Will they come back to us—soon ?—soon ?

Never ! Time is overgrown !
All that e'er was good is flown !
All things that were good and gay
(Dance, songs, smiles) have flown away ;
And we now must sing together
Strains more sad than Autumn weather ;
And dance upon a stormy ground,
Whilst the wild winds pipe around
A dark and unforgotten measure,
Graver than the ghost of pleasure ;
Till at last, at Winter's call,
We die, and are forgot by all !

THE CLUSTERED BELL-FLOWER.

Campanula glomerata ; *W.*

It was on one of those magnificent days in August, when the sun glows with intense heat, ripening the golden corn ready for the reaper's hand, that we set out to perambulate some extensive chalk hills. Our object was mainly to breathe the free air on the lofty heights, for we were well aware that the heat, though scorching in the vale, would be greatly moderated when we began to mount the acclivities of the rising ground. And so it proved ; we no sooner got free of houses and plantations of crowded trees, than we found a delicious air fanning our heated brows, and producing quite an enchanting atmosphere. It was too hot to walk at a rapid pace, so we began to gaze around, stopping continually to admire this or that prospect ; to examine one flower and then another, however insignificant it might be ; we could cast our eyes around us for a considerable distance, our view being uninterrupted by hills or trees, except at very remote points ; we could see wave after wave of the highly rarified atmosphere, rising from and passing over the surface of the hills, and we were charmed with the delectable feeling produced by all that we met with ; and not the least interesting attraction that we found was a solitary specimen of the Clustered Bell-flower, growing on the borders of a grass field, beneath the shade of a dwarf hawthorn hedge. It was indeed a treasure, valued the more because we had not met with one before.

We found the root to consist of strong woody fibres.

The stem was erect, but not more than six or seven inches long, though it sometimes grows to the height of twenty inches. It is angular, simple, sometimes but rarely branched, and of a slightly purple tinge, and clothed with hairs. The leaves of this species of Bell-flower are alternate; those which spring from the root are on long footstalks, of various shapes, commonly oblong, lance-shaped, heart-shaped at the base; the upper leaves are chiefly sessile, on short footstalks, partly clasping the stem at the base, of a paler hue beneath, and more hairy than on the upper surface, the margins finely notched; the upper leaves are occasionally entire. The hairiness of the leaves is very variable, the upper side being frequently nearly smooth, as also the under side. The flowers grow in a terminal spike, with axillary clusters of sessile flowers from the bottom of the upper leaves. These are large, erect, of a rich violet blue colour, each having at its base a *bractea* of greater or less size, broadly egg-shaped and acute. The calyx consists of five narrow lance-shaped segments, erect and downy. The corolla is large, erect, with fine acute segments, quite smooth, or with simple pale hairs, larger and sometimes more numerous on the inside than on the outside.

The Clustered Bell-flower delights in dry pastures, particularly on a chalky or clayey soil, and is said to be not unfrequent in England.

There are no less than six varieties of this beautiful wild flower noticed; all very pretty, and entitled to be introduced, as some have been, into the cultivated parterre, where they often lose considerably in depth of colour, occasionally becoming white, and their foliage

larger and more luxuriant. The Rev. J. H. Henslow, Professor of Botany in the University of Cambridge, has noticed the petals change, in some instances, to a bunch of leaves.

Dr. Deakin says that few, if any, of our native plants vary so greatly as this. Of the varieties he thinks that *C. lancifolia* is most like a distinct species, the leaves being all truly lanceolate, the margins waved, irregularly crenated, a fine green above, and scarcely hairy, beneath pale and much more hairy, the flowers small, stigma three-cleft, the lower leaves having long winged footstalks, the upper a broad one, but not embracing the stem.

This Bell-flower (*Campanula glomerata*) is perennial, and blooms in July and August, in some places in June; it belongs to the Linnæan class *Pentandria*, and order *Monogynia*, and to the order *Campanulacæ* in the Natural system.



LARGE FLOWERED ST. JOHN'S WORT.

Hypericum ; *Lin.* Le millepertuis ; *Fr.* Das Johannis Kraut ; *Ger.* St. Jans Kruid ; *Dutch.* Pilatro ; *Ital.* Carazoncilla ; *Sp.* Mel-furada ; *Port.* Swerboi ; *Russ.*

"Hypericum, all bloom, so thick a swarm
Of flowers, like flies, clothing her slender rods,
That scarce a leaf appears."

COWPER.

SPRING has passed away and the splendid summer has arrived. The sun now rides through the heavens diffusing his glowing heat, and lighting up all nature with joy and gladness. The beautiful flowers of May have disappeared, and the banks which they decorated are covered with tall herbage, beautifully green where the retired leaves are kept cool by the overarching hedges, but brown and discoloured with dust in the open road, except where a shower of rain has washed it away. Now is the time when one delights to recline beneath the shade of the wide-spreading beech tree, whose closely ramified branches, compactly clothed with stiff opaque leaves, furnish a most efficient screen from the intense heat of the noon-day sun ; and there we apply to ourselves those lines of Gray :—

There, at the foot of yonder nodding beech,
That wreaths its old fantastic roots so high,
His listless length at noontide would he stretch,
And pore upon the brook that bubbles by.

Or we may fancy ourselves looking upon a cool and shaded lake, whose surface is covered with the round heart-shaped leaves of the yellow water lily. At the

further extremity is a cascade, whose silvery waters roll from one shelving terrace of moss-clad blocks of stone to another ; and as the sunbeams fall upon them through the umbrageous trees above, they glitter with snowy whiteness ; and as they fall upon each succeeding terrace, the fluid particles rebound in foaming spray, sparkling with pearly hue, and producing a gentle murmuring sound, which falls upon our ears with a grateful influence. Some such scene have we beheld ; but neither pen nor pencil can convey, to the mind or to the eye, aught that could fitly realize its beauties. There, however, Nature is seen in all her loveliness.

O, Nature! holy, meek, and mild,
Thou dweller on the mountain wild ;
Thou haunter of the lonesome wood ;
Thou wanderer by the secret flood ;
Thou lover of the daisied sod,
Where Spring's white foot hath lately trod ;
Finder of flowers fresh-spring and new,
Where sunshine comes to seek the dew ;
Twinner of bowers for lovers meet ;
Smoother of sods for poets' feet.
Thrice-sainted matron! in whose face
Who looks in love will light on grace ;
Fair worshipping'd goddess! one who gives
Her love to him who wisely lives ;—
O! take my hand, and place me on
The daisied footstool of thy throne ;
And pass before my darkened sight
Thy hand, which lets in charmed light ;
And touch my soul, and let me see
The ways of God, fair dame, in thee.

Or lead me forth o'er dales and meads,
Even as her child the mother leads ;
Where corn, yet milk in its green ears,
The dew upon its shot blade bears ;

Where blooming clover grows, and where
She licks her scented foot, the hare ;
Where twin-nuts cluster thick, and springs
The thistle with ten thousand stings ;
Untrodden flowers and unpruned trees,
Gladdened with songs of birds and bees ;
The ring where last the fairies danced—
The place where dank Will latest glanced—
The tower round which the magic shell
Of minstrel threw its lasting spell—
The stream, that steals its way along
To glory, consecrate by song :
And, while we saunter, let thy speech
God's glory and His goodness preach.

Or, when the sun sinks, and the bright
Round moon sheds down her lustrous light ;
When larks leave song, and men leave toiling,
And hearths burn clear, and maids are smiling ;
When hoary hinds, with rustic saws,
Lay down to youth thy golden laws ;
And beauty is her wet cheek laying
To her sweet child, and silent praying ;
With thee in hallow'd mood I'll go,
Through scenes of gladness or of woe ;
Thy looks inspired, thy chastened speech,
Me more than man hath taught, shall teach ;
And much that's gross, and more that's vain,
As chaff from corn, shall leave my strain.

I feel thy presence and thy power,
As feels the rain yon parched flower ;
It lifts its head, spreads forth its bloom,
Smiles to the sky, and sheds perfume,
A child of woe, sprung from the clod,
Through thee seeks to ascend to God.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

And in our pathway to or from the scene we have before referred to, we have frequently observed the beautiful flowers of the large flowered St. John's

Wort, freely growing upon the shady banks which there abound. There is the tall and massy pine, the aged oak with ivy covered o'er, the elm untrimmed of its lower branches ; and beneath their shade these large and handsome flowers are found, from the beginning of July to near the end of September. But of this you may be sure, that it is a doubtful native of happy England. No flower of more than ordinary beauty is observed to be growing in wild and uncultivated spots, but forthwith the botanist assumes that it had not always a local habitation and a name in British fields. Hence this beautiful flower, because it is commonly cultivated, is supposed to have escaped from gardens, and naturalized itself in groves and plantations. But the mystery is, Whence did this flower come? Where was it first found? Who first introduced it into the garden? And how did it travel from the garden to the grove, remote from human habitations? Loudon gives Ireland as the land of its nativity ; others say that it is found at Largs, and Bulmacarra, Scotland ; and in the neighbourhood of Cork, in Ireland. But all concur in this, "it is a doubtful native." The name, too, is of doubtful meaning, though of Greek origin, and evidently first applied to some plant allied to the ericas, or heaths.

The root of this perennial plant is formed of under-ground creeping stems, from which spring erect, shrubby stems, growing to the height of about eighteen inches. These are square and smooth, branched and leafy. The leaves are of a thick leathery texture, opposite, persistent, of an oblong egg-shaped form, two inches long, paler on the under than on the upper surface, and nearly seated on the

stem. The flower grows at the extremity of each stem or branch, and is of a bright yellow colour, and from two to three inches in diameter. The flower-cup consists of five unequal egg-shaped spreading pieces, quite smooth. The flower is formed of five oblong egg-shaped petals, entire generally, but occasionally cut into lobes. The stamens grow in five sets. The filaments are long, slender, unequal, and have small reddish anthers, which seem to have suggested the fanciful notion of the following couplet :—

“Hypericum was there, the herb of war,—

Pierced through with wounds, and seamed with many a scar.”

The large flowered St. John's Wort (*Hypericum calycinum*) is of the Linnæan class *Polyadelphia*, and order *Polyandria* ; and of the Natural order *Hypericinææ*.

SUCCORY.

Cichorium; *Linn.* La chicorée; *Fr.* Die cichorie; *Ger.* Suikerey;
Dutch. Cicoria; *Ital.* Achicoria; *Sp.* Zikoriya; *Russ.*

IN early spring we are drawn forth from home by the increasing warmth of the sun, and delight to take our walks when his genial influence is enlivening the entire aspect of nature. But, as the season advances and spring retires at the approach of summer, we feel a growing indisposition to walk for pleasure during the heat of the day. If we walk along the public road, every vehicle that passes by raises a cloud of dust, by which we find ourselves surrounded, and are compelled to breathe the loaded atmosphere. If we perambulate the fields, the scorching sun sends forth his piercing rays upon our devoted head. If we ramble by some river's side, perchance the rippling waves reflect his glittering beams with such intenseness that our eyes are forced to withdraw themselves from the cooling stream, and turn upon the parched landscape. We rejoice, in all these cases, to find our way to some favoured spot, where the greensward has a shadow cast upon it by some overhanging tree. Yet we prefer to this the evening stroll, when the sun shines with diminished power upon our island. Then we can perceive the green foliage stirring gently beneath the breath of zephyrs, and we can look upon the clear blue sky, without having our eyes distressed, as at other times of the day, with the brightness of the light. We can then sympathize

with Dale, when he describes the evening and the setting sun :—

“How lovely is the still clear brow of eve
When heaven is bathed in brightness, and the fold
Of many a floating cloud doth interweave
Its silvery vesture with celestial gold
To wreath its sinking monarch! Bards have told
Of regions radiant with eternal day;
But ne’er, oh! ne’er did mortal eye behold
Such hues of beauty, or so pure a ray,
As now yon parting sun, yon varied skies display.

But who can paint thee, thou majestic orb!
Robed in thy setting lustre, whose broad light
Millions of meaner splendours doth absorb,
Lost in thy beams, though in thy absence bright;
Thou movest like a giant in thy might
From conquest on to glory. Thou dost shine
Meet image of thy Lord, the infinite!
The pure! the gracious! Of His works divine
To shadow best His praise, transcendant sun! is thine.”

And, as we saunter along, we reflect with thankful hearts on the peculiar blessing we enjoy in having the twilight of a summer’s night. Then the heat and sometimes oppressive brightness of the broad day is past away; the sun has set; but still his light beams upon our happy land. The dark shades of night prevail not o’er his potent influence. A soft religious light still renders every object visible, and the blue ethereal sky is unspotted by a single cloud, except perchance here and there, suspended a degree or two above the horizon, we see a few transparent snowy cloudlets, edged about their margins by thin laminæ of gold. Oh! how
• lovely are such evenings as these! How beautiful

the thought which such an evening has produced in the mind of Professor Wilson—

“A cloud lay cradled near the setting sun,
 A gleam of crimson tinged its braided snow;
 Long had I watched the glory moving on
 O'er the still radiance of the lake below.
 Tranquil its spirit seemed and floated slow!
 Ev'n in its very motion there was rest;
 While every breath of eve that chanced to blow,
 Wafted the traveller to the beauteous west.—
 Emblem, methought, of the departed soul!
 To whose white robe the gleam of bliss is given;
 And by the breath of Mercy made to roll
 Right onward to the golden gates of heaven,
 Where, to the eye of Faith, it peaceful lies,
 And tells to man his glorious destinies.”

How calm the appearance of an evening like this!
 How soothing its influence, after the cares and toils of
 a busy day!

We add Milton's description of “Evening in Paradise,” leaving the reader to compare the ideas of the pieces we have quoted, and their respective merits:—

Now came still Evening on, and Twilight gray
 Had in her sober livery all things clad;
 Silence accompanied; for beast and bird,
 They to their grassy couch, these to their nests,
 Were slunk, all but the wakeful nightingale:
 She all night long her amorous descant sung;
 Silence was pleas'd: now glow'd the firmament
 With living sapphires: Hesperus, that led
 The starry host, rode brightest, till the Moon,
 Rising in clouded majesty, at length
 Apparent queen, unveil'd her peerless light,
 And o'er the dark her silver mantle threw.

It is as we take these summer evening walks in the months of July and August, that we observe the bright

blue flowers of the wild Succory. On road sides, sometimes, their stems are nearly denuded of leaves, and the surrounding herbage is scorched by the mid-day heat, and its wretched appearance is made more so by the coat of dust which lays thickly upon it. In such situations, we look upon this pretty flower with a feeling akin to pity, rather than admiration. But when we find it in the borders of fields, and in waste places, remote from dusty roads, there we must admire the wild Succory. And that it deserves our admiration is well attested by the fact that it has been thought worthy, by many, to have a "local habitation" in the flower garden.

The wild Succory is a perennial, and especially delights in a gravelly or sandy soil. It has a fleshy tapering root, well filled with a milky fluid. Its stem grows erect to the height of two or three feet, is round and furrowed, branched and leafy, and rough with rigid hairs. The leaves are bright and rough, the lower ones runcinate, or somewhat saw-shaped, from four to six inches long, and gradually tapering into a footstalk. The lobes of the leaves are either entire or toothed. The upper leaves are considerably smaller than the lower, sessile, less lobed and toothed. The floral leaves are linear, or lanceolate, swollen at the base, and amplexicaule, or embracing the stem. The flowers are large, of a beautiful bright blue colour, and grow in pairs, sometimes several together; they are occasionally sessile, otherwise on short footstalks. The florets are linear, blunt, and five-toothed at the end.

We have observed the plant frequently about Cambridge. Dr. Bromfield, in a valuable paper communicated to that excellent repository of botanical information, "The Phytologist," says that the wild Succory is

decidedly uncommon in the Isle of Wight, and apparently equally so in the county of Hampshire. It is, however, found near Yarmouth, on the acclivity of the hill leading up to Hampstead farm. It is also found throughout the length of nearly one hundred yards between Idlecombe and Roughborough farms, and in a few other localities in the island.

The tender leaves of the young plant blanched form an agreeable winter and spring salad. In France they are much cultivated for this use. The roots are collected and packed up in cellars or other dark places. These being protected from frost and cold, by means of sand and earth, put forth leaves from the crowns, which alone are exposed. As no light is admitted, the leaves are white, and, if they grow quickly, they are very tender and have a pleasant flavour ; cultivated in this manner, an ample supply is provided for the table throughout the winter. Besides the leaves being thus used as a salad, the roots furnish an article which is substituted for, or freely mixed with, coffee, and known under the name of chicory. The roots are planted in a light soil, where they attain to a large size, and in France they are first cut into small pieces, and afterwards roasted and ground to a powder. Many persons prefer a mixture of this and coffee, in equal parts, to coffee alone ; and in France, we are told that the latter is never used without some mixture with chicory. The root of the endive is imported to England for the same purpose ; and there are few people who do not think that the flavour of coffee is greatly improved by chicory being added. The wild Succory (*Cichorium Intybus*) belongs to the Linnæan class *Syngenesia*, and order *Æqualis* ; and to the Natural order *Compositæ*.

BUCK-BEAN, OR MARSH TREFOIL.

Menyanthes; *Linn.* Meniante; *Fr.* Fieberkelee; *Ger.* Dreibladige-ruigbloem; *Dutch.* Meniante; *Ital.* Trifolio palustre; *Sp.* Trilistnik; *Russ.*

“Green tufted islands casting their soft shades
Across the lake; sequestered leafy glades,
That through the dimness of their twilight show
Large dock-leaves, spiral fox-gloves, or the glow
Of the wild cat's-eyes, or the silvery stems
Of delicate birch trees, or long grass which hems
A little brook.”

KEATS.

THERE is something peculiarly pleasing in observing the soft shades of evening thrown across some valley, through which a winding stream glides along. Standing with our backs to the hill-side and looking around, we see the warm and gentle rays of the evening sun gilding the rising heights and towering trees in the distance. On one side, perchance, we see a broad pencil of his rays lighting up the smooth and crystal waters of the stream; on the other a deep shade, varying in intensity, as the thickly-clad beech, the loose broad-leaved plane tree, or the silvery foliage of the aspen tree prevails; or there, dropping its lower branches into the river, the apparently powdered leaves of the white willow shine like silver as they throw back the evening rays. And yonder hills, now lying fallow, a rich red sandy soil, glow like fire. At every step we take the scene varies. Every minute the gorgeous panorama changes, as clouds of ever-varying form and density pass between earth and heaven, ever and anon

intercepting the sun's evening light. How beautiful are the landscapes of our native land! How lovely the scenes among which it is our lot to dwell! Yes, other climes may teem with gold! Wealth may be obtained by seeking the Indian shores! Rich spices, gorgeous silks, costly furs, magnificent diamonds, may and do reward the enterprise of Britain's sons, but they see no land they love better than the sea-girt island which gave them birth, and with the poet Cowper they are ever ready to exclaim :—

“England, with all thy faults, I love thee still—
My country! and, while yet a nook is left,
Where English minds and manners may be found,
Shall be constrained to love thee.”

Yes, even the botanist and the florist, who delight in and admire the splendid productions of other lands, prefer, it may be by reason of early associations, the indigenous plants of their native country. Small and unpretending many of these, nay, most of them, are, but they possess a power over their feelings and affections which none other ever acquire. How beautiful is the Buck-bean, which decks our marshes and various spots in boggy ground, during the months of June and July, with its flesh-coloured flowers. The plant, too, is distinguished by its elegance, which few can fail to admire.

The common Buck-bean, or Marsh Trefoil, is furnished with a long root. There are numerous underground stems, generally very numerous, which are matted together, roundish, smooth, stout, succulent, passing into flowering stems. These are procumbent at the base, commonly covered with a dry sheath

of withered leaves. The flowering stems are often branched, ascending towards the summit, where they are leafy. The leaves are ternate, having a long stout footstalk, ending in their membranous sheaths clasping the stem. The leaves are egg-shaped or round-egg-shaped, sometimes acute or ovate lanceolate, smooth, with a stout mid-rib, and numerous lateral branches, the margins wavy, or somewhat dentated. The flowers grow in a raceme, or thyrsus, of numerous flowers, on a round, smooth, succulent stalk, varying in length from four to eight inches, and spring from the axis of the leaves. The flowers are crowded upon the thyrsus, white or flesh-coloured, and externally tipped with pink. They have a short, round, smooth footstalk, growing from the axis of a small egg-shaped or ovate acute bractea. The flower cup consists of five deeply-divided segments, about half the length of the funnel-shaped corolla. The tube is short, swelling upwards. The limb is formed into five segments, egg-shaped, acute, bent back, smooth, and veiny externally, bearded within with long slight-waved filaments. The stamens are the length of the corolla. The filaments are slender, from about the middle of the tube. The anthers are deeply cleft at the base. The pistil nearly the same length as the corolla.

The Buck-bean (*Menyanthes trifoliata*) is in the Linnæan class *Pentandria*, and order *Monogynia*; and in the Natural order *Gentianeæ*.

WATER AVENS.

Geum; *Linn.* La Benoite; *Fr.* Das nelkenkraut; *Ger.* Gemeen nagelwortel; *Dutch.* Erba benedetta; *Ital.* Islera; *Sp.* Cra-voilha; *Port.* Grebник; *Russ.* Zarzyczka; *Pol.* Nellikerod; *Dan.*

“I stood upon a shore, a pleasant shore,
 Where a sweet clime was breathed from a land
 Of fragrance, quietness, and trees and flowers,
 Full of calm joy it was, as I of grief;
 Too full of joy and soft delicious warmth;
 So that I felt a movement in my heart
 To chide, and to reproach that solitude
 With songs of misery, music of our woes;
 And sat me down, and took a mouthed shell
 And murmured into it, and made melody—
 O, melody no more! for while I sang,
 And with poor skill let pass into the breeze
 The dull shell's echo, from a bowery strand
 Just opposite, an island of the sea,
 There came enchantment with the shifting wind,
 That did both drown and keep alive my ears.”

KEATS.

IN the months of June and July it is pleasant indeed to ramble by the river's side. There, as we pass along, in sunshine or in shade, we delight in the refreshing air which passes o'er the flowing stream. Anon the sun with his piercing rays compels us to seek the shade of some friendly willow, or alder tree, which spreads its branches across the waves, and there lolling against its stem, or reclining at its foot, we gaze in thoughtful reverie upon the rippling waters. Again, some fleeting cloud obscures the sun, and casts its shadow upon the grassy bank, and then we resume our way under its friendly shelter. How beautiful Nature seems at this

season ! The gurgling stream, murmuring by rugged banks, or its waves kissing the pendent branches of water-loving trees, produces an agreeable harmony. The summer skater glides over the glassy surface, and yet seems to make but little progress, as he is borne back by the rapid current. There you may sit and watch the king-fisher hovering about after his prey ; or there he is, perched upon that twig, from whence he marks the shoals of minnows gliding by. Do you see the roach or dace quietly pursuing their course ? Ah ! see there, one rises to seize the little insect floating upon, or fluttering over the stream ; but as it rises, downward descends the bird, like an arrow shot from a bow, his metallic plumage glittering in the sun, and cleaving the yielding wave, he seizes on his prey. In a moment he re-appears, bearing away his victim to his resting-place. Observe him still ; see how he passes the quivering fish between his mandibles until he seizes it by the tail ; there, he strikes its head sharply against the branch, the fish has ceased to live ; and now, reversing the position of the fish, he swallows it entire. How much more may we not observe of the quiet life of Nature in such spots, and learn to admire and wonder more, and to love and worship that glorious Being who formed the world, sustains it in its course, and fills it with life, and beauty, and happiness.

It is in localities like these that we find the flower named at the head of this article. On the banks of streams, in marshy grounds, by the sides of ditches, and in wet places, during the months of May, June, and July, may this pretty flower be met with. The plant is perennial, and has a somewhat woody root, furnished with spreading branched fibres, which have

an astringent taste and an aromatic fragrance. The stem is from one to two feet high, round, hairy, simple, or growing in a panicle above. The upper surface of the leaves is of a dark green, the under surface paler. The leaves are hairy, the radical ones mostly numerous, with long foot-stalks covered with hairs, somewhat lyrate or pinnate, the terminal lobe large, rounded, more or less deeply and unequally lobed and serrated. The leaves of the stem are ternate, or lobed, cut and unequally serrated. The stipules are egg-shaped, acute, serrated or cut, occasionally entire. The flowers, which are of a reddish brown, are somewhat paniculated, pendulous, or drooping on round long footstalks, which become erect after flowering. The calyx is purple, erect, with five large lanceolate segments, and five intermediate ones, of much smaller size. The petals are of a tawny brown, cordate, wedge-shaped, much branched with veins. The stamens are numerous, having slender awl-shaped filaments, and egg-shaped two-celled anthers. The styles also are numerous, and become, after flowering, considerably lengthened, curved, remarkably jointed above the middle, where it is feathered with yellowish stout hairs. This part shortly falls away, and the remaining style has a hook at the extremity, which now forms a persistent awn to the hairy carpel.

The Water Avens (*Geum rivale*) is often cultivated in the flower border, where it frequently becomes double. Indeed it is often found double when growing wild. It belongs to the Linnæan class *Dodecandria*, and order *Trigynia*; and is in the Natural order *Rosaceæ*.



COMMON PERFORATED ST. JOHN'S WORT.

Hypericum perforatum ; *Linn.*

TIME was when superstition held unbounded sway over the hearts and minds of men. Its influence was indeed both for good and for ill, though we can scarce doubt that the evil it produced surpassed the amount of good it effected. We speak not of superstition as it sometimes attached itself to religious rites and ceremonies, but of those wild and foolish imaginings which enslaved the minds alike of high and low. These deterred many from noble and virtuous deeds, because the time was thought unfitting, or they urged them on to acts of folly, which were followed by disgrace and shame. They induced fear, which palsied every nerve of the brave man, when action was the only course for safety. They led others to sacrifice themselves to misery, who felt they were under the necessity of complying with the result of some foolish or wicked incantation.

"Not to rank or sex confined
Is this vain ague of the mind ;
Hearts firm as steel, as marble hard,
'Gainst faith, and love, and pity barr'd,
Have quaked like aspen leaves in May,
Beneath its universal sway."

SCOTT.

Nor has the powerful bane of superstition yet ceased. Mind has been informed ; the intellect has been cultivated and developed ; but with men and women of the greatest degree of refinement, where the sentiment



of superstition was deeply impressed in infant years, this power has not been eradicated. It retains a firm hold upon the imagination; and though reason dissipates the phantom which circumstances may have conjured up, the misty vision still clings with undetachable tenacity. Fairies, and brownies, and pixies, are fled; we hold them, professedly, as beings existing only in the unenlightened fancies of our ancestors; but while we have rid our vocabulary of their names, as beings still existing, how many are there who people the air with ærial beings like them! Carrington records so sweetly how the pixies of Devonshire were regarded, that we think the reader will be delighted to become acquainted with his lines—

“They are flown,

Beautiful fictions! Hills, and vales, and woods,
Mountains and moors of Devon, ye have lost
The enchantments, the delights, the visions all—
The elfin vision, that so blessed the sight
In the old days, romantic. Nought is heard
Now, in the leafy world, but earthly strains—
Sounds, yet most sweet, of breeze, and bird, and brook,
And waterfall; the day is voiceless else,
And night is strangely mute!—the hymnings high,
The immortal music men of ancient times
Have ravished oft, are flown! O ye have lost,
Mountains, and moors, and meads, the radiant throng
That dwelt in your green solitudes, and filled
The air, the fields, with beauty and with joy
Intense;—with a rich mystery that awed
The mind, and flung around a thousand hearths
Divinest tales, that through the enchanted year
Found passionate listeners!

The very streams

Brightened with visitings of these so sweet
Etherial creatures! They were seen to rise
From the charmed waters which still brighter grew

As the pomp passed to land, until the eye
Scarce bore the unearthly glory. Where they trod,
Young flowers, but not of this world's growth, arose,
And fragrance, as of amaranthine bowers,
Floated upon the breeze. And mortal eyes
Looked on their revels all the luscious night ;
And unreprieved, upon their ravishing forms
Gazed, wistfully, as in the dance they moved
Voluptuous, to the thrilling touch of harp
Elysian !

And by gifted eyes were seen
Wonders—in the still air, and beings bright
And beautiful—more beautiful than throng
Fancy's ecstatic regions, peopled now
The sunbeam, and now rode upon the gale
Of the sweet summer noon.—Anon they touched
The earth's delighted bosom, and the glades
Seemed greener, fairer, and the enraptured woods
Gave a glad, leafy murmur,—and the rills
Leaped in the ray for joy ; and all the birds
Threw into the intoxicating air their songs
All soul.—The very archings of the grove,
Clad in cathedral gloom from age to age,
Lightened with living splendours ; and the flowers
Tinged with new hues, and lovelier, upsprung
By millions in the grass, that rustled now
To gales of Araby !

The seasons came
In bloom or blight, in *glory* or in shade,
The shower or sunbeam fell or *glanced* as pleased
Those potent elves. They steered the giant cloud
Through heaven at will, and with the meteor flash
Came down in death or sport ; aye, when the storm
Shook the old woods, they rode, on rainbow wings,
The tempest, and, anon, they reined its rage
In its fierce, mad career. But ye have flown,
Beautiful fictions of our fathers !—flown
Before the wand of science, and the hearths
Of Devon, as lags the disenchanted year,
Are passionless and silent ! ”

We have been led to speak of superstition, and of the hold it takes upon men's minds, by the fact that the flower of St. John's Wort was a noted herb in magical arts. Sir Walter Scott introduces it in one of his romantic tales, but we cannot call to mind in which it is named ; true it is that this plant was formerly carried about their persons by our northern brethren, as a charm against witchcraft and enchantment ; nor was this confined to them, for elsewhere this power was attributed to St. John's Wort by ancient superstition. It was also esteemed to be a repellant of spectres, and admirably adapted to drive away demons, and this virtue caused it to be named by antique herbalists *Fuga Dæmonum*. The French and German peasants still retain these superstitious notions, gathering this plant with great ceremony on St. John's day. This practice seems to have originated in comparatively modern times.

The flowers of this species of St. John's Wort are still gathered in some parts of England, and are put into a bottle, which is then filled with spirits of wine. After some time is elapsed, when the spirit is supposed to have extracted all the healing properties of the flowers, the infusion is regarded as a valuable balsam to be applied to all external wounds, and to hemorrhages. Hence it is called "The balm of the warrior's wound." This plant is also thought to possess other medical properties. There are certain semi-transparent spots on the leaves, which contain an essential oil. Spirits and oils are tinged with a fine purple colour by the flowers ; and the dried plant, boiled with alum, dyes wool of a yellow colour.

The common perforated St. John's Wort has a fibrous

woody root, with somewhat creeping underground stems. The stem, which varies greatly from a few inches to two feet in height, is round, with two elevated lines on opposite sides. It is smooth, branched, and leafy. The leaves are oblong egg-shaped, smooth, sessile, different in size and width, deep green on the upper surface, paler beneath, and thickly dotted over with little pellucid glandular spots. The inflorescence is very numerous, terminating the stem, and branched in paniculated clusters. The colour of the flowers is a light bright yellow. The segments of the flower-cup are narrow, lanceolate, and acute. The petals are egg-shaped, oblique, notched on one side, perfect on the other, spreading, spotted and striped like the flower-cup, with deep and somewhat purple glandular dots. It is very common on bank sides, in hedges, thickets, and woods. It is perennial, and flowers in July and August.

This plant (*Hypericum perforatum*) is of the Linnean class *Polyadelphia Polyandria*, and of the Natural order *Hypericineæ*.

THE FLOWERING RUSH.

Butomus; *L.* *Butome*; *Fr.* *Die Blumenbinse*; *Ger.* *Zwaanebloem*; *Dutch.* *Butomo*; *Ital.* and *Sp.* *Susak*; *Russ.* *Sit Kwitnacy*; *Pol.* *Blomstersiv*; *Dan.*

It was a glorious evening, that of the first of August; the sky was intensely blue. Clouds there were floating between earth and heaven, but how beautiful! Not the dense, dark, black masses which, congregating together, seem kindly to give us warning of their coming conflict, that if wise we may then speed homeward, to escape the torrents of rain which fall on their concussion. When we see clouds like these, we may at once anticipate the approaching brilliant flashes of light, and the rolling peals of thunder, which accompany them. But such were not the clouds we saw on the evening above named. They were light and fleecy, white as the drifted snow; and as the main body passed along, there seemed as if a gentle current of air rising upwards caught their edges, and bore along the aqueous vapour, until a wing of downy feathers was widely spread upon the azure background. Lower down in the eastern sky, a few degrees above the horizon, and nearly parallel with the horizontal line, were longitudinal patches of vapour, of neutral tint, forming what is known as the mackerel sky. In the west the sun was setting in rich bronze of gold, the splendid orb partially hid by the dense falling vapours of evening. They, attendant on his retiring rays, imparted beauty to his setting grandeur, while they received from him tints of gorgeous hues. How shall we describe the setting sun! Pen and pencil alike

must not presume to perform a task so difficult. We must be content if we can recall the scene to our mental vision ; it were vain to attempt more—to attempt to describe that which is indescribable. But as we looked upon this sunset, where stood we ? It was by the water's edge. How smooth and placid was that stream ! Around us we had a variety of pleasing objects. On one elevated mound stood a ruined chapel ; roofless, its windows void of glass or masonry. There was a time, when, within those now crumbling walls, the sacred priest, in surplice and in stole, led his little flock to seek in prayer for heavenly food from their Chief Shepherd. Can we not fancy now that building as it once stood, filled with the saints who then assembled there, lowly kneeling on bended knee, and pouring out their hearts' desires before Him who knows and grants them ? It might be an evening like this, when all around was repose. A soft light beamed through the latticed windows upon that devoted flock. How harmonious with their subdued feelings, as then assembled in the special presence of their common Father ! Surely there, many, if not all, had a richer foretaste than usual of those endless joys which now they participate in, in the heavenly temple. And, as they came forth from that presence, haply they saw, as we now see, those stately trees beyond the stream, scattered over the level tract of grassy land, through which it meanders. They heard no sound but that of the bleating of sheep and the lowing of the cattle, or the song of lark and chirp of sparrow, or now and then the voice of youth clear and shrill ringing through the still air. Then, as now, the margin of the river was decked with flowers, the fragrant meadow-sweet, the

rich blue forget-me-not, the bright red purple willow herb, the golden butter-cups, and on projecting sand rocks, here and there, the pretty heath. And in places a solitary Flowering Rush, such as we plucked there. But we must let Wordsworth describe such an evening. Are not his words clothed with the same peaceful spirit as that whose influence we have endeavoured thus feebly to portray ?

How pleasant, as the sun declines, to view
The spacious landscape change in form and hue !
Here, vanish, as in mist, before a flood
Of bright obscurity, hill, lawn, and wood ;
There, objects, by the searching beams betrayed,
Come forth, and here retire in purple shade ;
Even the white stems of birch, the cottage white,
Soften their glare before the mellow light ;
The skiffs, at anchor where with umbrage wide
Yon chestnuts half the latticed boat-house hide,
Shed from their sides, that face the sun's slant beam,
Strong flakes of radiance on the tremulous stream :
Raised by yon travelling flock, a dusty cloud
Mounts from the road, and spreads its moving shroud ;
The shepherd, all involved in wreaths of fire,
Now shows a shadowy speck, and now is lost entire.

Into a gradual calm the breezes sink,
A blue rim borders all the lake's still brink ;
There doth the twinkling aspen's foliage sleep ;
And insects clothe, like dust, the glassy deep ;
And now, on every side, the surface breaks
Into blue spots, and slowly lengthening streaks ;
Here, plots of sparkling water tremble bright
With thousand, thousand twinkling points of light ;
There, waves that, hardly weltering, die away,
Tip their smooth ridges with a softer ray ;
And now the whole wide lake in deep repose
Is hushed, and like a burnished mirror glows,
Save where, along the shady western marge,
Coasts, with industrious oar, the charcoal barge.

It was just within the water's edge of such a placid stream where we found the Flowering Rush ; only one of the numerous flowers of its large terminal umbel was expanded. It was of a deepish pink, with streaks of deeper hue, almost purple. It was met with of various colours, from pink to white. It is a very conspicuous plant and favourite flower.

The common Flowering Rush is furnished with a fibrous root, to which are attached underground stems growing horizontally, which are white, tuberous, and fleshy. The whole plant is smooth, and its structure is loose and cellular. The scape (the stem at the extremity of which the umbel of flowers is formed, being so called) grows from three to five feet high, is solitary, simple, round, and naked. The leaves grow erect to nearly the same length as the scape, and are almost triangular below, linear and flat above, and frequently twisted spirally. The manner in which this plant flowers, is that of a simple umbel, comprising many beautiful flowers, of a roseate tinge, not self-coloured, and nearly an inch in diameter when fully expanded. The involucre, the bractæ which surround the flowers of umbelliferous plants in a whorl, of three lanceolate, egg-shaped, with long narrow pointed pieces, concave, and spreading. The pedicels, or small footstalks, of the ray are slender, spreading, and about three inches in length, each being furnished at its base with thin membranous sheathing bractæ, of a brownish colour. The perianth, the corolla being undistinguishable from the flower-cup, is single, and consists of six egg-shaped hollow pieces, the three innermost being the smallest. There are nine stamens, six in an outer ring, three in the inner, filaments awl shaped, shorter than the pieces

of the perianth. The anthers are oblong, of two cells, which burst lengthwise, and then become contracted into something of a heart-shaped form.

The Flowering Rush inhabits the margins of rivers, the banks of ditches, and marshy places, and is frequently found in England; on the banks of the Wey, Surrey; in Ireland; Duddingston Loch, and Loch of Clunie, Scotland, but very likely introduced. It is a perennial plant, and flowers in June, July, and August. It is of the Linnæan class *Enneandria*, and order *Monogynia*, and is the only British species in this class of the Linnæan system. It is in the Natural order *Butomeæ*; and may be regarded as one of the most handsome flowers. It seems to have been used, in former days, for decorating gardens, and as an ornament to artificial lakes. Gerarde writes that "it is of all others the fairest and most pleasant to behold, and serveth very well for the decking and trimming up of houses, because of the beauty and bravery thereof."

BIRD'S-FOOT TREFOIL.

Lotus ; *L.* Le lotier ; *Fr.* Der schotenklee ; *Ger.* Bolklaver ; *Dutch.* Il loto ; *Ital.* El loto ; *Sp.* O loteiro ; *Port.* Kierringtand ; *Dan.*

THERE are few places where this beautiful little flower may not be met with, more or less abundantly. We have seen it growing plentifully this year in Surrey, and we noticed it to be very common about Cambridge, by the road sides, and margins of meadows. It was, perhaps, one of the most conspicuous flowers there ; generally growing in patches, when its bright-coloured flowers, varying from pale yellow to deep orange, made it very attractive. It is, however, a most variable plant ; so much so that the varieties almost deserve to be called species. The leaves are more or less developed. They are sometimes smooth, sometimes hairy. These different varieties are supposed to be produced by the difference of soil, depending upon the degree of moisture contained in it. Various opinions have been expressed about the merits of the Bird's-foot Trefoil. Some think it useful, others regard it as worthless. There are those who recommend it as an agricultural plant of great value, adapted for permanent pastures or for hay. Dr. Henderson, for instance, recommends it ; on the other hand, Miller depreciates it and its allies. Sinclair, however, in his treatise on British Grasses, says that he found it a valuable ingredient in meadows, particularly where the soil was moderately moist. The inference is that it is in many pastures worthy of cultivation, affording a good supply of herbage in succession. In common with some other plants, it makes the greater effort to

repair its loss the more it is cropped down by cattle; and in these efforts its roots become much elongated, stronger and stouter, and the number of its branches are greatly increased, so that, particularly in damp soils, it renders pasture lands of greater value by its presence.

The tapering root of Bird's-foot Trefoil is furnished with branched fibres. From this root rise several stems, varying in length from six to twelve inches. These spread in various directions, recumbent or lying prostrate at the base, erect above, roundish, tending to angularity. They are simple or branched, quite smooth, of a glaucous green, or clothed more or less with soft spreading hairs. The leaves are numerous, having short compressed foot-stalks, with a pair of stipules (small scales) at the base, and like the sessile leaves, round, egg-shaped, oblong, or linear, of a dark green above, slightly glaucous beneath, and smooth, or ciliated, or more or less hairy. The manner of flowering is that of depressed umbellate heads, with an involucrate leaf at the base. Six to ten flowers form the umbel, which is elevated on a long slender foot-stalk, rising from the axis of the leaves. The flowers are of a bright yellow, the vexillum is darker coloured, and generally striated with crimson, becoming a deep green with drying. The flower-cup is on short pedicels, bent downwards, bell-shaped, either smooth or hairy, the teeth awl-shaped, with a triangular base. The corolla is three or four times as long as the calyx, the keel has a long compressed point, the wings are oblong, blunt, somewhat shorter than the ascending round egg-shaped vexillum, with its broad vaulted claw.

The Bird's-foot Trefoil (*Lotus corniculatus*) is in the Linnæan class *Diadelphia*, and order *Decandria*; and in the Natural order *Leguminosæ*. It is abundant in pastures and waste places; perennial, and blooms in the months of July and August.

NETTLE-LEAVED BELL-FLOWER.

ALTHOUGH we are disposed to complain of the intense heat of the sun during the summer months, when we first emerge from the cool shade of the substantial houses of our native land, we soon lose all unpleasant sensations caused by heat. If we stand still, we quickly become painfully sensitive of the influence of the sun's scorching rays, but soon after we begin to walk, this is considerably diminished. The heat is moderated, and the sweet air is delightfully refreshing. We love to get out of the valley, too often filled at this season with a dank moist heat, which will not rise through the stratum of dry rarefied atmosphere above, and breathe the free air of the mountain heights. There we are relieved from the stove-like heat of the valley, and do not feel much the need of shade, though we are not the less able to appreciate the beautiful and simple language of Wordsworth, when he would speak of an excursion at such a time. Thus he writes :—

“Twas summer, and the sun had mounted high :
Southward the landscape indistinctly glared
Through a pale stream ; but all the northern downs,
In clearest air ascending, showed far off
A surface dappled o'er with shadows flung
From brooding clouds ; shadows that lay in spots
Determined and unmoved, with steady beams
Of bright and pleasant sunshine interposed ;
To him most pleasant who on soft cool moss
Extends his careless limbs along the front
Of some huge cave, whose rocky ceiling casts
A twilight of its own, an ample shade,

Where the wren warbles, while the dreaming man,
Half conscious of the soothing melody,
With side-long eye looks out upon the scene,
By power of that impending covert, thrown
To finer distance."

In the month of July, indeed, the air is frequently cooled by showers. Then we start upon our pedestrian excursions, duly prepared for all contingencies connected with the weather. How agreeable it is, just as you are clear of all human dwellings, to see the dark clouds rising up from the south-west, and forthwith feel them drop their rich contents upon the parched earth. There you stand, securely sheltered by some projecting rock, or some lofty, arching hedge, or umbrageous tree. What a rich vapour rises from the earth! Soon does the cloud pass on, and you again proceed through hollow lanes, over fertile fields, into which you gain access by stiles of every variety of construction. What strange notions some people seem to have with respect to stiles! How generally are we forced to come to the conclusion that the owners or occupiers of lands, through which there is a right of public way, desire by all means to diminish the number of those who use the paths. We have one in our mind's eye just now; the top rail is about nine inches broad and deep, the lower ones about an inch thick, the whole having the appearance of a gate. It is a most awkward stile. If you would get over it, you feel as though you must fall backward in the attempt. So feels everybody, apparently, for there is usually a wide gap by the side of it through which all may pass. And though the occupier of the field often fills up the gap with thorns and briers, very few days elapse before

the gap is there again. A convenient stile is a desideratum to a rural Rambler. One easy to be passed over, and affording a tolerably comfortable seat; therefore, if you, O reader, have influence in these matters, see that stiles are improved within the sphere of that influence.

Among the flowers we now meet with in our walks is the Nettle-leaved Bell-flower. It is tolerably abundant on the sandy banks of hollow lanes, and grows with great magnificence, to the height of three or four feet. This species of campanula has a somewhat ligneous root, from which springs an erect simple stem, acutely angular, presenting, when cut transversely, the form of an irregular-sided pentagon, of a reddish purple hue, rough, covered with coarse spreading hairs, and leafy. The leaves are placed alternately on the stem, slightly rugose and rough, with rigid hairs, especially on the mid-rib and branched veins on the under surface. The margins of the leaves are coarsely and irregularly notched; the lower leaves are on footstalks of variable lengths, ovate lanceolate, heart-shaped at the base, and tapering more or less abruptly to an acute point. The upper leaves are of an ovate lanceolate form, furnished with short footstalks, or seated on the stem. The manner in which it bears its flowers is that of a terminal leafy raceme, consisting of a few large violet-coloured flowers, arising out of the axis of the ovate lanceolated notched bractea, the flower stalk being simple, sometimes branched, and bearing two or three flowers, short, angular, and rough. The flower-cup is large, formed of five egg-shaped lanceolate upright veiny segments, rough, especially towards the base. The corolla itself is large, spreading, scattered over with long

spreading hairs, both on the external and internal surface. The segments of the corolla are lanceolate, spreading, fringed with slender hairs. The stamens are short and hairy. The filaments swollen into angular valves at the base, closing over the short tube of the corolla, and slender above.

The Nettle-leaved Bell-Flower (*Campanula Trachelium*) is a perennial plant, blooming in July and August. It is in the Linnæan class *Pentandria*, and order *Monogynia*; and in the Natural order *Campanulaceæ*. It is common in woods, especially in some parts of the south of England. In Scotland, about Mugdoch Castle, near Glasgow; and between Glasnevin and Finglass. In Ireland, by the river side below Innistogue, Kilkenny county.

THE BLUE PIMPERNEL.

Anagallis cærulea.

"Then came the Automne, all in yellow clad,
As tho' she ioyed in her plenteous store,
Laden with fruits that made her laugh, full glad.

* * * * *

Upon her head a wreath, which was enrold
With ears of corne of every sort, she bore ;
And in her hand a sickle she did holde,
To reape the ripen'd fruits the which the earth did yold."

SPENSER.

IN our former volume we spoke of the Scarlet Pimpernel, which is commonly known as the Shepherd's Weather-glass, and at the same time referred to the Blue-Flowered Pimpernel as only a variety. Dr. Deakin says, "Much doubt has been entertained as to whether the blue-flowered plant is a distinct species or not ; and it is still retained as such by some botanists." "Certainly, in the greater number of specimens which we," he adds, "have collected, both in various parts of England and the Continent, we are unable to perceive any difference in their character, except the fugacious one of the colour of the corolla." That there is no characteristic difference between the two plants is certainly true, but we have been informed by a very eminent botanist, now living, that his gardener has raised the Blue-Flowered Pimpernel from seed for successive years, and that no change of colour has taken place. Our kind friend, the Rev. James Goodday, M.A., gathered some seeds at Terling, in Essex, in the autumn. These we sowed in the ensuing year in our



garden, where the plants bloomed in succession for three months, of a beautiful intense blue, without the slightest appearance of change in colour. What are we to think from these facts? Evidently either that the Blue Pimpernel is a distinct species, or a permanently distinct variety. We have, in many different parts of the country, met with the Scarlet Pimpernel in abundance, but we have not seen a single blue flower amongst the myriads of scarlet flowers; the only trace of blue or purple is the little central eye, which is exactly alike in all; and this eye, in the blue flower, is invariably found of a scarlet hue. We can only conclude, therefore, that the Blue Pimpernel is a distinct species; and if we must have some character to make it so, may we not assume that its barrenness, when compared with the prolific produce of the Scarlet Pimpernel, is sufficient for that purpose?

There is another Pimpernel, which all botanists appear to admit as a distinct species; this is the Bog Pimpernel (*A. tenella*). This plant, as its name seems to imply, inhabits damp, mossy, or boggy localities. It is not unfrequently met with in England and Ireland; in Scotland it is somewhat less common. It is a perennial plant; and displays its beautiful pale rose-coloured flowers, which are deeply pencilled with veins, during the hot months of July and August. Its branched prostrate stems, which are slender, thread-like, smooth and angular, and from two to three inches long, render this a graceful and elegant little plant. It grows in thick tufts, and may be cultivated with great ease in pleasure grounds, by being planted in situations similar to those which it naturally loves. In the greenhouse, in cool places, planted in pots, and

kept well supplied with moisture, it flowers very abundantly. It is there seen to great advantage, its slender branches clad with pale green leaves hanging over the sides of the pots, and decorated with its roseate bloom. The hairs of the stamens are remarkable for their beauty and curious structure; viewed through a glass of great magnifying power, each presents a close resemblance to a string of minute beads of delicate transparency. The manner in which the capsules burst open for the escape of the seeds is also worthy of remark. Dr. Lindley strongly recommends this species for cultivation, as a most delicate and elegant flower.

There are two or three exotic species of the Pimpernel, well worthy of the notice of those who delight in their flower garden. The Indian Pimpernel, a native of Nepaul, is a pretty plant, with bright blue flowers, a reddish purple style, and golden-coloured anthers. Dr. Wallich sent the first packet of seeds to England in 1824. The plant is very hardy. The best time to sow the seeds, which can be obtained in any seed shop, is the month of April, or not later than the first week in May. They should be sown in a rich light soil, and they will then thrive well and begin to bloom in July, and continue to show a succession of their beautiful flowers until killed by frost. There is also the Broad-leaved Pimpernel, a native of Spain, and as hardy as the preceding; and the Italian Pimpernel, with pale blue flowers. This last requires to be treated as a greenhouse perennial in England.

The sickle lays bare the surface of the corn-fields, where our favourite Pimpernel blooms in most abundance; and as we pass through them, and see the abundant crops, we think the little flower looks brighter

than ever, with its rich scarlet bosom spread out broadly in the beams of the brilliant sun ; and as we see the reapers gathering together the golden corn, we call to mind Holland's sonnet, "The Reapers."

"'Tis harvest time—up with the early sun,
The hamlet population, young and old,
This way and that, by rural lane and fold,
Wend forth in groups, or pairs, or one by one—
But fieldward all ; there the strong reaper train
Drive their keen sickles through the ripened crop ;
And see, how fast the gathered handfuls drop
Into the burly sheaf : soon will the grain
In tufted stooks be piled o'er all the field.
Hark ! with the ripe straw's rustle glad words blend ;
And words, perchance, which tell of love's sweet birth.—
Mirth, rural mirth, is rural labour's friend.
Long may old England's harvest seasons yield
Such plenteous crops, such shearers, and such field."

THE GRASS OF PARNASSUS.

Parnassia; *L.* Fleur du Parnassus; *Fr.* Das einblatt; *Ger.* Parnaskruid; *Dutch.* Parnasia; *It., Sp., and Port.* Pereloi trawa; *Russ.* Jednolist; *Pol.*

IN the North of England there is a singular flower, not very uncommon, called the Grass of Parnassus. Its localities are wet places, bogs and marshes, where its perennial root endures through countless years. Its beautiful white flower may be seen any time during the months of August, September, and October. This plant is so named from Mount Parnassus, the chosen seat of grace and beauty, where, on account of the elegance of its form, the plant is poetically assumed to have had its origin. This is indeed one of the most elegant of our marsh plants, and on that account well deserves a place in every aquatic collection. Independent, however, of its elegance, the Grass of Parnassus deserves our notice from the interest attached to it, from the singular and remarkable construction of the scales at the base of the corolla. The stamens especially claim our attention, from their one by one successively and gradually bending themselves on the stigmas and scattering their pollen upon them. No sooner has one of the stamens performed this office, than it rises to its former position, and another follows it. In this way each stamen goes through the same process. Occasionally, but very rarely indeed, two of them may be observed bending over the stigmas at the same time. As soon as all the stamens have shaken off their pollen upon the stigmas, the latter, previously spread open, close up, the ovules increase in size, the

capsule enlarges, the numerous seeds become perfect, and then the capsule bursts the sections at the top that so the seed may escape, and thus the plant be perpetuated and increased.

The root of the Grass of Parnassus consists of many long branched fibres. The stem is erect, angular, striated and twisted, from one to eight or twelve inches high, quite smooth, as the entire plant is, with a solitary leaf below the middle sessile, and embracing it. From the root there rise numerous leaves, on tolerably long channelled footstalks. The leaves are heart-shaped, more or less acute at the point, very often rounded, having a mid-rib and also several lateral ones from the base. The leaves are paler underneath, and small oblong glands of a pinkish hue are scattered over them in greater or less profusion. These are sometimes wanting, and are most easily observable in dried specimens; many may also be seen on the footstalks and lower part of the stem. The flower grows solitary at the end of the stem. The flower-cup is five-partite, the segment egg-shaped, pointed, with many slight longitudinal veins, spreading. The corolla consists of five broadly ovate, obtuse, spreading, concave petals of a beautiful white; with many pellucid veins, and now and then with the margin fringed. The base has a short claw, and opposite to it is a fleshy heart-shaped scale, on a diminutive stalk, with a fringed margin, having from nine to thirteen slender awl-shaped bristles, each being tipped with a minute round yellow gland. The anthers are of a pale cream colour.

The common Grass of Parnassus (*Parnassia palustris*) is of the Linnæan class *Pentandria*, and order *Tetragynia*; and of the Natural order *Hypericineæ*.

THE YELLOW MULLEIN, OR SHEPHERD'S CLUB.

Verbascum; *L.* Bouillon-blanc; *Fr.* Das wollkraut; *Ger.* Wollkruid; *Dutch.* Tassobarbasso; *Ital.* Gordolobo; *Sp.* Verbasco blanco; *Port.* Zaarskii skipetr; *Russ.*

As the seasons roll along, fresh flowers are seen to come and bloom, and then pass away. First we observe the tiny plant, and every time as we go by the place where we noticed it, we observe it gradually expanding, until at length the flower buds are seen, and then the full-blown blossom in its own appropriate colour, than which no other would suit it so well; a week or two, and we see its prime beauty faded, the fruit ripened, the functions of the plant discharged, and it is now preparing for its winter's sleep. The flower now under consideration, however, lives more days than common to other members of the vegetable kingdom. In early spring we observe its young leaves, with surface deeply indented, themselves thick and strong, apparently intended to attain a large growth both superficially and in substance; nor are we mistaken, for each time we pass the thriving plants we notice a considerable growth, and at length a stem rising from the centre, which from June to August presents a succession of continually expanding flowers of considerable beauty. As the latter month draws towards a close we see the spike is nearly terminating its beauty; but though we have so much admired it while blooming, we seem to think but little of its decline, for now our thoughts are filled with the busy scenes of the harvest-field, and with a deep consciousness of the goodness of Him who

has "reserved to us the appointed weeks of harvest," though we so rarely acknowledge His bounty.

It is at this season of the year, too, when we are disposed to couch beneath a shady tree, and feast our eyes upon surrounding nature. There we may fall into a reverie, or call to mind the rich thoughts which poets have collected and strung together, for the delectation and mental improvement of our race. What can be more true and more delightful than the description of a sultry summer's noon, by Wilcox ?

"A sultry noon, not in the summer's prime,
When all is fresh with life, and youth, and bloom ;
But near its close, when vegetation stops,
And fruits mature stand ripening in the sun,
Soothes and enervates with its thousand charms,
Its images of silence and of rest,
The melancholy mind. The fields are still ;
The husbandman has gone to his repast,
And, that partaken, on the coolest side
Of his abode reclines, in sweet repose.
Deep in the shaded stream the cattle stand,
The flock beside the fence, with heads all prone,
And panting quick. The fields, for harvest ripe,
No breezes bend in smooth and graceful waves,
While with their motion, dim and bright by turns,
The sunshine seems to move ; nor e'en a breath
Brushes along the surface with a shade
Fleeting and thin, like that of flying smoke.
The slender stalks their heavy bended heads
Support, as motionless as oaks their tops.
O'er all the woods the topmost leaves are still ;
E'en the wild poplar leaves, that, pendent hung
By stems elastic, quiver at a breath,
Rest in the general calm. The thistle-down,
Seen high and thick, by grazing up beside
Some shading object, in a silver shower
Plumb down, and, slower than the slowest snow,
Through all the sleepy atmosphere descends ;

And where it lights, though on the steepest roof,
 Or smallest spire of grass, remains unmoved.
 White as a fleece, as dense and as distinct
 From the resplendent sky, a single cloud,
 On the soft bosom of the air becalmed,
 Drops a lone shadow as distinct and still,
 On the bare plain, or sunny mountain's side ;
 Or in the polished mirror of the lake,
 In which the deep reflected sky appears
 A calm, sublime immensity below.

* * * * *

No sound nor motion of a living thing
 The stillness breaks, but such as serve to soothe,
 Or cause the soul to feel the stillness more.
 The yellow-hammer by the way-side picks,
 Mutely, the thistle's seed ; but in her flight,
 So smoothly serpentine, her wings outspread
 To rise a little, closed to fall as far,
 Moving like sea-fowl o'er the heaving waves,
 With each new impulse chimes a feeble note.
 The russet grasshopper at times is heard,
 Snapping his many wings, as half he flies,
 Half hovers in the air. Where strikes the sun
 With sultriest beams upon the sandy plain,
 Or stony mount, or in the close, deep vale,
 The harmless locust of this western clime,
 At intervals, amid the leaves unseen,
 Is heard to sing with one unbroken sound,
 As with a long-drawn breath, beginning low,
 And rising to the midst with shriller swell,
 Then in low cadence dying all away.
 Beside the stream, collected in a flock,
 The noiseless butterflies, though on the ground,
 Continue still to wave their open fans
 Powdered with gold ; while on the jutting twigs,
 The spindling insects that frequent the banks
 Rest, with their thin transparent wings outspread
 As when they fly. Ofttimes, though seldom seen,
 The cuckoo, that in summer haunts our groves,
 Is heard to moan, as if at every breath
 Panting aloud. The hawk, in mid-air high,

On his broad pinions sailing round and round,
With not a flutter, or but now and then,
As if his trembling balance to regain,
Utters a single scream, but faintly heard,
And all again is still."

The Great Mullein, or High Taper, as it is also called, has a long tapering root. The stem grows erect, is simple, and attains to the height of from three to six feet. It is occasionally, but very rarely, branched. It is round, or slightly angular, and densely woolly, like all the rest of the plant, with remarkably soft and curiously branched yellowish hairs. The leaves are numerous, placed alternately, crowding the stem, all decurrent, densely dotted on both sides of the margins, and crenated more or less distinctly, having a strong mid-rib and lateral branched veins, the lower on foot-stalks frequently a foot long, egg-shaped oblong, tapering somewhat at the base. The upper leaves are sessile, strongly decurrent at the base, forming as it were wings to the stem, oblong-lanceolate in the lower part of the stem, with an acute point in the upper, tapering. The large, handsome, golden yellow flowers, grow in a close racemose spike, cylindrical, from one to two feet long. The flowers gradually expand from the lower part of the spike upwards, and owing to this continual succession the Mullein is a long time in flower. Some of the flowers are sessile, others on short stalks; each has a narrow ovate-lanceolate bractea, as long as the flower cup, woolly on the outside, generally smooth and pale on the inside. The corolla is wheel-shaped, with a short tube; now and then we find the tube longer, and the flower approaches the funnel shape.

This large biennial plant, especially in a light sandy soil, is frequently found in fields, on banks, and by roadsides. Its size renders it very conspicuous, and forces it on the notice of all who entertain the slightest regard for flowers. Those who look upon flowers with a more searching eye than the mere admirer of Flora's favourites, will find in this plant much that deserves a minute investigation. The hairs with which almost the entire plant is abundantly clothed, are extremely delicate, and of an exquisite structure, being branched and stellated in a most remarkable manner. The unequal stamens, with their varied filaments, and differently shaped anthers; the capsule, and the beautiful seeds, are all parts whose use and singular structure will yield great interest in the examination, as well as the functions they perform in the economy of the plant. The flowers possess some medicinal properties, and the whole plant is said to be mucilaginous and emollient. The Italians make an infusion or decoction of the former, which is said to be beneficial in cases of inflammation of the bowels, and for a cough. An ounce and a half of the flowers are boiled in a pint of water. At one time, and very likely still, it was used by the fair ladies of the sunny clime of Italy, as a cosmetic, for the purpose of removing spots from the skin; and it is quite as useful as many of the fashionable and costly compounds sold for the same design.

The great Mullein, or High Taper (*Verbascum Thapsus*), is of the Linnæan class *Pentandria*, and order *Monogynia*; and of the Natural order *Solaneæ*.

ROSE-BAY WILLOW-HERB.

Epilobium; *L.* L'épilobe; *Fr.* Der weiderich; *Ger.* Basterd-wederik; *Dutch.* Epilobio; *Ital.* and *Sp.* Kiprer; *Russ.* Karamuk; *Tartar.* Abragärest; *Lapl.*

"It was a plot

Of garden ground run wild, its matted weeds
 Marked with the steps of those, whom, as they passed,
 The gooseberry-trees that shot in long lank slips,
 Or currants, hanging from their leafless stems
 In scanty strings, had tempted to o'erleap
 The broken wall. I looked around, and there,
 Where two tall hedge-rows of thick alder boughs
 Joined in a cold damp nook, espied a well,
 Shrouded with willow-flower and plummy fern."

WORDSWORTH.

IN the months of July and August, the banks of running streams and bubbling brooklets are decorated with the rich spikes of the Rose-bay Willow-herb. So thickly does this tall and elegant plant grow in its favourite habitats, that the brook is often concealed from view. It is indeed a very handsome and ornamental plant. Formerly it was, and sometimes it is now, called the Persian or French Willow, and was more commonly cultivated in gardens. On the sides of damp hedges, or in the midst of low and shady plantations, it presents a very beautiful appearance when in flower, and at other times also, being a graceful plant. We have noticed it this year among low shrubs, in moist localities, growing abundantly, and forming a fine contrast with the graceful form and pure white of the *Convolvulus sepium*. Occasionally the Willow-herb

is found with white flowers, and the entire plant of a paler green than usual.

The Willow-herb is found in all parts of Europe, and also on the continent of America. In our own country it is applied to ornamental purposes only, but Haller says that the young shoots of the plant are eaten, though an infusion of them produces a stupifying effect. The medulla, or pith, is dried and boiled, after which it becomes sweet, and is then by a peculiar and proper method converted into ale; and this ale is afterwards made into vinegar or alegar by the Kamschatdales. This plant is also added to the cow-parsnep, for the purpose of enriching the spirit which is distilled from its leaves. Like other plants of this genus, the Willow-herb is not of much value as fodder, though most cattle will eat it. There is a kind of down upon the seeds which has been mixed with cotton, and the mixture manufactured into various articles of clothing.

It will be interesting to give an account of the cow-parsnep mentioned above. This plant (*Heracleum sphondylium*) is named after Hercules, who, as a modern French author assures us, was not only a famous warrior, but also a doctor and botanist of great renown. Gmelin, a botanical writer, tells us that, early in the month of July, the inhabitants of Kamschatka collect the foot-stalks of the radical leaves, and when they have peeled off the rind, which is very acrid, they dry them separately in the sun. When thoroughly dry, they tie them in bundles, and lay them up carefully in the shade in bags. In this state they become covered over with a yellow saccharine efflorescence, resembling liquorice in taste, which, being shaken off, is eaten by

the Kamschatdales as a great delicacy. From the stalks, thus prepared and fermented with bilberries, the Russians distil an ardent spirit, which, Gmelin says, is more agreeable to the palate than the spirits extracted from corn. In Poland and Lithuania, a kind of ale is brewed from the leaves and seeds. Attempts have also been made to extract sugar from this plant, but not more than a quarter of a pound of powdery sugar was obtained from forty pounds of the dried stalks.

The root has long, creeping, underground stems, of a fleshy nature, putting out numerous other stems. The erect stems rise to the height of from three to six feet, generally simple, round, smooth, and leafy, and commonly becoming reddish above. The plant is furnished with many leaves, which are scattered, nearly sessile, linear, lanceolate, smooth, somewhat pellucid, the under surface pale and glaucous, with a strong mid-rib, and many slender netted veins. The margin of the leaves is entire or waved, occasionally slightly toothed. The flowers are numerous, and grow at the extremity of the stem in the form of a spike. The flowers are on short foot-stalks, rising from the axis of narrow leafy bractea. The flowers emit no fragrance, are of a fine crimson colour, with unequal round egg-shaped petals, chiefly notched, and have a short claw. The flower-cup is formed with an obtusely angular, hoary tube, having a limb of four lanceolate deciduous pieces, of a reddish tinge, and for the most part waved on the margin. The stamens are on slender filaments, swollen at the base, and gradually reflexed, shorter than the style. The anthers are elliptic and two-celled. The style is slender and downy at the base. The stigmas consist of two or four large recurved lobes, white, at length

with the style reflexed. The capsule is very long, consists of four obtuse angles and furrows, four-celled, bursting with four linear valves, with central placentas. The seeds are exceedingly numerous, small, oblong, crowned with a small feathery tuft of white hairs.

The Willow-herb (*Epilobium angustifolium*) is of the Linnæan class *Octandria*, and order *Monogynia*; and of the Natural order *Onagrariceæ*.



EVERLASTING.

Gnaphalium; *L.* Gnaphale; *Fr.* Die ruhrpflanze; *Ger.* Droog bloem; *Dutch.* Gnafalio; *It.* and *Sp.*

"Thine is a glorious volume, Nature! Each
 Line, leaf, and page, are filled with living lore;
 Wisdom more pure than sage could ever teach,
 And all philosophy's divinest store.
 Rich lessons rise where'er thy tracts are trod,—
 The book of Nature is the book of God."

NEW MONTHLY.

THERE are many, no doubt, who are unable to appreciate the preceding lines. There are many who pass over hills and through valleys, where flowers spring up, bloom, and fade, and yet scarcely note their existence. They may, perhaps, notice whether the way they walk or ride be clean or dirty, whether it be wet or dry, because their personal feelings and comfort may be affected by these conditions; and also their progress on their journey, pedestrian or equestrian, may be accelerated or retarded thereby; but they know not and care not whether the foliage of the trees was in its pale spring beauty, or whether the trees were fully clad in their summer verdure, or whether the woods had assumed the many-coloured tints of autumn; much less could they see what flowers were strewed in their path, or decked the borders of the road. Indifference such as this alluded to, often arises from constant familiarity with rustic scenes. He who dwells amid all the beauties of nature, where he has grown up from childhood, has frequently become so familiarized with them, that their loveliness makes no sensible impression

SECOND SERIES.

L

upon his mind. He treats them as common things.
He does not readily perceive that

“There is a lesson in each flower,
A story in each stream and bower ;
On every herb on which you tread
Are written words which, rightly read,
Will lead you from earth's fragrant sod
To hope, and holiness, and God !”

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

And hence he loses more than half the blessings which are provided for him ; for he who knows some of the lessons which Nature teaches, will soon learn more. Amid all his toils and all his cares, she, like a patient guide and instructor, will admit him to a closer knowledge of her treasures. She will reveal to him the mysteries of her works, which shall enhance his sense of the power of that Almighty Being Who spake all these things into existence.

While the great mass of plants in the vegetable kingdom teach us the lesson that, as all things die, they do so only to re-appear in equal beauty, there are some which intimate a still more important lesson. The plant now under consideration, from the permanence of the colour and form of its flowers, shadows forth that great truth which we can alone be fully assured of by Divine revelation, the undying nature of the soul by which we are animated. This permanence of the flowers has indeed procured it the name of Everlasting, a name which, of course, can only be given to it as possessing more lasting properties than other flowers, and not strictly appropriate in the full meaning of the word.

“And can a name like this belong
Where all is changing fast?
Surely we dream alone in song
Of tints that ever last.
I deemed that earth's were fading flowers,
Existing but a few short hours.

“Ah! 'tis indeed a dream to give
Frail plants so high a name;
They may a space their friends outlive,
But fade at last the same.
Yet is the name with warning fraught,
With many a deep and holy thought!

“When the bright heavens consume in smoke,
And worlds in ashes lie,
The soul shall break death's fearful yoke,
And live eternally!
In realms of joy—happy and free,
Or bound in chains of misery!

“So let us live, that when we die,
To us it may be given
That angels shout our welcome high,
And ope the gates of heaven!
No more to tread earth's paths of gloom,
But dwell where flowers eternal bloom!”

BOUQUET DES SOUVENIRS.

We are too apt to forget the perishing nature of the things of time, and yet writers are ever ready to assert their consciousness of the truth that “all that's bright must fade.” Thus writes Drummond:—

“I know that all beneath the moon decays,
And what by mortals in this world is brought,
In time's great periods shall return to nought;
That fairest states have fatal nights and days.
I know that all the Muses' heavenly lays,
With toil of sprite, which are so dearly bought,
As idle sounds, of few or none are sought;
That there is nothing lighter than vain praise.

I know frail beauty's like the purple flower,
To which one morn oft birth and death affords ;
That love a jarring is of mind's accords,
Where sense and will bring under reason's power.
Know what I list, this all cannot me move,
But that, alas ! I both must write and love."

The enduring properties of this flower have led to the use of it as a token of remembrance of departed friends. Various methods of paying respect to the memory of such have been practised by different nations. The Greeks were accustomed to pour wine upon the earth, as a libation, and to adorn their tombs in sundry ways.

"For him as dead, with pious care,
This goblet I prepare :
And in the bosom of the earth shall flow,
Streams from the heifer mountain-bred,
The grape's rich juice, and mixed with these
The labour of the yellow bees,
Libations soothing to the dead."

POTTER, *Trans.*

Again, we read in Cowley's translation of the odes of Anacreon,

"Why do we precious ointment shower,
Noble wines why do we pour,
Beauteous flowers why do we spread
Upon the monuments of the dead ?"

In France, it is still the custom to deck the tombs and graves of the dead with bouquets of flowers, and with chaplets, formed of the flowers of the different species of *Gnaphalium*. The graves of the young and unmarried are ornamented with chaplets made of white

flowers; and those of the married, and persons more advanced in years, are decked with chaplets formed of yellow and other coloured flowers intermingled.

"The sepulchre,
Wherein he lies inurn'd, with wreaths of flowers,
Glowing in all their various dyes, hung round."

SOPHOCLES (*Potter*).

This species of Everlasting, or Cotton-weed, is also known as Jersey Cudweed. It grows on dry sandy ground in the island of Jersey. It is also found near Little Shelford, in the county of Cambridge, and at Laringford in Norfolk. It has a small fibrous root, from which there commonly rise several erect stems, varying from six to twelve inches in height, generally simple, sometimes, though rarely, branched above, usually curved at the base, clothed as the whole of the plant is, with a thick cottony down. The leaves are sessile, alternately placed, and numerous, half embracing the stem, lanceolate and waved; those at the upper part of the stem acutely pointed, those below obtuse. The flowers grow in corymbs, which terminate the stem and branches. They are numerous and crowded. The tubular florets are numerous, the outer ones often reddish, the central ones yellow.

The Everlasting, or Cotton-weed (*Gnaphalium luteoalbum*), is an annual, blooming in the months of July and August; is in the Linnæan class *Syngenesia*, and order *Superfluæ*; and in the Natural order *Compositæ*.

ARROW-HEAD.

Sagittaria; *L.* *Sagittaire*; *Fr.* *Das pfeilkraut*; *Ger.* *Pylkruid*;
Dutch. *Saetta*; *Ital.* *Saeta*; *Sp.* *Setta*; *Port.* *Bossai*; *Jap.*
Strelnaja; *Russ.* *Piilurt*; *Dan.*

“A truce to thought! and let us o’er the fields,
 Across the down, or through the shelving wood,
 Wind our uncertain way. Let fancy lead,
 And be it ours to follow and admire,
 As well we may, the graces infinite
 Of Nature. Lay aside the sweet resource
 That winter needs, and may at will obtain,
 Of authors chaste and good, and let us read
 The living page, whose every character
 Delights, and gives us wisdom.”

HURDIS.

WITH feelings like those which Hurdis describes above, the lover of nature always rambles through fields, and downs, and woods. He sets out without any determined route before him, but as he walks, something attracts his notice, and he fancies that if he proceeds, he may find what he is in search of. Along hedge-rows, by the winding banks of rivers, along the rough margins of brooks, and the still rougher banks of ditches in fens, he wends his way, sure to find something to gratify his taste. And among the various aquatic plants which attract his attention in the spring, neither the least prominent, nor the least numerous, is the Arrow-head, its long, broad, and singularly marked leaves sometimes covering the surface of the water, Long time are these leaves visible before there is any appearance of the flower. Weeks and months pass away before the scape begins to give any promise of a

flower. It is a very common plant in marshy places, both in England and Ireland, and is said to be one of the most widely distributed of all plants. It is met with commonly in Siberia, China, Japan, Virginia, and in all parts of Europe. It is one of the handsomest of British aquatic plants. The tuber abounds in starchy matter, and we are told the inhabitants of China and Japan use it as an article of food, and that, consequently, the plant is cultivated to a considerable extent. The roots are, as might be expected when cultivated, much larger in size in those countries than they ever attain to with us.

The fibrous roots of this plant proceed from a large globular fleshy tuber, putting out bulbiferous runners; the whole plant is smooth, with somewhat milky juice. The leaves of the plant are several, of a perfect arrow-shape, growing on long cellular triangular footstalks. Each leaf has two straight lanceolate lobes at the base; the terminal one lanceolate, frequently obtusely pointed. The leaf is of a fine green on the upper surface, paler beneath, with pale veins. The simple scape terminates in numerous distant whorls, consisting of three flowers each. The whorls spring from the axis of an ovate membranous bractea, each flower being on a stalk of greater or less length. The lower whorls are fertile, the upper barren. The deciduous petals are white, roundish, obtuse, with a short purple claw. The plant is perennial, flowering in the months of July and August, when oft

“The morning flowers display their sweets,
And gay their silken leaves unfold,
As careless of the noontide heats,
As fearless of the evening cold.

"Nipped by the wind's unkindly blast,
Parched by the sun's directer ray,
The momentary glories waste,
The short-lived beauties die away."

WESLEY.

The common Arrow-head (*Sagittaria sagittifolia*)
is of the Linnæan class *Monœcia*, and order *Hexandria*;
and of the Natural order *Alismaceæ*.

THE CORN COCKLE.

Agrostemma; *W.* La nielle; *Fr.* Der raden; *Ger.* Koornvlam;
Dutch. Agrostema; *Port.* Drema; *Russ.* Firletka; *Pol.*

"Sweet scenes of youth, to faithful memory dear,
 Still fondly cherished with the sacred tear,
 When, in the softened light of summer skies,
 Full on my soul life's first illusions rise!
 Sweet scenes of youthful bliss, unknown to pain!
 I come to trace your soothing haunts again,
 To mark each grace that pleased my stripling prime,
 By absence hallowed, and endeared by time;
 To lose amid your winding dells the past—
 Ah! must I think this lingering look the last?
 Ye lovely vales, that met my earliest view!
 How soft ye smiled, when Nature's charms were new!
 Green was her vesture, glowing fresh and warm,
 And every op'ning grace had power to charm;
 While, as each scene in living lustre rose,
 Each young emotion waked from soft repose.

* * * * *

As every prospect opens on my view,
 I seem to live departed years anew;
 When in these wilds a jocund, sportive child,
 Each flower self-sown my heedless hours beguiled;
 The waybret-leaf,* that by the pathway grew,
 The wild-briar rose, of pale and blushful hue,
 The thistle's rolling wheel, of silken down,
 The blue bell, or the daisy's pearly crown,
 The gaudy butterfly, in wanton round,
 That, like a living pea-flower, skimmed the ground."

LEYDEN.

THE love of our father-land is a feeling which is
 common to all. The attachment to his native clime is

* Waybread, or Waybred; the greater common plantain (*Plantago
 major*).

so powerful in man, that he never voluntarily leaves it. The country which gave him birth may not yield sufficient to maintain its sons, and then, when there is scarcity, men will leave it in search of a less populous land, where the produce is more than the inhabitants can consume. But even in such cases there is a latent hope of returning. In many this hope is openly expressed and indulged in. Expatriation is looked upon only as a means whereby an ample provision may be secured for the later years of life, to be spent "at home." Many there are, who from early years are destined to spend the prime of life beneath burning suns, that they may become enriched with foreign gold, one day to be brought home and enjoyed. Many there have been who have accomplished this destiny, and obtained the desired end. The same hopes, the like purposes, send men from one part of Britain to another. There is no room at home. The pasture is bare. The provision is insufficient for all the sons even of a wealthy man. Some must sally forth, and seek to share in the abundance of other places. Many remain where they go. Many occasionally revisit the scenes of their childhood; the land in which the happy hours of youth, unconscious of the cares and the sorrows of the world, were spent. And with what feelings they revisit them, Leyden has well described. Such visits are attended by feelings of joy and sorrow commingled. There is the old parish church, within the sacred precincts of which, a man's forefathers slumber; within whose holy walls he has joined in worship with those who were dearest to him; there are the old chesnut trees, or lime trees, or the dark and sable yew, which o'ershadow the resting-places of the dead. Where-

ever he moves, as he rides or walks, his eyes travel rapidly in every direction. Every change is observed ; so firmly are objects impressed upon the mind of childhood. The course of the winding stream is well remembered. The precise spots where the Forget-me-not grew most abundantly ; the locality where the bulrush was most common ; the hedges where the honeysuckle grew most luxuriantly ; those also, where the wild rose scattered its rich perfume most lavishly, are all vividly written upon his mind. There, in that field, he gathered cowslips, and primroses, and daisies, and in wanton sport, strewed them on his pathway homeward, weary of the flowers he plucked with such delight. And yonder is the wood wherein he went nutting ; ah ! those were joyous days, when a juvenile party went on a nutting excursion. He has a keen recollection of those pleasures,—he delighted in them alone ; how much more when accompanied by his young companions ! And in connection with them, he recalls those lines of Wordsworth—

“It seems a day

(I speak of one from many singled out)

One of those heavenly days which cannot die ;

When in the eagerness of boyish hope,

I left our cottage-threshold, sallying forth

With a large wallet o’er my shoulder slung,

A nutting-crook in hand, and turned my steps

Towards the distant woods. * *

* * * Among the woods

And o’er the pathless rocks I forced my way,

Until at length I came to one dear nook

Unvisited, where not a broken bough

Drooped with its withered leaves, ungracious sign

Of devastation ! but the hazels rose

Tall and erect, with milk-white clusters hung,

A virgin scene! A little while I stood,
 Breathing with such suppression of the heart
 As joy delights in; and with wise restraint,
 Voluptuous, fearless of a rival, eyed
 The banquet,—or beneath the trees I ate
 Among the flowers, and with the flowers I played.

* * * * *

* * * * * Then up I rose,

And dragged on earth each branch and bough with crash
 And merciless ravage, and the shady nook
 Of hazels, and the green and massy bower,
 Deformed and sullied, patiently gave up
 Their quiet being; and unless I now
 Confound my present feelings with the past,
 Even then, when from the bower I turned away
 Exulting, and beyond the wealth of kings,
 I felt a sense of pain, when I beheld
 The silent trees, and the intruding sky."

He sees the blue harebell as plentiful as ever; the yellow hawkweed, and the purple foxglove. These were associated with the happy hours of his earliest years, and as he now looks around, those joyous seasons rise vividly before his mind's eye, incident after incident following in quick succession, a mental panorama of past events, now gilded with happy tints, now rendered dim with shades of melancholy hue.

And amongst the many flowers with which he became acquainted in his youth, there is none, perhaps, more beautiful, or more intimately associated with pleasant reminiscences, than the Corn Cockle, which, from the great beauty of the flowers seen growing among the corn, is called *Agrostemma* (*αγρου στεμμα*), crown of the field. This plant, which is covered with stout hairs pointed upwards, is furnished with a tapering root, from which there rises an erect stem, branched,

roundish, and attaining the height of three or four feet. The linear, lanceolate leaves, are opposite and sessile, being united at the base, of a palish green, with a prominent mid-rib on the under side, and with two slight lateral veins. The branches are terminated by a solitary flower, which is large, and of a rich purple colour, with darker dotted lines radiating from the centre. The corolla consists of five heart-shaped petals, tapering into a long slender claw, without a crown at the base, and shorter than the segments of the calyx.

Though so beautiful, the Corn Cockle is by no means a favourite flower with the husbandman, as it is very common, and often too abundant, and consequently a troublesome plant in corn fields. It is an annual, blooming in the delightful months of June and July.

The Corn Cockle (*Agrostemma Githago*) is in the Linnæan class *Decandria*, and order *Pentagynia*; and in the Natural order *Caryophyllææ*.

FROG BIT.

Hydrocharis; *L.* *Morene*; *Fr.* *Der froeschbiss*; *Ger.* *Vorschambett*;
Dutch. *Linguschnik*; *Russ.*

FROG BIT seems to be a very appropriate name for this pretty little flower; which is one of our most delicate aquatics. We are just reminded of a locality where, if we happen to pass by it of a summer's evening, after the sun has set, we are greeted with a fearful din, the croaking chorus of a whole army of frogs, which inhabit the shallow waters which are here and there collected in small pools. It was there where first we heard such a serenade; and we pitied the poor cottagers whose habitations stood so near the habitat of these reptiles. However, if you go to the same place on the succeeding day—yes, reader, day, that beautiful portion of time, of which Charles Swain sings so sweetly—

Day on the mountain, the beautiful day!
And the torrents leap forth in the pride of his ray;
The chamois awakes from her wild mountain dream,
And bounds in the gladness and life of his beam;
And the horn of the hunter is sounding away,
Light, light on the hills, 'tis the beautiful day!

Day in the valley! the rivulet rolls,
Cloudless and calm as the home of our souls;
The harvest is waning, and fountain and flower
Are sparkling and sweet as the radiant hour;
And the song of the reapers, the lark's sunny lay,
Proclaim through the valley, day, beautiful day!

Oh, solemn and sad his far setting appears,
When the last ray declines and the flowers are in tears;

When the shadows of evening like death-banners wave,
And the darkness encloses the world like a grave :
Yet the sun like the soul shall arise from decay,
And again light the world with day, beautiful day !

Then, instead of hearing these noisy creatures, or even seeing them, you will observe the beautiful little Frog Bit glittering in the bright beams of the summer sun, as it floats upon the surface of the water. There it sends out slender horizontal stems, with long thread-shaped radicles, divided, and of a feathery appearance at the extremities. The leaves also are very pretty, being roundish, heart-shaped, flat and smooth, of a thin pellucid texture, three or five ribbed, furnished with long footstalks, and floating on the water. The flowers are tolerably large, and of a clear white. The corolla consists of three broadly ovate petals, with a short claw, which are waved or crimped on the margin.

We are struck, as we look upon the Frog Bit, with the vitality of nature. The earth is covered with animal and vegetable life ; the waters are full of living beings, small and great ; the bottom of rivers and of oceans is covered with vegetation, and the very surface of waters which are more or less stagnant. There seems to be no place unoccupied by organized living beings. Every portion of space is full of wonders,—living wonders, which show forth the glory and power of Him who created them. And we know that the more man investigates the wonders which are concealed from his weak vision, the more astounded he becomes at the minute and marvellous contrivances which he meets with—contrivances which seem to mock all his wisdom, and defy his curiosity.

The Frog Bit is common in ditches and pools,

throughout England and Ireland. It is hardly to be met with in Scotland. It is one of the prettiest ornamental perennials in still waters, and might be introduced with good effect into our garden ponds, amongst other aquatic plants. "Its leaves are so pellucid, that with the aid of a magnifying glass, the circulation of the sap through its vessels can be distinctly seen." Occasionally, this plant bears flowers with six petals; and Ray says that he found double-flowered ones, very sweet-scented, in the Isle of Ely, but it does not seem to have been noticed since his time.

The Frog Bit (*Morsus Ranæ*), blooming in June and July, belongs to the Linnæan class *Diœcia*, order *Enneandria*; and to the Natural order *Hydrocharideæ*.



VENUS'S SLIPPER.

Cypripedium; *L.* Sabot de la Vierge, or, Soulier de Notre Dame; *Fr.* Der Venusschuh; *Ger.* Vrouweschoen; *Dutch.* Pantoffola; *Ital.* Zueco; *Sp.* Calçado de Nuessa Senhora; *Port.* Kokuschkiny Saposchki; *Russ.*

As season follows season in appointed order, we seem to feel them all alike beautiful. Each has charms peculiarly its own. We rarely appear to regret, speaking generally, the departure of spring when summer is at hand, though we rejoiced greatly at the approach of the former, and were delighted by its renovating power. But the pleasures of summer are not the less gratifying. They differ somewhat in kind, for as spring dawns upon us, we are glad to emerge from our abodes at mid-day, and feel the invigorating effect of the meridian sun. Our eyes feast upon the fresh green of the herbage, and the pale beauty of the bursting foliage which begins to adorn each tree of the woodland and the forest. All nature seems to be reanimated. But when summer comes, we avail ourselves of the cool spring of day, or of the pleasant evening, for our walks; unless, perchance, we have woods and copses near us, into whose deep shades we can plunge and screen ourselves from the scorching sun. There, we can delight ourselves by inspecting the riches of vegetation, concealed beneath the leafy branches of spreading trees. How refreshing are such excursions as these! There we may commune with Nature in her most retired haunts. There, perchance, we may more easily concentrate our thoughts of the grand and the beautiful in the universe. The busy,

ever-shifting eye, cannot there convey such a multitude of objects to the mind as to divert and dissipate its reflections. There we may summon up all the past, and haply feel joys and pleasures which thousands are incapable of participating in.

I hear a voice borne on the breeze
Which falls not on thine ear,
A music in the swelling seas
Which wakes a pensive tear ;
I hear a tone all melody
When the night wind breathes its last,
When flowers are closing silently
I commune with the past.

I see fond looks thou canst not see
In the sunset's fading red,
In the grass that waves so mournfully
Above the happy dead ;
In the pale sad stars that nightly gleam
On the lone forsaken grave,
In the golden streak of morning's beam,
As it flashes o'er the wave.

Oh ! ask me not what joys I find
In the murmurs of the rill,
The pathless woods, the rushing wind,
The glen, or lonely hill ;
When every bud that opes its rays
To scent the summer air,
Calls from the past some happier days,
Can I be lonely there ?

A thousand springs 'mid nature rise
To quench the spirit's grief,
A wealth of hallowed memories
Which bring the heart relief ;
A blossom in each lonely nook
Some feeling to engage,
To thee, perchance, a sealed book,
To me a meaning page.

'Tis not within the leafy wood,
Or on the silent shore,
The heart most feels its solitude,
Or cons its sorrows o'er.
I hear a voice when most alone,
A voice thou may'st not hear,
It tells of joys, hopes, pleasures flown,
But well remembered here.

M. G. SEARLE.

It is in the pathless woods which abound in the north of England, that the rare plant whose name stands at the head of this article may be found. It is decidedly the largest of the European Orchises, and also the most beautiful. It is a perennial. It flowers in the merry month of June, in its natural state. When cultivated as a border flower, it should be grown in a light peaty earth, and planted in a shady situation.

Venus's or Lady's Slipper has a creeping root, furnished with numerous fleshy fibres. The stem grows erect, to the height of twelve or eighteen inches; it is striated, that is, channelled or furrowed, and downy. The leaves are ovate, acute, much ribbed, somewhat downy at the back. The leaves at the base embrace the stem; there are three or four of them placed alternately; occasionally there is another at the top of the stem smaller than the rest, and if there is a second flower this is diminished into a bractea. Commonly, however, there is only one solitary flower terminating the stem, of a large size, very conspicuous, and handsome. The sepals, or segments of the flower-cup, are lanceolate, taper pointed, about an inch or an inch and a half long, of a rich brown purple hue, the upper one being erect, slightly bent forward; the other

two are united under the lip, and have the appearance of a single one, bifid at the point. The petals are also purple, longer and narrower than the sepals, and wayed on the margin. The lip of the flower is large and handsome, yellow, but marked with darker veins like network, spotted internally, inflated, oblong, obtuse, compressed laterally in some degree, and about an inch in length.

The common name of this flower is Lady's Slipper, but since Venus has ever been regarded as the goddess of Beauty, the name of Venus's Slipper has been given to the genus. She is said to have been born in Cyprus, an island in which she was worshipped; hence she is sometimes called Cypris; and this name being joined with an altered form of *podion*, a slipper, becomes *Cypripedium*, that is, Venus's Slipper.

The flower (*Cypripedium calceolus*) is in the Linnean class *Gynandria*, and order *Diandria*; and in the Natural order *Orchideæ*. Besides this indigenous species, several have been imported from America, which require to be covered with dry straw in very severe frosts, and to be protected from a superabundance of wet. The exotic kinds are not increased with ease. Sometimes only they will perfect their seeds, when growing in favourable situations, particularly so, if care be taken to apply the pollen to the stigma by means of a camel's-hair brush.

THE WHORTLEBERRY.

Vaccinium; *L.* *L'airelle*; *Fr.* *Der heidelbeere*; *Ger.* *Blaauwbessen*; *Dutch.* *Mirtillo*; *Ital.* *Mirtilo*; *Sp.* *Myrtillo*; *Port.* *Tscherniza*; *Russ.* *Borrowki Czarne*; *Pol.*

IN the summer months we know of few places more pleasing than the extensive heaths for an occasional ramble. You may choose as hot a day as you will, you will rarely find the heat uncomfortable on these uncultivated wilds. When the various kinds of heath are in full flower, the whole space, as far as eye can reach, seems one mass of rosy flowers. You may gather here and there branch after branch, and there will be something fresh to admire; a slight variation in colour, a difference of arrangement, or a perceptible variety in form. And beside the heaths there are numerous other flowers, and among the rest, in the month of May, the red blossom of the Whortleberry, or, as it is called in the North of England, the Bilberry.

The Bilberry is a very elegant plant, attaining the height of about eighteen inches, and is furnished with a woody, fibrous root. The whole plant is bushy, consisting of irregular, green, acutely angular branches, which are smooth and shining. The extremities of the branches are leafy. The young, fresh green leaves, which are placed alternately, make their appearance in May. They are ovate. Each is furnished with a short foot-stalk, not quite an inch in length. The margin of the leaves is slightly and finely serrated. Their under side is paler than the upper; and they have a stout midrib and finely netted veins. The wax-like red flowers

also appear in May, growing solitarily from the axis of the leaves, on short, drooping foot-stalks. The flower-cup is small, the margins somewhat waved, hardly toothed. The corolla is one piece, globe-shaped, and, though commonly of a red or deep pink colour, it is occasionally of a yellowish green; the limb is of four or five roundish short teeth.

The Whortleberry is not confined to heaths, but is found also in woods. In alpine or hilly and mountainous districts it is especially abundant. The roots are said to contain a considerable amount of the tanning principle. The leaves and stems are bitter, and in a slight degree astringent. Withering states that goats will browse upon the plant; that sheep do not show any fondness for it; and that horses and cows reject it. Towards autumn the leaves change to a darker colour and become firmer. The berries, when ripe, which is about July or August in the south, are gathered in Surrey for tarts and puddings. Their cheapness renders them very acceptable to the poor. They are deficient in flavour, but abound in a rich juice; the addition of currants much improves them. They are collected by persons living on the borders of the heaths, and carried into towns, where the supply is made known to the people by the cry of "Hurts! Hurts!" Children are very fond of them, and in the North of England they are eaten with boiled milk or cream, sweetened. The juice stains paper or linen a deep purple colour. In autumn, moor game live upon those which the peasants have omitted to gather. In the Highlands of Scotland a jelly made of the Bilberry is mixed with whiskey, to render it palatable to strangers.

As we trace the Whortleberry, from the putting forth of its leaves and flowers in May, to the ripening of its fruit in different parts of England, as the seasons advance towards autumn, we are forcibly reminded how the seasons vanish one after another, and the lines of Richard Howitt, on the vanished seasons, are recalled to memory.

When first the snowdrop told of flowers
Of Spring, what busy hopes were ours,—
Whilst yet fair Nature's folded powers
Were silver-cold,—
Of April sweets in sun-bow showers,
And May's flower-gold!

The violet and the primrose fleet,
In their old stations did we meet,
As travellers passing by who greet,
Just seen and fled;
And then was Spring, that maiden sweet,
A beauty dead!

Then Summer came, a matron fair,
Showering June's roses on the air;
With field-flowers waving everywhere,
In meadows bright;
With blissful sounds, with visions rare,
A large delight.

How rich the woods! how loud with song!
How glad was Nature's heart and strong!
With beams that might not linger long,
The summer shone:
A scythe was heard—a sound of wrong—
And she was gone.

Next, sunburnt Autumn trod the plain,
With ruddy fruits and rustling grain;
And labouring steed, and loaded wain;
And mirthful cheer:
Then vanished she, with all her train;
From stubbles sere!

The light upspringing from the ground,
The light of flowers, no more is found ;
Nor song of birds, nor stream's glad sound,
 May longer flow ;
Now Winter with dead leaves is crowned,
 Where shall we go ?

Where gleams the fire on Milton's bust,
Gold bronzing Time's insidious rust ;
And in strong Shakspeare's light we must
 Our joyance take ;
And to the past and present just,
 Fresh summer make.

It shall not be a time of gloom !
Gathered from Nature's endless bloom,
With happy light will we illume
 The season sad ;
And nightly make our Winter room
 An Eden glad !

The Whortleberry, or Bilberry (*Vaccinium myrtillus*), is in the Linnæan class *Octandria*, and order *Monogynia* ; and in the Natural order *Vacciniæ*.

THE BARBERRY, OR BERBERRY.

Berberis; *L.* L'épine-vinette; *Fr.* Der sauerdorn; *Ger.* *Berberis*; *Dutch* and *Sp.* Crespino; *Ital.* Tomara-Soo; *Japanese.* Bar-bariss; *Russ.* Ciernie biale; *Pol.*

HERE and there throughout England and Scotland, as we walk through copses and woods, we may occasionally, not seldom indeed, observe a thick shrub, about four, or five, or six feet high, called the Berberry tree. If in the month of June, it may be at once known by a stalked raceme, growing from the axis of the leaves. This consists of a number of pale yellow flowers, pendent from amid the tuft of leaves. Each flower is furnished with a slight footstalk, springing from the axis of a lanceolate bractea. The flowers emit a faint smell, which is oppressive when near, but agreeable at a little distance, when diluted, so to speak, with pure atmospheric air. The leaves are abundant, obovate, small, oblong, tapering into a footstalk. They are on the upper side of a yellowish green, beneath of a pale glaucous green. The pendent racemes of flowers, contrasting with the green foliage, produce a very elegant appearance. As time advances, the flowers gradually disappear, but the racemes still remain, at first scarcely perceptible at a little distance, then, as the fruit increases, assuming a pale green appearance; and, gradually changing, at length are seen pendent branches of scarlet berries, when the whole shrub looks as it did in spring, the flowers seemingly merely changed in colour.

The Berberry is at the same time a highly orna-

mental shrub ; a serviceable fruit tree ; a valuable hedge plant ; a beautiful dye ; an esteemed drug ; and a supposed enemy of the corn cultivator. As we have seen, it is an elegant and graceful object, from the time of its blooming in spring, until the ripe fruit has been gathered. Although wild, this shrub is frequently cultivated for the berries. These are either pickled for garnishing dishes, or being preserved with sugar they become candied, and form a pretty dish for dessert ; or boiled with sugar they are made into an agreeable rob, or jelly. Medicinally, the fruit is regarded as a mild restraining acid, serviceable in hot, bilious disorders. In Poland, the bark, the wood, and the root, are used for dyeing leather of a fine yellow colour.

“The Berberry is remarkable from the circumstance of the curious elasticity of the filaments, which, upon the slightest irritation, suddenly contract, and throw the pollen from the anthers upon the stigmas, and in a short time they recover their former elasticity, and are again sensible to the application of any irritating cause ; and this curious example of irritability may be repeated several times in the same flower, so that insects attracted, either by the odour of the flowers, or the glowing colour of the glands at the base of the filaments, are the unconscious cause of an occurrence in the wise appointment of which barrenness seems almost impossible.”

Different kinds of insects are very partial to the Berberry flower. One in particular, *Æcidium Berberidis*, is thought to have its peculiar locality on this tree, and is also suspected of producing a certain kind of dust injurious to corn. Winds are the evil genii who bear it from the bush, and spitefully shower it

over wheat and other growing cereals, where the dust germinates and gives rise to a minute fungus, called Puccinia, which hermetically seals the pores of the leaves, and presents the appearance of mildew or rust. As is usually the case, there are names of great men adduced who have contended for and against this hypothesis. One thing seems to be perfectly clear, that the mildew on wheat is a fungus.

The Berberry (*Berberis vulgaris*) is in the Linnæan class *Hexandria*, and order *Monogynia*; and in the Natural order *Berberideæ*.

A kindred shrub is the *Berberis*, now called *Mahonia Aquifolium*, the Holly-leaved Mahonia. It is of a dwarf habit, and is an elegant denizen of our shrubberies at all seasons of the year. Its foliage is evergreen, yet many of its leaves are variegated at different periods. In early spring it is beautified by its long racemes of bright yellow flowers, and these are succeeded by rich purple berries, which not only decorate the shrub, but afford an agreeable food for birds.

THYME.

Thymus; *L.* Le thym; *Fr.* Der thimian; *Ger.* Gemeene thym;
Dutch. Teino; *Ital.* Tomillo; *Sp.* Tomilho; *Port.* Fimiane;
Russ. Tym; *Pol.* Timian; *Dan.*

BETWEEN the months of June and September, when the beautiful little flower of the Thyme sheds its sweet fragrance, there are few who do not like to tread the noble downs on which it is most abundant. While the sun rides majestically through the heavens, we may ramble over them, cheered and refreshed by the delicious breeze which has wafted over the surface of the ocean. We may look from the borders of these downs on the wide expanse of waters, and see the gallant ships proudly ploughing o'er the buoyant waves, and feel no exhaustion from summer's heat. There we may sit inhaling the sea air, perfumed with the fragrance of Wild Thyme. And in our recollections of happy hours spent by the sea with happy friends, we can say with the immortal Shakspeare—

“I know a bank whereon the Wild Thyme blows,”

though we cannot add the remainder of these lines in connection with the sea-shore. We must look further inland, in more sheltered spots, in groves or copses,

“Where oxlips and the nodding violet grow,
Quite over-canopied with lush woodbine,
With sweet musk-roses, and with eglantine.”

But on the extensive downs, as well as in the interior of our happy land, richly diversified as it is by hill and dale, by wood and field, he who loves nature can perceive that there is present the spirit of beauty;—

Where does the Spirit of Beauty dwell?
 Oh! said one, if you seek to know,
 You must gaze around, above, below;
 For earth, and heaven, and ocean tell
 Where the Spirit of Beauty loves to dwell!
 But see, she comes with the early spring,
 And winnows the air with her fragrant wing,
 Clothing each meadow, and hill, and tree,
 In the bloom of her emerald livery;
 Ask her now, ere she pass away,
 Where on earth she delights to stay,
 And the Spirit will pause, while earth, sea, sky,
 Ring with the tones of her glad reply!—

Seek ye for me in the blue harebell,
 In the pearly depths of the ocean shell,
 In the first faint glow of the morning ray,
 In the vesper flash of the dying day;
 My home is now where the dew-drops shine,
 And now 'mid the gems of the diamond mine,
 I lurk in the grass of the fairy ring,
 Then fan the air with the light birds' wing;
 I sleep on the breast of the blushing rose,
 And hide my form 'mid the lily's snows;
 Lightly I ride o'er the dark green wave,
 To the sparry depths of the drooping cave;
 Then up and away o'er earth and sea,
 Till there is not a spot from my presence free:
 I'm seen in the stars, in the leaves enshrined,
 And heard in the sigh of the whispering wind;
 I dwell in the light of the pale moonbeam,
 On the rippling flow of the winding stream;
 My tints in the rainbow's arch are set,
 And I breathe in the fragrant violet:
 Look where you may, you will find me there,
 For the Spirit of Beauty is everywhere!

Now listen to me—for, sooth to say,
 There is one dear spot where I fain would stay;
 I love all things in earth, sea, sky,
 But my own best home is a maiden's eye:
 Oh! I could linger for ever there,
 Nor sigh for another or fairer sphere,
 Lurking for aye in her cheek's warm smile,
 Round her rosy lips with their playful wile;
 Roving at will through each golden curl
 That waves o'er a brow like an Indian pearl,
 And sinking at night to a blissful rest,
 Midst the spotless snows of her balmy breast;
 Seek for me there, for I love full well
 With the young warm-hearted maid to dwell.

Look for me too in the poet's mind,
Where I lie like a radiant gem enshrined,
Touching each thought with that sunny glow
Which the rose flings down on the stream below ;
Filling the soul with an inward light,
A love for all that is pure and bright,
Till the mind, where the rays of my spirit burn,
Reveals their glow like a crystal urn,
And a thousand beauties, till then unseen,
Flash into light on the fancy's screen,
While things that the many pass heedless by,
Are stored in the heart's deep treasury.

Know ye now where I love to dwell ?
Happy the mind that has felt my spell !
Blest in its bright imaginings,
It soars aloft on the fancy's wings ;
On earth, in heaven, in sea or sky,
In the poet's soul, in the maiden's eye,
To the mind that seeks I am ever nigh ;
Look where it may, it will find me there,
For the Spirit of Beauty is everywhere !

MAURICE GRANT SEARLE.

The Thyme (*Thymus serpyllum*), of which we now write, is very fragrant, and yields an essential oil, the properties of which are very heating. Its flavour is said to be milder, and somewhat more grateful, than garden Thyme, though it possesses the same sensible qualities. There is a very wide-spread notion that the flesh of sheep which have been fed upon aromatic plants, is greatly superior in flavour to other mutton. This is especially supposed to be the case with those which have browsed where Wild Thyme is abundant. There is every reason, however, to believe that sheep do not naturally crop plants which are aromatic, but only occasionally by accident. It is possible, nevertheless, that when first turned hungry on to downs, commons, or heaths, they may do so ; but it seems more probable, that, because the soil and situations where aromatic plants grow are favourable to the produce of

a short sweet pasturage, which is calculated to improve and enrich the flesh, the excellence of the meat is owing to this pasturage. There can be little doubt that mountains or elevated plateau are suited for sheep, rather than turnip fields and rich moist meadows. Bees are very partial to the fragrant flowers of Wild Thyme, and their honey, in the neighbourhoods where this plant abounds, is said to be of a remarkably fine quality and delicious flavour.

The roots of the Wild Thyme are fibrous, and furnished with creeping suckers. The lower part of the stem is somewhat ligneous; it is slender and wiry, with its numerous branches entangled. The stem is also procumbent and rooting, with many branches, ascending, obtusely angular, covered with down, and usually of a pink colour. The small flat leaves are very numerous, and in form, elliptic ovate, or linear ovate, obtuse, having a short slight footstalk. They are entire, with the margin ciliated, occasionally the whole leaf is clad with down; it is also paler on the under than on the upper surface. The flowers grow in a whorl, generally at the extremity of the stem, forming a racemose head, beside one or two distant whorls; the single flowers on short hairy stalks. The flower varies in colour from deep rose to white. The lower lip is three-cleft, and variegated with darker spots. The upper lip is notched, ovate, and subangular.

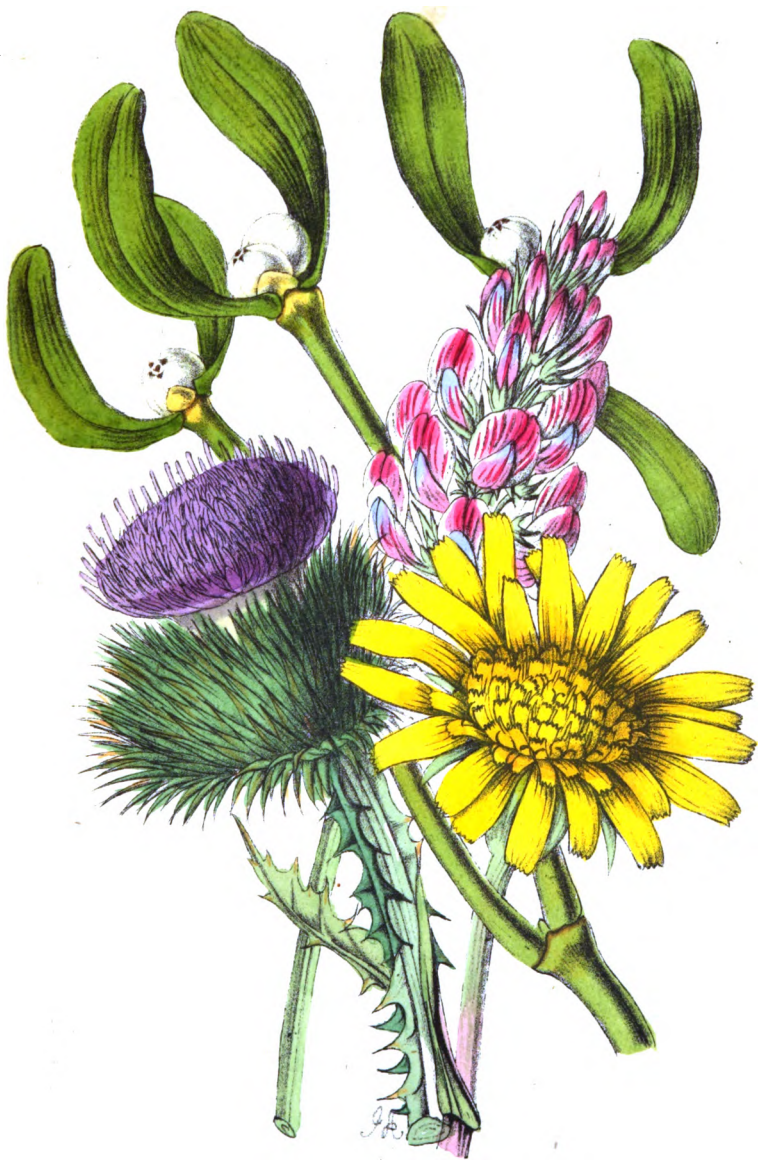
Wild Thyme (*Thymus serpyllum*) is placed in the Linnæan class *Didynamia*, and order *Gymnospermia*; and in the Natural order *Labiata*.

SAINTFOIN.

Hedysarum Onobrychis; *L.* Le sainfoin; *Fr.* Esparzette; *Ger.* Haanekammetjes; *Dutch.* La cedrangola; *Ital.* Esparsita; *Sp.* Pípirigallo; *Port.* Esparset; *Dan.* and *Swed.*

THERE is a pretty flower to be met with on dry chalky soils in the months of June and July, which does not the less deserve our notice as one of the wild flowers of our country, because it is in many districts cultivated as food for cattle. In dry hilly districts, beneath a scorching sun, the Saintfoin blooms in all its rosy beauty. It has a somewhat woody and fibrous root, which throws out numerous stems, round, smooth, and ascending. These are hollow, leafy, and slightly branched; and are frequently of the length of two or three feet. The leaves are pinnate, of four or six inches in length. The inflorescence consists of a lengthened racemose spike of many closely crowded flowers, raised on an axillary footstalk, which is round, striated, hollow, and longer than the leaves. The flowers are of a deep rose colour, and somewhat variegated, each being raised on a short pedicle. The flower is papilionaceous, having remarkably short wings, not longer than the flower cup; the vexillum is rather longer than the keel.

Sainfoin is a native of many parts of Europe; and has been long cultivated in France, whence its seeds were imported, when it first attracted the attention of agriculturists, who applied to it the French name by which it is still best known. It is a very nutritive food for cattle, both when used in a green state and



also when dried and made into hay. Its culture is chiefly confined to chalky districts in England, where the soil is not fit to be constantly under tillage, and which yields but a small portion of undergrass. The Saintfoin thrives in such localities from being furnished with long descending roots, which penetrate and thrive in the fissures of rocky and chalky understrata.

Sir Humphry Davy analyzed this plant, and stated that of one thousand parts, thirty-nine were of nutritive matter, a proportion equal to that contained in red and white clover.

Saintfoin (*Hedysarum Onobrychis*) is in the Linnæan class *Diadelphia*, and order *Decandria*; and in the large Natural order *Leguminosæ*.

THE YELLOW GOAT'S BEARD.

Tragopogon; *L.* Sersifi; *Fr.* Der booksbart; *Ger.* Boksbaard;
Dutch. Barba di becco; *Ital.* Barba cabruna; *Sp.* Barba de
bode; *Port.* Kozlowa boroda; *Russ.*

“Broad o’er its imbricated cup,
The Goat’s-beard spreads its golden rays,
But shuts its cautious petals up,
Retreating from the noontide blaze.”

SMITH.

IN the month of June, as you pass along the borders of fields, you may observe in the hedgerows an upright leafy stem, sometimes simple, sometimes branched, about eighteen or twenty-four inches high, adorned with somewhat large yellow terminal flowers. This, however, must be said with some reserve, for unless your walk be some time before the sun has attained the meridian, you will not see the flower expanded. “Jack go to bed at noon,” as the Goat’s Beard is named, will have retired to rest. The heat of the sun has made him drowsy. You may, nevertheless, know the plant from its flowers being closed; also from the leaves, which are ovate at the base. The florets of the ray of the flower are strap-shaped, about half an inch in length, and toothed at the apex. The fruit, when ripe and expanded, forms a large and handsome feathery ball. The seeds are linear, curved, striated, and rough, having elevated tubercles, of a light brown colour, tapering into a slender awn as long as itself, and crowned by its elegant ring of long slender branches of feathery pappus.

By observing the different hours at which certain

flowers open and close, Linnæus constructed a floral horologe, by which those particular times of the day could be determined by any one acquainted with the phenomena. The Yellow Goat's Beard is one of the flowers; and for the amusement of the reader we add the names of other flowers which grow wild, which may be observed for the same purpose. Our fair friends may find much interest in taking note of their times of opening and closing, and thus at length construct a floral horologe for themselves. The flowers are—Wild Succory, Smooth Sow Thistle, Small Bindweed, Dandelion, White Water Lily, Garden Lettuce, African Marygold, Common Pimpernel, Mouse-ear Hawkweed, Proliferous Pink, Field Marygold, Purple Sandwort, Small Purslane, Creeping Mallow, and Chickweed.

We have only to remark, in connection with the observation of these flowers, that those who would see them unfold their petals, must rise very early in the morning; and if the desire to note the time is sufficient to rouse the readers from slumber, and allure them into the open air at dawn of day, great indeed will be the benefit.

The Yellow Goat's Beard (*Tragopogon pratensis*) is in the Linnæan class *Syngenesia*, and order *Æqualis*; and in the Natural order *Compositæ*. There is one species of this genus called Salsafy (*T. porrifolius*), which has a long tapering fleshy white root, which is sometimes used like parsnips or carrots, and for that purpose is cultivated in gardens. The flavour is mild and sweetish.

THE SCOTTISH THISTLE.

Onopordum; *L.* Le chardon commun; *Fr.* Die zellblume; *Ger.* Witte wegdistel; *Dutch.* Onopordo; *Ital., Sp., and Port.* Tarnik; *Russ.* Oset poyloczny; *Pol.*

“—— Thistles, armed against the invader’s head,
Stood in close ranks all entrance to oppose;
Thistles, now held more precious than the rose.”

CHURCHILL.

THISTLES are not favourites of the farmer, nor of the reaper, but amongst them there are fine specimens of nature’s productions. Many of them are beautiful, whether we look at the plant as a whole, or whether we examine the form and character of separate parts, the stem or the leaf, or whether we confine our attention to the flower. Some of the flowers are certainly much to be admired; and then the species are so numerous, and they contrast and harmonize so agreeably, that we must confess we should not like to see Thistles wholly eradicated from the land, though we should prefer that they were greatly diminished in numbers in many places. Now we are of opinion that the farmer does not always go the right way to work to reduce the number of these noxious weeds. As soon as Thistles appear to be gaining ground, he sends his labourers into the field to hoe them up, and then appears to think that all is done which is needful. We think he would do more wisely if, during summer, as he walks through his fields he were to decapitate every Thistle he meets with before it bloomed, and instruct his servants to do the same; he would thus prevent the dispersion of

thousands of seeds which float upon the air, as if in search of fields more fertile than their own.

But there is one Thistle which demands our notice above all others, on account of its being the national badge of Scotland.

“Proud Thistle! emblem dear to Scotland’s sons,
Begirt with threatening points, strong in defence,
Unwilling to assault.”

It has too been honoured by being used as the badge and name of an order of knighthood, that most ancient order of the Thistle, which is said to have been instituted by King Achaius. A collar was added by King James V. of Scotland; the order was revived by King James II. in 1657, and re-established by Queen Anne, in December, 1703. Thus were the knights in firm alliance strong, like

“The Thistle, with ten thousand stings,”

(ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.)

fortified against every assailing foe.

The star of the Scotch Order of the Thistle consists of a St. Andrew’s cross, formed of silver embroidery, with rays emanating from between the points of the cross, in the middle of which is a Thistle of gold and green upon a field of green, surrounded by a circle of gold. The collar is formed of Thistle, intermingled with sprigs of rue. The motto is “*Nemo me impune lacessit*,” “No one annoys me with impunity.”

The Scotch or Cotton Thistle (*Onopordum Acanthium*) is of the Linnæan class *Syngenesia*, and order *Æqualis*; and of the extensive Natural order *Compositæ*.

THE MISSELTOE.

Viscum ; *L.* *Le gui* ; *Fr.* *Der mistel* ; *Ger.* *Marentakken* ; *Dutch.* *Vischio* ; *Ital.* *Liga* ; *Sp.* *Visgo* ; *Port.* *Oméla* ; *Russ.* *Jemiel* ; *Pol.*

"The orchard's trees in rows disposed,
Whose boughs thick tufts of Mistletoe adorn,
With fruit of lucid white on joints of yellow borne."

JOHN SCOTT.

WE cannot close this volume of the Favourite Field Flowers of our land, without introducing this mysterious plant. The Misseltoe is a true parasite, growing upon, and deriving its nourishment from, apple and crab trees ; and occasionally to be found on the ash, the hawthorn, the lime, the maple, the oak, the poplar, etc. Its woody root is deeply imbedded in the tree upon which the plant is discovered. The stem is much divided, the whole shrub consisting of numerous short round branches, arranged nearly at right angles to each other, and of a pale yellowish green. The herbage is of the same tinge. The leaves are opposite, tongue-shaped, evergreen. There are two kinds of flowers growing on separate plants ; and these are placed about three to five in small axillary heads. The fruit is about the size, and very much resembles in appearance, the white currant. It is very smooth, translucent, viscid, and contains a simple seed ; which, however, is frequently furnished with two or three embryos, so that more than one plant springs from the same berry which has been rubbed upon the branch of a tree.

The Misseltoe, as we have said, is evergreen, so that when the deciduous trees upon which it grows were seen in winter, it was truly said,

"Nought was green upon the oak
But moss and rarest Misseltoe."

There is considerable interest attached to the germination of the Misseltoe. When the berries are deposited upon the bough, as "they send out the radicle, it tends toward the centre of the branch, in whichever part it may happen to be fixed. This law, which seems to be constant with parasites, is contrary to that of all other seeds of plants, which put out their radicle and tend towards the centre of the earth, and not towards the centre of the object on which they grow."

The Misseltoe is always associated in our minds with Christmas and its festivities. With other ever-greens it is used to deck houses at that joyous season, and there are few who do not attach some superstitious notions to this singular parasite. It has been the means of keeping up the remembrance of the rites of the Druids, who, when they found it growing upon the oak, a tree peculiarly sacred with them, the separation of it from that tree formed one of their grandest ceremonies. It was observed on the sixth day of the moon, when the Arch-Druid, or chief Druid, was the principal actor in the solemnities. Pliny describes the custom as follows: "The Druids held nothing so sacred as the Misseltoe of the oak. As this is very scarce and rarely to be found, when any of it is discovered they go with great pomp and ceremony to gather it. When they have got everything in readiness under the oak, both for the sacrifice and the banquet which they make on this great festival, they begin by tying two white bulls to it by the horns; then one of the Druids, clothed in white, mounts the tree, and with a knife of gold cuts the Misseltoe, which is received in a white sagum;

this done, they proceed to their sacrifices and feasting!" The "sagum" mentioned in this extract was a square military garment of coarse wool, worn by Greek, Roman, and Gaul.

In "Titus Andronicus," Shakespeare introduces the Misseltoe in his description of a melancholy valley, where he associates the plant with unlucky omens.

"A barren detested vale, you see, it is :
The trees, though summer, yet forlorn and lean,
O'ercome with moss, and baleful Misseltoe.
Here never shines the sun ; here nothing breeds,
Unless the nightly owl, or fatal raven.
And, when they show'd me this abhorred pit,
They told me, here, at dead time of the night,
A thousand fiends, a thousand hissing snakes,
Ten thousand swelling toads, as many urchins,
Would make such fearful and confused cries,
As any mortal body, hearing it,
Should straight fall mad, or else die suddenly."

We have the Misseltoe named by Virgil, in the sixth book of the *Æneid*, in connection with the golden bough which was *Æneas's* passport to the infernal regions. Two doves, his mother's birds, guide him to the tree whereon it grows, in the dense woods.

"Hopping and flying thus, they led him on
To the slow lake ; whose baleful stench to shun,
They winged their flight aloft ; then, stooping low,
Perched on the double tree that bears the golden bough,
Through the green leaves the glittering shadows glow ;
As, on the sacred oak, the wintry Misseltoe,
Where the proud mother views her precious brood,
And happier branches which she never sowed,
Such was the glittering, such the ruddy rind,
And dancing leaves, that wantoned in the wind.
He seized the shining bough with gripping hold,
And rent away with ease the lingering gold ;
Then to the Sibyl's palace bore the prize."

The Misseltoe was formerly esteemed as possessing some healing properties, but its medicinal virtues and its mysterious moral influence are now disregarded. It will be long, however, before it becomes neglected as a plant necessary to complete the usual paraphernalia of evergreen decoration at Christmas.

"Past is the time when, bending low,
Druids revered thee, Misseltoe!
Error's broad shades are chased away
By Revelation's brilliant ray;
And superstition can no more
Bid us an humble plant adore.
Yet who, in hour of Christmas mirth,
Can place thee o'er the social hearth,
With ivy and with holly gay,
Or twine thee with the fragrant bay,
Nor lift with joy his heart above,
Nor hymn the notes of praise and love?
Fair plant! a mystery thy birth,
Thou dost not fix thy home on earth;
Rocked by the winds, fed by the shower,
Thy cradle is an airy bower;
No voice of crime in thy leafy dome,
But the song of birds to cheer thine home!
From the wilding crab this branch was riven,
From waving in the breath of heaven;
Alas! alas! they have brought it low,
To the dwellings of care, and pain, and woe!"

BOUQUET.

We have now come to the closing page of this volume; we have passed through all the seasons in succession, and now, though few flowers are seen in the field or the garden, save the primrose, and the violet, and the periwinkle, we have here the portraits of many choice favourites, and the pleasing thoughts which they have excited in the minds of poets, to cheer us. While

we derive amusement from them, we may also gain instruction ! What the seasons and flowers are to teach us, we may know from the following fragment :—

"The seasons came and went, and went and came,
To teach men gratitude ; and, as they passed,
Gave warning of the lapse of time, that else
Had stolen unheeded by. The gentle flowers,
Retired and stooping o'er the wilderness,
Talked of humility, and peace, and love.
The dews came down unseen at eventide,
And silently their bounties shed, to teach
Mankind unostentatious charity.
With arm in arm the forest rose on high,
And lesson gave of brotherly regard.
And on the rugged mountain brow exposed,
Bearing the blast alone, the ancient oak
Stood, lifting high his mighty arm, and still
To courage in distress exhorted loud.
The flocks, the herds, the birds, the streams, the breeze,
Attuned the heart to melody and love.
Mercy stood in the cloud, with eye that wept
Essential love ; and from her glorious bow,
Bending to kiss the earth in token of peace,
With her own lips, her gracious lips, which God
Of sweetest accents made, she whispered still,
She whispered to revenge, Forgive, forgive !
The sun rejoicing round the earth, announced
Daily the wisdom, power, and love of God.
The moon awoke, and from her maiden face
Shedding her cloudy locks, looked meekly forth,
And with her virgin stars walked in the heavens,
Walked nightly there, conversing as she walked,
Of purity, and holiness, and God.
In dreams and visions, sleep instructed much ;
Day uttered speech to day, and night to night
Taught knowledge. Silence had a tongue ; the grave,
The darkness and the lonely waste, had each
A tongue, that ever said, Man, think of God !
Think of thyself ! think of Eternity !"

POLLOK.

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